

Current Literature

A Magazine of Record and Review.

Vol. IV, No. 3. "I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. Mar. 1890

On the 10th of April the Current Literature Publishing Co. will put on the market a new periodical:

SHORT STORIES—A MAGAZINE OF SELECT FICTION.


This publication will be semi-eclectic in character and will present to the reader twenty-five good short stories for twenty-five cents. In form, appearance, and quality of contents, the new comer will be something of a novelty. The news companies have ordered a very large edition on the good looks and general promise of the venture, and this early announcement is made so that readers of Current Literature may put in a positive order with their dealer or make early application to this office direct. For additional particulars see advertising pages and "Current Announcements."

It begins to look like International Copyright. The Authors' League is not so enthusiastically active as to indicate a success of the proposition, but the movements of the publishers of low-priced literature both in England and this country are significant. They are trimming for copyright. In London the popular publishing houses are being promoted into huge stock companies. The business of Routledge is now a Limited Liability Company. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., Trübner & Co., and George Redway & Co., have amalgamated into the Paul, Trench, Trübner Company, Limited; while more concerns are gathering themselves together for the lessened expenses and greater profit of a "trust." In America the combination appears to be concentrating on the Lovells. For the past year the two firms, John W. Lovell and Frank F. Lovell, have been accumulating plates and authors' rights by the wholesale. One section of the firm has absorbed the Munro Seaside Library and the various editions of the cheap reprints, while the other section through its agents in England is securing authors' consent for a small sum to the publication of nearly all the modern works. At home there is a cautious but effective reaching out for the work of the best authors. They now publish—this twin firm of John W. and Frank F. Lovell—besides the Library, Home, Household, Foreign and Illustrated series—the International, Occult, and American Authors' series, all well typed, on good paper, and selling at the top prices of unbound books. The Lovells, in distribution, and command of material, are figuring on being the Tauchnitz of America, and there is seemingly the quietly effective strength of foreign funds in their various undertakings.

When the business threads have all been carefully gathered, we shall have International Copyright. The Authors' Copyright League will again ask it, and the in-

trenched publishers will generously allow the request to be granted. It is business with them now to secure protection. In the face of all the advantages of free literature they have brought themselves by competition into the dust. The bottom has been reached. Not only can one get Scott's works (bound) for \$1.00, the Leather Stocking Tales (bound) for 25 cents, and Shakespeare's complete works for 15 cents, but for the two months last past the Sunday newspapers have been filled with flaming advertisements of a certain manufacturer offering any of a long list of standard works of literature to any purchaser of a 10-cent bar of his laundry soap. With or without International Copyright this situation is bound to improve. The day of the Seaside Library of Foreign Fiction is virtually done. The paper-book trade is now moving in the direction of a 50-cent volume of 300 or 400 pages of original matter, of good quality, on excellent paper, and in double-leaded print. The supply is following the new-fashioned demand. And along these developing lines International Copyright means additional profit. To the American author? Perhaps! Under the present hardships when an American author writes anything to suit the American purchasing public, he or she has had but scant reason to complain. Will the foreign author be benefited under the International protection? Most certainly! And now that foreign writers have syndicated out to anxious Americans nearly all their literary rubbish, the American author should hasten to them the protected advantages of this great and constantly growing market.

This at first blush appears to be a flippant and altogether nonsensical, if not interested, view of the situation. But let us seriously consider the business instead of the sentimental side of the subject and see. In London, for example, there is a cheapness of literary labor that in this country is as yet unknown. Thousands of educated men and women, kept in comparative comfort by slender incomes, and held from the more remunerative mercantile pursuits by the social tradition of the vulgarity of trade, will do the best of work for the merest pittance. They can well afford to do it, for, however small the "honorarium," it is under their self-supporting conditions a surplus. It is respectable, and, in a life of monotony, even a pleasure. It is virtually the same class of labor that has been detected in many of the Women's Exchanges of this country, where ladies in luxurious houses, and with their husbands' credit for material at dry-goods stores, have broken the toilers' market for fancy needle-work and embroidery by their beautifully philanthropic endeavors for extra "pin money." If there are any doubters as to

 For Publishers' Department of Information, see advertising pages II and III.

CURRENT LITERATURE—\$3.00 a year.—Copyright, 1890, by The Current Literature Publishing Co.

the industry of this class of supported literary toilers, the workings of the International Copyright Law will in a very short time convince them. Here is a random indication. According to the statistics of the British Museum for 1886, 1887, and 1888, just published in London, the number of readers in the year 1886 was 176,803, an average of about 580 per day, and the number of books supplied was 1,247,888. In 1887, the number of readers had risen to 182,778, or an average of 602 per diem, and the number of books supplied to them to 1,852,725. The latest completed statistics, those for 1888, show that the number of readers had risen to 188,432, or an average of 620 per diem, and the number of books supplied to them to 1,950,060. These figures do not include students who may have consulted the reference library, for which no special ticket is required. Add this last class and you have a hive of workers ready for any hire.

You can command a fairly good editor and writer, or "a hunter-up of material" in London for less than five American dollars a week. And even this poor devil complains that at this price he is being driven to the wall by the German—in his own national library and in his own tongue. In literature as in trade the Germans are upon the English; it is America's turn next. Consider the Continental situation. Dr. Schodde, in the *Homiletic Review*, is authority for the statement that Germany averages more new publications each year than America, England, and France together. In 1888 England issued 6,951 publications, America 4,631, France about 4,000, but Germany about 17,000. The ambition to write a book is as natural for a German as the ambition to make money is characteristic of the American. A German professional man who does not from time to time engage in literary work is considered behind the progressive thought in his department. Advancement in higher educational circles is conditioned by the evidence of investigation furnished in printed form; and of the 2,300 teachers in connection with the 21 German universities there is not a single one who is not an author, and a preferment in the academic circle is almost entirely conditioned by continued work of this character. Indeed, at nearly all of the universities the diploma for the degree of doctor of philosophy is given only in case the theses are also printed.

But enough of discouraging facts. We must have International Copyright. We really need it. Under present free-trade conditions and "under the pirate flag," as the copyright league express it—England is getting all the syndicate money and Germany the cream of the lithographic trade. It is really the patriotic duty of the American author to further protect the American market, not only as to brains of composition, but as to economy of manufacture. To-day, a Leipsic printer with a few Thorne type-setting machines, a live American representative to judge this market, and favoring rates from the North German Lloyd Steamship Line could—with the present duty fairly met—break the American book trade. The fine lithographed books of the swell up-town publishers are nearly all manufactured in Germany and Holland. So this is not altogether incendiary talk or vamping speculation. Books have come to be a trade product, and merchandise pure and simple. A high class and luxurious kind of merchandise to be sure, but even so it shall be compared—with embroidery let us say. Two-thirds of the em-

broidery manufactured in the world is consumed in the United States. It is a brain product—art, intelligence, and taste in cotton thread. As the American public is the most intelligent and voracious consumer of literature so is it the most artistic trimmer of its underclothes. Now then nearly all the embroidery sold in this country is made in Switzerland and Saxony, under the special direction of American superintendents, on American designed machines, for the American market, and at an average labor rate of a franc—20 cents—a day. The styles are all planned a season in advance by foreign artists in New York. The execution is in Switzerland. The product—with the duty added—we purchase as "imported," and marvel greatly at its reasonable price. With International Copyright there should be a thoroughly patriotic enjoyment of books by those not obliged to make them.

In a previous paragraph we have spoken of the literary activity of the Germans. Here are few interesting facts and figures of the Russians. On the authority of the London Star it is asserted that according to official reports, Russia, with the exception of the province of Finland, in 1888 issued 7,427 publications, the total editions being 23,103,272 copies. Of these, 5,318 publications in 17,395,050 copies were in the Russian language, and 2,109 publications in 5,708,222 copies were in foreign languages. Of the latter, 716 publications in 1,888,631 copies were Polish; 343 publications in 1,004,692 copies were Hebrew; 311 publications in 514,149 copies were German; 217 publications in 707,050 copies were Lettish; and 178 publications in 794,850 copies were Esthuanian. Of the Russian works, 720 in 334,182 copies were of theological and religious contents; 150 works in 545,662 copies were juvenile literature; 60 publications in 64,818 copies were educational; and 46 works in 62,960 copies were philosophical in contents. These literary statistics of Russia, which are probably the first trustworthy data ever published on this point, put Russia in a very favorable light when compared with the activity of other nations. It surpasses both England and America, as the former in 1888 reported 6,591 separate publications, including new editions and translations, and the latter only 4,631 works during the same twelve months. An explanation of this phenomenon is probably to be found in the fact that England is not a book-buying but a circulating library nation, and in America the great magazines and monthlies interfere not a little with the production of book publications. Strange to say, Italy, during the same year, reports no less than 10,863 new publications, and quite naturally Germany leads all the rest with the enormous total of exactly 17,000 publications. In recent years the German book market has increased its productions by about 1,000 annually. And then Germany is that one among the nations translating fewest books. Her literary activity is simply phenomenal.

Commenting on the annual analytical table of books the English Publishers' Circular says "the figures for 1889 are not quite so large as 1888, but still they mark a production of between three and four hundred books more than we had to count up and classify in 1887. In other words, the statistics go to show that the past year has produced about one work per diem, Sundays included, more than the output of 1887. Comparing or contrasting the number of publications in 1889 with those of 1888, we find in theology a slight decline, both

in new books and in new editions. In educational works, also, 1889 has fewer works to show than its predecessor. Books for young people, on the other hand, show a good increase. Of novels and stories there are noted no less than 1,040 new books, besides 364 new editions. This gives the ardent novel-reader as many as three new novels for each weekday, with a balance to spare, and one new edition for every day. We have to note a slight decline in the class of political economy, also in that of arts and sciences; but, after all, many a book published in the new year will be the product of this and preceding years' labors. In Voyages and Travels, History and Biography, and in Poetry, the figures of 1889 are less than those of 1888. Here, again, it may be worth while to reflect that statistics do not convey everything—a Du Chaillu's Viking Age outweighs a whole theatre of others. And, while the show of books in poetry of 1889 is numerically less than that of 1888, it is greater than that of 1887 by about 50 new books, and ten new editions—an excess of just 50 per cent. Belles-letters may be pointed to as the only division of literature in which the number of new editions exceeds that of *bona fide* new books. It will be readily understood that this exception is due to the numerous and continual reprints of the great classics, such as Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, etc." Here is the table for 1887, 1888 and 1889:

ENGLISH BOOKS.	1887.		1888.		1889.	
	New Books.	New Editions.	New Books.	New Editions.	New Books.	New Editions.
Theology, Sermons, etc.....	680	135	748	164	630	134
Educational, Classical.....	582	102	630	149	557	124
Juvenile	439	100	357	113	418	93
Fiction	762	228	929	385	1040	364
Law, Jurisprudence, etc.....	73	49	115	57	66	40
Political and Social Economy.....	113	25	111	24	110	16
Arts, Sciences, Illustrated Works.....	115	63	184	69	112	34
Voyages and Travels.....	227	68	224	73	203	57
History, Biography, etc.	394	71	377	109	310	114
Poetry and Drama.....	82	44	163	68	133	54
Year-books and Serials.....	302	324	3	342	4
Medicine, Surgery, etc.....	133	77	126	73	133	49
Belles-lettres, etc.....	140	235	165	224	157	183
Miscellaneous	368	79	507	120	483	107
Totals.....	4410	1276	4960	1631	4694	1373
		4410		4960		4694
Grand Totals.....		5686		6591		6067

As to American books the table has as yet only been guessed at for 1889, but the estimates indicate a total output of about 4,014 volumes, a falling off of 617 books for the year. For the information of those interested in International copyright, we reprint (in the next column following) the tables compiled by the Publishers' Weekly, the American statistical book authority, for 1886, 1887, 1888, and from which 1889 will not materially differ. The books are here divided into two classes, home made and imported. For 1888 the figures show that of the 3,520 books made here, 590 were reprints of foreign books, and of these 590, 375 were works of fiction published in paper form. A comparison of the figures for last year with those of previous years will show the drift among publishers. As for the further multiplication of books there will be no material raising of the average. Discussing the output of the future, the Nineteenth Century at first starts out with the unhappy assertion that "the production of

books, even of great books on great subjects, is a serious element in the literature of the century," but finally calms down into this comforting conclusion: "Al-

AMERICAN BOOKS.	1886.	1887.	1888.	Made in United States.	Imported.
Fiction.....	1080	1022	874	808	66
Juvenile Books.....	458	8488	410	298	112
Law.....	469	437	335	329	6
Theology and Religion.....	377	351	482	339	143
Education, Language.....	275	283	413	306	107
Literary History and Miscellaneous.....	388	253	291	199	92
Poetry and the Drama.....	220	225	280	165	115
Biography, Memoirs.....	155	201	247	145	102
Description, Travel.....	159	187	197	144	53
Fine Arts and Illustrated.....	151	173	250	143	107
Medical Science, Hygiene.....	177	171	151	95	56
History.....	182	150	144	110	34
Political and Social Science.....	174	141	227	200	27
Useful Arts.....	112	123	124	74	50
Physical and Mathematical Science.....	148	76	56	43	13
Domestic and Rural.....	46	61	39	30	9
Sports and Amusements.....	70	48	46	36	10
Humor and Satire.....	17	26	47	44	3
Mental and Moral Philosophy.....	18	21	18	12	6
Total.....	4676	4437	4631	3520	1111

though it dooms the vast majority to speedy extinction it is bewildering to those who have to deal with them critically. It is quite impossible for a student—and much more impossible for the general reader—to master those that issue annually from the British press, even in a single department; and there is no reason to expect less activity in the printing presses of the future. They will probably work more busily than ever, as the number of those who write books is at least double that of those who used to write in the last generation. With this prodigality much of what is published must be of a character only suited for the day and the hour. Happily no arrest can be laid on the fertility of the human mind, or the creativeness of its imagination; and it is certain that works as great as any that have appeared in the past, or, it may be, much greater, will be produced in the future. The increasing purpose of time warrants this expectation. But while new discoveries are made, new sciences arise, new histories are written, new lyrics and epics and dramas appear, and our literature assumes fresh phases in consequence, it is to be hoped that a new style of criticism—criticism as thorough as it is fair—will be evolved along with them. The world has increasing need of a spirit that is sympathetic and appreciative before it is analytic and destructive. Feeble and pretentious books are certain to appear, therefore the castigation of the critic will be as much required in the future as it has been in the past. Many will enter public life and presume to guide their country, trying their 'prentice hand at the making of history, while ignorant both of the wisdom of the past and of the needs of the present; and so there will be constant need for the exposure of empiricism and ignorance in politics. Nay, so long as rivalry remains a condition of progress, and forward movements are developed out of strife, the function of hostile criticism will continue. But what we may surely hope to find springing out of the eclecticism that sees the reasonableness of strife, and the good it does, is an effort in the first instance to do the fullest justice to every one who is criticised. Such fairness and appreciation will give additional point to the hostile judgments that follow."

CHOICE VERSE—FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Fame, Wealth, Life, Death—W. W. Skeat—Academy

What is fame?

'Tis the sun-gleam on the mountain,

Spreading brightly ere it flies,

'Tis the bubble on the fountain,

Rising lightly ere its dies;

Or, if here and there a hero

Be remembered through the years,

Yet to him the gain is zero;

Death hath stilled his hopes and fears.

Yet what dangers men will dare

If but only in the air

May be heard some eager mention of their name;

Though they hear it not themselves, 'tis much the same.

What is wealth?

'Tis a rainbow, still receding

As the panting fool pursues;

Or a toy that youth, unheeding,

Seeks the readiest way to lose;

But the wise man keeps due measure,

Neither out of breath nor base;

He but holds in trust his treasure

For the welfare of the race.

Yet what crimes some men will dare

But to gain their slender share

In some profit, though with loss of name or health,

In some plunder, spent on vices or by stealth,

What is life?

'Tis the earthly hour of trial

For a life that's but begun;

When the prize of self-denial

May be quickly lost or won;

'Tis the hour when love may burgeon

To an everlasting flower:

Or when lusts their victims urge on

To defy immortal power.

Yet how lightly men ignore

All the future holds in store,

Spending brief but golden moments all in strife;

Or in suicidal madness grasp the knife.

What is death?

Past its dark, mysterious portal

Human eye may never roam;

Yet the hope still springs immortal

That it leads the wanderer home.

Oh! the bliss that lies before us

When the secret shall be known,

And the vast angelic chorus

Sounds the hymn before the throne!

What is fame, or wealth, or life?

Past are praises, fortune, strife;

All but love, that lives forever, cast beneath,

When the good and faithful servant takes the wreath.

Three Souls—Auguste C. Winthrop—The Bugle Call

As the arrow which falls in a flame;

As the lips which shall never speak name;

As a cordial outpoured on the sand;

As the vessel that shall not reach land;

As the egg that is flung to the ground;

As the ear that shall never hear sound;

As the grain that has mouldered in earth;

As the life that shall never reach birth;

As the epic destroyed with the brain;

As the athlete defeated and slain;

As the gloom, Egypt's darkness above,

Is the Soul which shall never know Love!

Like the bee as he waits for the rose,

Like the bulb ere her lily uncloze,

Like the pearl hidden still in the shell,

Like the haven-bound boat on the swell,
 Like the earth at the whisper of spring,
 Like the nestling that soon will take wing,
 Like the field where a harvest lies hid,
 Like the stirring, yet dumb, chrysalid,
 Like the tree when the sap leaves its root,
 Like the bloom that is pledge of the fruit,
 Like the aloe, her blossoming near,
 Is the Soul waiting Love to appear!

As the rock-buried fountain set free!
 As the salmon that reaches the sea!
 As the morning that conquers the night!
 As the eyes newly opened to sight!
 As the seer with his vision revealed!
 As the shout of the lips that were sealed!
 As the hour that has opened the womb!
 As the psyche who bursts from her tomb!
 As the age-prisoned gem in the sun!
 As the victor whose laurel is won!
 As the snared dove, unloosed to her nest!
 Is the Soul Love has clasped to his breast!

On the Shore—Gregory Smith—Fra Angelico

How calm he lies and still!

The sea, who slew him, laid him there

Along the shingle bleak and bare,

With wild caresses, in despair

For having wrought her will.

With deep remorseful moan

In every wave that smites the strand,

Like theirs who rear a frantic hand

To heaven, the while aghast they stand

At what themselves have done.

'Twas but an hour ago,

The crested billows in their pride

His stripling energies defied,

And choked the anguished gasp that cried

For rescue from his foe.

Too late repentant now:

Sad ocean bids each sullen wave

Mutter its requiem o'er the brave,

And with unheeded sobbings lave

Cold cheek and pallid brow.

None but the hoarse sea-wave

Tells how amid the breakers tost,

By fate's resistless current crost,

His own bright life he gaged and lost

In vain a friend to save.

Is there no beauty now?

A sleeping child is fair to see,

Cradled upon its mother's knee,

In rosy dreams of infancy,

With smooth unruffled brow.

So lies he calm and still.

Unearthly strains across the bay

Stream o'er him with the sun's last ray,

And whispered greetings far away

The cloudless azure thrill.

The Vikings' Graves—All the Year Round

Very quietly they sleep,

Where the cliffs stand, grim and steep;

Where the shadows, long and cool,

From the side of great Berule,

Sweeping from the changing sky,

As the silent days go by,

Touch at last the ceaseless waves,

Thundering 'neath the Vikings' graves.

Fitting requiem do they make,

As they gather, roll, and break,

For the warrior kings of Man,
Who, as only Islesmen can,
Loved the glory and the glee
Of the ever-changing sea;
Drew from her their stormy breath,
Sought her for the calm of death.

Very quietly they rest,
With the green turf on their breast;
Mace, and blade, and mighty shield,
Arms that they alone could wield.
Notched and browned by blow and rust,
Lying silent by their dust,
Who, in the sweet sunny Isle,
Held their own by them erewhile.

Chance and change have swept away
Relics of the elder day.
Like the tiny "Church of Treen,"
Ruins tell of what has been;
Times of prayer and praise devout,
Times of furious fray and rout,
Times of royal pageantry,
Passed away—and here they lie.

Solemnly, to quiet graves,
Rowed across the subject waves
To their last homes Vikings came,
With songs of triumph and acclaim;
Then Berule looked grimly down
On hero dead, on forfeit crown,
On chanting monk, and sail, and prow,
Even as he watches now.

"Peace," says the stranger as he stands,
Gazing o'er the golden sands,
Where, with endless crash and shock,
Breakers surge round Niabyl Rock;
Where the sea-mews sweep and cry;
Where Fleshwick towers to the sky;
Where Bradda rears his giant head;
"Peace be with the Mighty Dead."

Darkness and Light—B. L. Tollemache—Athenæum

Day closed me in with blinding glare, or sight
Of careful trifles; welcome, hand of night,
That opens wide the door and lets in space;
A part I'm now of great creation's whole,
Learning from stars my future path to trace,
Trusting to heavenly lights to lead my soul;
For in the darkest hour, while men sleep,
They know the watchers shine above to keep
The powers of ill aloof, but garish day
Brings back the fight 'twixt good and ill away;
And as the sunbeams light up earth once more,
The hand that opened, closes now the door.

After the Curfew—Oliver Wendell Holmes—Atlantic

The play is over. While the light
Yet lingers in the darkening hall,
I come to say a last good night
Before the final exeunt all.
We gathered once a joyous throng;
The jovial toasts went gayly round;
With jest and laugh and shout and song
We made the floors and walls resound.
We come with feeble steps and slow,
A little band of four or five,
Left from the wrecks of long ago,
Still pleased to find ourselves alive.
Alive! How living, too, are they
Whose memories it is ours to share!
Spread the long table's full array:
There sits a ghost in every chair!
One breathing form no more, alas!
Amid our slender group we see;
With him we still remained "the class;"
Without his presence what are we?

The hand we ever loved to clasp,
That tireless hand which knew no rest,
Loosed from affection's clinging grasp,
Lies nerveless on the peaceful breast.

The beaming eye, the cheering voice,
That lent to life a generous glow,
Whose every meaning said Rejoice,
We see, we hear, no more below.

The air seems darkened by his loss,
Earth's shadowed features look less fair,
And heavier weighs the daily cross
His willing shoulders helped us bear.

Why mourn that we, the favored few
Whom grasping time so long has spared
Life's sweet illusions to pursue,
The common lot of age have shared?

In every pulse of friendship's heart
There breeds unfelt a throb of pain;
One hour must rend its links apart,
Though years on years have forged the chain.

So ends "the boys," a lifelong play:
We, too, must hear the prompter's call
To fairer scenes and brighter day:
Farewell! I let the curtain fall!

The North Wind—Edward R. Sill—The Hermitage

All night beneath the flashing hosts of stars,
The North poured forth the passion of his soul
In mighty longings for the tawny South,
Sleeping afar among her orange blooms.
All night through the deep cañon's organ pipes,
Swept down the grand orchestral harmonies
Tumultuous, till the hills' rock buttresses
Trembled in unison.

The sun has risen,
But still the storming sea of air beats on,
And o'er the broad green slopes a flood of light
Comes streaming through the heavens like a wind,
Till every leaf and twig becomes a lyre,
And thrills with vibrant splendor.

Down the bay
The furrowed blue, save that 'tis starred with foam,
Is bare and empty as the sky of clouds;
For all the little sails, that yesterday
Flocked past the islands, now have furled their wings,
And huddle frightened at the wharves—just as,
A moment since, a flock of twittering birds
Whirled through the almond trees like scattered leaves,
And hid beyond the hedge.

How the old oaks
Stand stiffly to it, and wrestle with the storm!
While the tall eucalyptus' plummy tops
Tumble and toss and stream with quivering light.
Hark! when it lulls a moment at the ear,
The fir-trees sing their sea-song:—now again
The roar is all about us like a flood;
And like a flood the fierce light shines, and burns
Away all distance, till the far blue ridge,
That rims the ocean, rises close at hand,
And high, Prometheus-like, great Tamalpais
Lifts proudly his grand front, and bears his scar,
Heaven's scath of wrath, defiant like a god,

I thank thee, glorious wind! Thou bringest me
Something that breathes of mountain crags and pines,
Yea, more—from the unsullied, farthest North,
Where crashing icebergs jar like thunder-shocks,
And midnight splendors wave and fade and flame,
Thou bringest a keen, fierce joy. So wilt thou help
The soul to rise in strength, as some great wave
Leaps forth, and shouts, and lifts the ocean foam,
And rides exultant round the shining world.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

J. Macdonald Oxley, the author of the papers in the *Cosmopolitan*, *The Romantic History of a Great Corporation*, is a Canadian, and one of the most industrious literary workers known. He is a barrister by profession, a member of the Canadian Civil Service by vocation, and a litterateur by avocation. He was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and is a typical and representative Bluenose. He secured a position in the Marine Department at Ottawa, because of the literary facilities of the vast national library.* All his literary work is done at night in winter, and before breakfast in summer, and it is claimed for him, without question, that he has contributed to more periodicals than any other Canadian, although his literary career dates back no further than July, 1883. There is hardly an American or English magazine that has not accepted one or two articles from his prolific pen. Besides his periodical work for the past year, he has written two boys' books—Bert Lloyd's *Boyhood* and *Among the Ice Floes*—both purchased and published by the American Baptist Publication Society of Philadelphia. He contributed the initial serial to *Santa Claus*,—*The Wreckers of Sable Island*, in ten parts,—and a serial in twelve parts to *Our Youth*. This, together with a score or more of articles and short stories, makes a pretty good twelvemonth record, when it is considered that it was all extra labor undertaken after arduous and important official duties. In writing to a friend concerning his method of placing his work and the measure of his success, Mr. Oxley says: "I want to say this: the most courteous, considerate, conscientious, trustworthy class of men I have ever had to deal with are my American editorial friends, the majority of whom I have never seen, and to none of whom have I had any other introduction than my own MSS. The stuff that constantly appears about friends at court, influence, editorial backstairs, etc., can be only the venomous vaporings of would-be, but can't-be contributors. I ask no more impartial critic than the editor of a standard periodical. I have never had a quarrel with an editor, and intend never to have one, unless perchance I encounter the editor of the *Arizona Kicker* in a fighting mood."

Gertrude Franklin Atherton, the young California novelist, who a year or more ago introduced the highly successful, but wildly misunderstood, *Hermia Suydam*, has a book now in press the very antithesis in environment of the above-mentioned publication. The title of the new book is *Los Cerritos*, the scene of the story is central California, time the unromantic present, and the heroine *Carmelita*, a Mexican Spanish girl, the daughter of *Joaquin Murietta*, the famous West Coast bandit. Like *Hermia Suydam*, *Carmelita Murietta* is a character study. *Hermia* was civilized; her environment questioned; the realism of her existence resented; her identity even denied. *Carmelita* is free of all these embarrassments. She is intensely romantic because of her semi-barbarism; and there is the enchantment of the sketching distance. Those romantically inclined will like *Los Cerritos*. The book is breezy of out-door life. It tells of wholesome sunshine, whispering redwood-trees, people picturesque in their poverty and romantic in their naturalness. The dialect is charming, the situa-

tions dramatic, the style fascinating, and the motive good. The writing of the book was restfully done far from its conditions. It was penned in the *Convent de la Rétraite*, at *Boulogne sur Mer*, where a mysterious sequel of the original story has faded out forever into the past. *Los Cerritos* will have simultaneous publication in England and America, and those who think the authoress wedded to the realism of *Hermia Suydam*, will find an interesting surprise in *Carmelita*. At all events the book treats of a new phase of western life, and in style, and imagination, easily places the author at the head of the younger group of California writers.

A correspondent of the London *Athenæum* declares that "it is particularly hard to believe in a Japanese literature. One can accept the letter characters over the tiny shops as being in some fashion significant, but to understand the portrayal of virtue and vice, of mighty deeds and sublime scenes, of joy and despair, by a set of crossbones playing cricket is beyond the Occidental intelligence. And the idea of these solemn lines taking it upon themselves to convey modern fiction to this quaint little public in flapping *cimono* and clattering *geta*, that warms itself over a *hibachi*, and sits all day on the floor of its curious domiciles, and goes bare-headed about its business in the streets, is more exceedingly queer. I know they do, though, not because they have conveyed any to me, but because I have a Japanese friend who is a novelist, and to-night I sat and watched him decorating the fortunes of his heroine for a long time. His workshop has no *Grub-street* suggestions in it. Shall I describe it to you? It is a little room, a very little room. Six mats is its Japanese measurement, and a mat is about six feet by four. It is full of the soft, dull light that pulses from a square white paper lantern; the low, bright wooden ceiling gives back a pale-brown gleam here and there. There is a silvery glint in the frail panelled walls, which I have learned not to lean against; and in a warm, gray shadowed recess a gold Buddha crosses his feet and stretches forth his palms, smiling gently upon the lotus which he holds. In another recess stand the curious vessels of iron and clay and bamboo for the tea ceremony. My novelist has often told me the story of the tea ceremony—how it was invented 300 years ago by a wise man, whose name I could not possibly spell, who thought that the Japanese were declining into luxury, to gratify the soul more and the sense less. There was nothing in the room an hour ago except my novelist and his table and his tools and me. He sat on the floor in a flowing garment of brown silk lined with blue, his legs disposed comfortably under him. I sat there, too, with mine contorted under me. It takes time to adapt one's muscles to the Japanese point of view. It is a lacquered table about a foot high—such a wonderful table! For it has stood before the altars of dusky Buddhist temples, and upborne the curling incense of many generations—generations that lived and prayed and clattered away into an obscurity deeper than that of the temple, though the great bronze feet of Buddha behind the altar stirred never a hair's breadth from that place to keep them company. My friend's writing materials are as idyllic as his surroundings—his paper is

delicately tinted yellow, with blue lines running up and down. His inkstand is a carved ebony slab, with one end hollowed out for the water to rub his cube of India ink in, and holds the four or five daintily decorated bamboo brushes which are his pens. Naturally, he does not write his novel, he paints it. Beginning at the end of the whole, at the left of every page and at the top of every line, straight down between the two blue parallels his small brown hand goes, with quick delicate dark touches from which are springing the woes of O-Mitsu-san, or Miss Honey Sweet, and the heroism of Matsuo-san, or the Strong Pine Tree."

M. André Theuriet, whose new book, *Contes pour les Soins d'Hiver*, is so popular in Paris, is said to be the favorite for Augier's place in the Academy. He is described as a man who occupies in the literature of the era a special place, which would be more prominent if he were not one of those modest creatures who detest publicity. "Years ago," says a Parisian writer, "he felt that there was an unexplored side in human nature; that by the side of the great passions and violent crises, which are only accidents in our lives, there were even in this century tender souls, calm, well-poised minds who find certain charms in everyday life; and it is this everyday life he has bound himself to depict for us. He works in half-tints, but where is the painter who will say that *chiar-oscuro* has not a more penetrating charm than has the most vivid coloring? In intellectual elevation he stands half-way between the cloud-touching summits where only the eagles live and those muddy lowlands of life where writhes and struggles a population which we all admit exists, but which is too often complacently depicted and presented to us as the sole existing truth. M. Theuriet is the painter of woods and forest. He knows the secret charm of their leafy depths and of the verdant valleys as well. All the magnificent and changing aspect of the forest, from its spring adorning of emerald green through all the graded tints to autumn's gold and crimson; all the delicate pleasures of one who haunts the woods and fields, and which the city dwellers know not of; these he knows and expresses in a language which flows along with the limpid clearness of the streams of Argonne."

In the struggle for recognition in the ranks of workers in the newspaper world, woman's chances are very slim. Her trials are great, while the lines on which she can work are closely drawn, and man, always selfish, makes the most of the old adage, and to the wall she goes. Some women, however, are strong enough to force themselves into the front rank, and when once free from the struggling crowd they show their equality with man in their intellectual work. Take for instance Mrs. Julia Hayes Percy. A few years ago but a girl, with no thought of the bitterness which a hard fight against great odds develops in human nature, she had no idea of toil. But a time came when it was necessary for her to be up and doing, and when that time came she was not afraid. Five years ago she did her first newspaper work as a regular profession, but before that time she gained some reputation as a writer of verses, which found favor, were printed in the New York papers and copied. But her first real hard work was done for the Times, and the cause she championed was that of the poor shop girls, who were compelled to stand all day behind the counters. From the crusade she made came reform, and to-day seats are supplied, so that

when there is nothing doing the girls can sit down. Her next important work was on the World, where she assisted in the organization of the Working Women's Society, in Pythagoras Hall, and that was followed by her exposure of the crimes against Indian women in Alaska. Everybody knows the result of the gallant fight she made for Giblin, who was under sentence of death for murder; how she first got him respited and ultimately saved from the gallows. During the progress of this battle against the law powers that be, Mrs. Percy was heading the fighters for justice day and night, and many a man who firmly believed Giblin guilty was shown his error. It is often said of people in the literary world, and women particularly, that while they may write well enough they have no executive ability. Mrs. Percy is a delightful refutation of this charge, for no business man could have organized and conducted the Evening World's Christmas Trees. This was a stupendous work. Seven trees in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City had to be arranged for, and 30,000 children to be made happy. But Mrs. Percy was equal to the task; forever her name will be of glorious memory to the poor of the three cities. Recently she made a visit to the poorest localities of the city with Mrs. Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, and a series of stories telling their experiences are now in preparation. Personally Mrs. Percy is a most charming woman, and as popular among the members of her own sex as she is with her masculine co-workers. She is tall, of dark complexion, has large brown eyes and brilliant black hair, through which a few gray hairs have made an early appearance, only however to add another charm. Her home life is simplicity itself, and around her fireside or at her hospitable table may always be found a circle of friends who value her good opinion most highly.

In the perusal of Gossip of Authors and Writers the keenest interest of the reader appears to be with the history of what is professionally known as "the early struggle." There is an absolute relish over hopes blighted or nearly so by the frosty "Declined with Thanks." Then determination triumphs and with "the leaf on the stem, the stem on the branch, the branch on the tree, and the tree in the ground, the green grass grows all round." It is interesting and beautiful. Thackeray says he was surprised how well "poor stuff" was taken after he had attained a little success, and what "good stuff" was "declined with thanks" before. Mr. G. R. Sims, the London journalist and magazinist, the popular "Dagonet," of *The Referee*, and known to most people as the author of 'Ostler Joe, has lately given some interesting details of the commencement of his literary career. He began by going in for prize competitions. "The first prize," he says, "for which I competed was one offered by the Boy's Own Magazine, in the year 1861. I didn't get the silver watch or the splendid engraving of Cromwell's last interview with his favorite daughter; but I was by no means dismayed, as I was only fourteen, and I felt that I had plenty of time before me in which to wipe out defeat. My first published verses appeared on the back page of the *Welcome Guest*, a then half-penny journal of the London Journal type, and were naturally addressed to a young lady, whose initials, if I remember rightly, were E. L. F. I spent all my pocket money that week in buying current numbers of the *Welcome Guest*, and then I wrote nothing but poetry for weeks, and sent it broad-

cast. But it didn't get inserted. I fancy I was a little too ambitious. I sent a short poem to the *Saturday Review*, and another to *Punch*. Only one journal took any notice of me at all for the next six months, and that was the *Halfpenny Journal*. At that time there was appearing in it a very remarkable story called *The Black Band*. It was written by a lady who now holds very high rank indeed among lady novelists. One day, while reading *The Black Band* and eating jumbles, I turned to the back of the paper, and there, among the *Answers to Correspondents*, I found my initials, and I read the following:—'Declined with thanks, but do not be discouraged. We think there is something in you, and if you persevere you may make a very tolerable verse writer.' Many a year has passed away since those words of encouragement met my eyes, but even now, whenever I think of them, I raise my hat to the unknown editor who wrote them. I honestly believe that they helped to influence the whole of my after career, for they gave me hope just when I was about to fling my pen away in utter despair."

Scotland has no more interesting or frequently discussed figure to-day than John Stuart Blackie. Anecdotes about him are always going the rounds of the press and American readers have a strong personal friendship for him. So penetrating is his individuality, one sees and feels Professor Blackie in a manner not common with many men in active public life. He is very much pleased just now with the Marquis of Bute's advocacy of a Scotch Parliament. He would be one of the first to take his seat therein, and then we should learn the full force of Scotch vituperative humor. His home is in Edinburgh, and overlooking the untidy Leith. The house has not a palatial exterior, but it is handsome and luxurious within, with its lofty rooms, great hall, and book-lined library. There are few languages, living or dead, that Professor Blackie does not know as well as he knows English or his own Gaelic, and he thinks no more of mastering one than he does of walking over the mountain before breakfast. He is almost always to be found in his library, either reading, preparing his lectures, or writing. His correspondence is almost as large as Gladstone's, and he answers every letter. He is an old man now, as far as years go, but there are, all the same, few younger men in Scotland.

Hon. George Wesley Atkinson, who contested with Hon. John O. Pendleton for the seat in Congress to represent the First District of West Virginia, is the author of several successful books, and is still doing a good deal of literary work. He has published a *History of Kanawha*; *After the Moonshiners*, of which 11,000 copies were sold; *The West Virginia Pulpit*; *A Revenue Digest*; and *Don't*. The first of these was published at Charleston, W. Va., the second, third, and last at Wheeling, and the fourth at Louisville. He now has in press a handsome and carefully prepared work of 1,000 pages on *Prominent Men of West Virginia*. It will be issued from a Wheeling publishing house. In 1884 he published at Washington a pamphlet, *The A B C of the Tariff*, of which 60,000 copies were sold. His literary style is clear and forcible, and the reader never loses interest. From a literary point of view his best work so far is *Don't*, a book as entertaining as it is instructive. Mr. Atkinson is still a young man, a few gray hairs just beginning to intrude themselves among their jet black neighbors. He is tall, straight as an Indian,

wears a black moustache and gold-bowed spectacles. A white neck-tie, which he always wears, adds to his distinguished appearance. He is a good lecturer and "stump speaker" as well as a successful author and lawyer of recognized ability. The degrees of A.M. and Ph.D. are his by right of faithful college work.

Opie P. Read, editor of *The Arkansas Traveler*, has acquired a national reputation as a wit, and the popularity of his literary productions is not exceeded by those of any other writer in the country. He was born at Nashville, Tenn., in 1862, and declares that his childhood wasn't noted for anything except an appetite for loitering about the neighborhood. When the war came on, he was an infant in arms. After the war he attended a college, started—he doesn't say established—by a number of ex-confederate artillery officers. He didn't forget anything while there, nor will he acknowledge that he learned anything. In 1873, he began work on the *Franklin (Ky.) Patriot*, his first employment consisting of chopping up old rails for firewood, and setting up the name of the editor in bold face brevier. He really doesn't remember when he began to write. But seeing his matter in print, he concluded that he must have written it. He removed to Arkansas in 1876, and worked on the *Little Rock Gazette*. There, the disposition to write again manifested itself in sketches. This displeased the proprietor of the *Gazette*. He insisted that Read must confine himself to such gentle announcements as "Uncle Dave Pruett was in town yesterday." When Eastern papers, however, began to copy the sketches, the proprietor apologized for his hasty action, and raised Read's salary. In 1883, the latter, in conjunction with P. D. Benham, started the *Arkansas Traveler*. For a time it was issued at Little Rock, but as the infant grew in strength and popularity the authors of its being decided to extend its field of usefulness, and with such object in view removed to Chicago, reaching that city in 1886. Since that date, the success of Mr. Read and his journalistic venture have been phenomenal. The *Arkansas Traveler* issues a weekly edition of nearly one hundred thousand copies, and the sketches, stories, paragraphs, and witty sayings of the editor are quoted and copied by the leading newspapers of the United States. In appearance Opie Read is a magnificent specimen of physical development. He is over six feet in height, and proportioned like an athlete. He is a typical Southron, speaking with a strong Southern accent, and his dialect stories descriptive of Southern character are inexpressibly true to nature. He is a hard worker, a faithful friend, and an honorable antagonist. During his residence in Chicago he has written *Up Terrapin River*, published by Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago; *Len Gansett*, issued by Ticknor & Co., of Boston, both of which have been widely read; and has now in press *A Kentucky Colonel* and *The Back Log*, the scenes of which are laid in the Southern States.

Few poets have so inspiring a home in which to tune their lyres as Sir Wilfrid Blunt, author of *The Love Sonnets of Proteus*, and grandson-in-law of Lord Byron. Adopted brother of the Arabs, wearing their dress and the complexion of their sun, the untamed spirit of the desert in his magnificent physique and in his restless eyes, he has also brought as much of the Orient to his conventional English home as he dared. On the lawn stands an Arabian tent, pitched as in the desert. Near

by, a superb gray Arab horse is tethered, waiting for the tent to be folded and his adventurous master to spring on his back. In the park is a whole herd of Arabian steeds, beautiful creatures, small, with slender heads and intelligent eyes, familiar and gentle. The interior of the house is typically English, particularly the dining hall with its screens and galleries of carved oak, its tapestries, armor, and great oak cabinets and seats. The drawing-room is brilliant with Venetian red, and the Indian matting exhales an odor not unlike sandalwood. Lady Anne Blunt, her husband's devoted fellow-traveller and co-worker, has a fine portrait of Sir Wilfrid in this room. He is in Arab dress seated on a charger whose spirited curves the lady has rendered with admirable skill. Many portraits of Lord Byron are to be seen in Crabbet Park, as well as a cast of his delicate, feminine hand. Patriotism recently transplanted Sir Wilfrid from this ideal home to a cell in Galway jail, where his collection of sonnets, *In Vinculis*, were written, but his restless, adventurous spirit is one to welcome the ups and downs of life, and to thoroughly enjoy luxurious home life on his return.

Of Kate Field and her new journalistic venture, a writer in the *Commercial Advertiser* gives this information and expression of opinion: "Kate Field was born in St. Louis, but she is regarded by most of the world as a New Englander. New England blood does run freely through her veins if I mistake not, but she has lived longer in and about the Eastern than the Western States. Miss Field has had an interesting career, having passed the most of her life among the people who were best worth knowing in this country and Europe. She was intimate with the Brownings in Florence, and has among her lares and penates a lock of Mrs. Browning's hair. My attention was first turned to Miss Field by a little book she wrote called *Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens's Readings*. I quote the title from memory, and a bright bit of description it was. Brightness is Miss Field's strongest quality. She is best when she scintillates rather than when she preaches, and I would rather read her *Ten Days in Spain* than her lecture on the Mormons. She has been more or less restless during her life, trying one thing, then another, making of one a success, of another a failure, coming out ahead on the success side, though, but now I believe she has settled down to the business of editing. In Kate Field's Washington she has a mouthpiece, and if she gives that paper the benefit of her bright side it cannot but make a success. What she has told me of her plan is good and novel. Miss Field is nothing if not persevering. She has something to work for now that is all her own. It depends entirely upon her for its fate."

Edward Bellamy, the Utopian Socialist, is dramatizing his *Looking Backward*, as a means of further educating the public up to his delightful theories. New characters and scenes are to be added and it is expected to have a sort of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* effect on the enthusiastic Nationalistic neophyte. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Journal* who has interviewed the distinguished author, gives this description of his home surroundings and personal appearance: In the little manufacturing village of Chicopee Falls, a few miles outside Springfield, in the western part of Massachusetts, Mr. Bellamy lives a quiet and unassuming life. His homestead is an old-fashioned wooden house with a high piazza, and is surrounded by a few gray and bare-ribbed pines and apple

trees. It is situated on top of a little hill, from which can be seen the Chicopee River. Here in this old homestead lived the father of the well-known author—a gentle and kind old Baptist clergyman, who came to Chicopee Falls away back in 1848. He died only a few years ago, and his widow still lives there. Her son Edward lives there too, with his charming wife and bright-eyed little boy of some five summers, and also his four-year-old little girl. Mr. Bellamy is a young man. He was born in this old homestead in 1850, and is one of three brothers. We were ushered into a modest little sitting-room, ornamented with a few marble busts and book-cases and having a general literary air. After a wait of a couple of minutes Mr. Bellamy made his appearance and extended to us a cordial welcome, emphasized by a warm and hearty handclasp. He is a modest and unassuming man, of medium height, with a striking face, somewhat pale and tinged with a seriousness characteristic of a thinker. His grayish-blue eyes are keen and penetrating. He has a Roman nose and a drooping brown mustache, and a mouth that denotes a firmness of character. His hair is dark brown, and it falls down over his forehead in spite of the obvious attempt of brushing it back. He was dressed in a neat black, well-fitting Prince Albert and dark trousers. It seemed to me when I first caught a glimpse of him that he wore no collar, but when he came nearer I discovered that he wore a very low one, with a black necktie tied in a bow knot. He walked with a steady gait, and impressed me with an independence that was decidedly pleasing and not in the least offensive. His voice is musical and his conversation has an easy rhythm, in spite of its oftentimes emphatic tone. He has a good-natured simplicity of manner that delights the listener, and makes him a most enjoyable companion. Mr. Bellamy has travelled extensively, and visited Germany at the age of nineteen. "Never," he declares, "had I seen anything approaching real poverty until I visited Europe in '69; and," he continued "it is only within recent years that the frightful conditions of European poverty are reproducing themselves in our country. They are the outgrowth of our false and brutal competitive industrial system." When I asked him if he imbibed his Socialistic ideas in Germany he laughed, and with a roguish twinkle in his eye declared that the only thing he learned to imbibe in Germany was beer!

Fitzgerald Molloy is as popular with his friends as his readers. His good nature is supreme, a brilliant talker, always brimming with information and the latest news, he was never known to rehearse scandal or make a malicious remark. Probably no man has more intimate friends, or knows more family secrets. One secret of his kind heart and unfailing amiability is his abundant good health. He has not a nerve and never has a doctor's bill to pay. In consequence, he reposes his friends as well as amuses them. He is a big man, compact of build and square of shoulders. He has the blue eyes, black hair, and musical brogue of the well-born Celt. In addition to his creative gifts, he speaks several languages, and is a fine musical and art critic.

Daniel Bedinger Lucas, who was recently made a member of the Court of Appeals of West Virginia, is a poet of considerable ability as well as a lawyer and public speaker. He has published a collection of short poems under the title of *Ballads and Madrigals*, two long poems—*The Maid of Northumberland*, and *The Land*

Where We Lay Dreaming—besides many poems of occasion and fugitive pieces. He is a highly cultured and scholarly gentleman, and this culture and learning are shown in his poetical productions. Mr. Lucas is a small man with gray hair, gray moustache, and cold gray eyes. He is unfortunate in being crippled, but when heard from the lecture platform his uncommanding presence is soon forgotten. He has always been devoted to the traditions, history, and glory of the South.

The Home Journal is authority for the fact that Edward Wakefield, the traveller, author, and translator, is collecting material for a book to be published, in London, on the artistic and social side of life in New York—"a most commendable and interesting task. Mr. Wakefield is the son of Colonel Felix Wakefield, of Crimean fame, who made the railway from Balaklava to Sebastopol under fire of the Russian guns. The Wakefields are noted for what is called the 'Wakefield System of Colonization,' by which the most prosperous of Great Britain's dependencies have been founded, the great mass of the population owning the freehold of the land on which they live. Mr. Edward Wakefield went with his father among the pioneer settlers to New Zealand, served in the Maori wars, was three times elected to the parliament and for some time held the offices of colonial secretary and minister for native affairs. He is the author of the notable review in the *Nineteenth Century* on James Anthony Froude's *Oceana*, which led to a hot controversy on the historian's veracity. Since he has been in America he has published *New Zealand After Fifty Years*, which is now considered the standard book on that colony. The Forest and Stream Publication Company is now publishing a series of twelve articles from his pen on natural history and sport in various parts of the world. He has also been a prolific translator of the best French fiction, his latest being François Coppée's *Henrietta*."

Theodore Stanton, describing Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson at home, says that the Norwegian poet and novelist's habits and tastes are for the life of the country: "When I am away from my farm I long for it as one does for his native land when in foreign parts. I am born of a peasant family, and it is only among the peasantry that I feel at home." Bjørnson's farm, Aulestad, which he has owned for the last fifteen years, is situated in one of the valleys of Norway, Gausdal, a day's journey from Christiania. It is a pretty large piece of property, in the cultivation of which Bjørnson takes the deepest interest. There are five tenants on Bjørnson's farm, who live in separate houses and pay their rent by manual labor.* The landlord lives on the friendliest terms with these tenants and shares the profits of the estate with them and some old servants. The house, which is large and very tastefully furnished, is decorated with paintings, statues, and objects in silver presented by friends and admirers. The study is on the second floor. It is a large room, with four windows, from which are magnificent views of the surrounding country. The author's daily life is simple. He rises at six or half-past, breakfasts alone or with his secretary, and then sits down to his writing table. There is never any interval of rest between the finishing of one work and the beginning of another, for he is planning a new volume while writing the one under way. Sometimes he is engaged on two works at the same time. This was especially the case in his younger

days. Bjørnson is not a rapid composer. He writes on small pieces of paper. As his chirography is not very distinct and is rendered still more illegible by corrections and erasures, his manuscripts have to be copied, sometimes even twice. When he has finished a page or two he rises and paces up and down the room for a few minutes, thinking out what he is to put in the next page—that is, the details, for the main features of the work, from beginning to end, were planned before he put pen to paper. But Bjørnson does not write a book as one does a letter, continuing without a break from the "Dear Sir" to the "Yours Truly." He first takes up those parts which interest him the most or those that seem to require more care. But the whole work is so exactly planned beforehand that the chapters composed at different times exactly fit in and join without necessitating modifications or additions. When the author takes up a new work he often finds difficulty in striking the right key, and will begin it over and over again. But when he once gets satisfactorily started, all moves on smoothly to the end. But the labor of composition is not confined to the start. Bjørnson devotes the greatest care to style and expression. Those who are delighted with his exquisite little poems which seem so simple and natural have no idea how much thought and pains they have cost their author. "The poems and prose works which I have corrected the most I consider to be my best." His political and controversial writings are subjected to the same careful treatment. It is related that, while a young man studying in Copenhagen, he was one of a set of youthful "poets"—Scandinavia swarmed with them at that time—who were in the habit of meeting at an inn. When the circle was breaking up one evening, Bjørnson casually remarked: "Well, now I will go home and work." "Don't you call it composing?" asked one of the poetasters. "No, for me it is work." Bjørnson enjoys cards, especially the game called Boston. But at the end of an hour or so he is ready to leave the table, for, like everything that he does, he makes work of it. "There is no pleasure in the game," he will say, "unless the players are in earnest." During the summer Bjørnson keeps open house at Aulestad. Almost any day when you pass the farm you may see the piazza full of guests. Often from twenty to twenty-five persons sit down to dinner. Mrs. Bjørnson is then kept very busy entertaining the visitors during the hours when her husband is in his study. The tact and amiability of the Bjørnsons as hosts is widely known in Norway, and it is one of the sources of the author's strong hold on the country."

A Philadelphia paper contains the following pen portrait of Cardinal Gibbons: "In appearance the prelate is almost gaunt, his lower face has the square jaw which denotes conserved strength. His mouth is stern until a rare smile makes it gentle and winning; his gray eyes seem to be veiled by an infinite pity for the pathos of human life, and never do they gleam with absolute joy or take on the steely look that cruelty gives to gray eyes. His voice has the caressing Irish accent, and his hands have almost as much expression as his face. One watches them almost as much while he preaches, for they seem visibly to express thoughts of pity, surprise, mercy. To see him eagerly bending over those plain folks, his spare face lighted with love, was to think the humane monk of Ebers' *Homo Sum* and not the Catholic author stood at the little altar."

RANDOM READING—CURRENT THOUGHT AND OPINION

— *The Pleasures of Baldness*—*London Saturday Review*—

That bald Cæsar, the famed Roman wight, is known to have disliked being bald. Hence, his detractors declared, his love of the laurels of victory. Certainly it were a seemly thing if our elderly generals could dine out and go to the play in such laurels as they may happen to have won; for baldness, though indispensable to a young doctor or solicitor, and highly desirable in a statesman, is not coveted by the sons of Mars. A young physician, in a letter to one of the papers, very touchingly bewails the slimness of his purse and the thickness of his ambrosia locks. "The high and dome-like forehead" which is admired in the busts and effigies of Shakspeare seems to this youth a feature indispensable in his profession. Yet he, of all men, should have the remedy at hand, and be skilled in the depilatory art. He has only to purchase or mix the antidote to those prescriptions for lengthening and thickening the tresses which are advertised in the beautiful decorations of our hoardings. It has been subtly remarked that many wise and wealthy persons remain bald. But, perhaps, the wealthy and wise are intelligent enough to keep the advantages which Nature or the wearing of ill-ventilated hats has given them. They know when they are well off, like the poet and orator, C. Licinius Calvus, who, after the manner of the Living Skeleton, was probably proud of the title. The young doctor values a head early denuded at about £500 a year, and, really, if he is acquainted with his business, he ought soon to possess that "shining place," where, as the elderly riddle quaintly remarks, there is "no parting." He thinks that a flowing beard has also its market value, yet he does not seem to have remarked that the owners of flowing beards are usually very bald men. It is as if Nature could not support the growth of so much hair in two places at once. By leaving the chin unshorn the head may be brought, as it seems, into the desired condition. Even the lower animals, he maintains, have an admiring affection for the ornament which he desires, and he illustrates this by the waggishness of an ostrich. The benighted bird attempted to hatch the head of a sleeping Englishman—in South Africa, we presume. This was flattering, but embarrassing on the whole, for the ostrich is a bird with a strong sense of its personal dignity. "Hell has no fury like" an ostrich duped, in its maternal instincts especially, nor can one seriously believe that the Englishman was the happier for the fowl's misplaced affections. If the young physician is right, we may perhaps expect to see depilatories as popularly recommended as the contrary kind of nostrum. But, while a dozen advertisers offer to make the fat thin, nobody has yet discovered a way of making the thin fat. Baldness, according to the doctor, is the result of fatty degeneration, and persons naturally lean cannot, by taking thought, degenerate in this desirable direction. Sitting up late in an atmosphere of gas may do a good deal, and the tall hat of modern life is also valuable to persons who covet an appearance of precocious wisdom. Every kind of dissipation is also recommended; but this prescription has obvious advantages, and is even uncertain. It is not recorded that Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen rose in their profession by baldness; yet no young men

ever did more to deserve this gift. To be early gray seems rather the privilege of poets than of physicians, if we may judge by the cases of Shelley and Ronsard. There is reason to believe that Byron would have been bald had he lived a little longer, and it is a matter of curious speculation whether his success would not have waned with his curls and when his days were really in the yellow leaf. On the other hand, he was just the man to wear a wig. The poet, in the following stanza, celebrates a sage who agreed with the young doctor:

"There was an old person of Bristol
Who had a bald head and a pistol;
He shot all the aldermen
Because they were balder men—
And then blew out his brains with the pistol."

— *Pessimism and its Cure*—*From the New York Sun* —

The pessimists are usually the people who think too much about themselves, who have an exaggerated conception of their own importance, and who imagine that they are separated from the rest of the world by greater fineness of fibre, and a superiority of organization which unfits them for the struggles in which ordinary mortals are engaged. Of course there is a pessimism which is as much a mental and moral disease as melancholia, to which it bears a close likeness; and like melancholia it affects its victims without regard to their reasonable grounds for happiness and hopefulness. Then, again, there are vain and silly young men who pretend to pessimism simply to attract attention. But the real and genuine and sane pessimist is usually a man of a sentimental temperament, with a more or less morbid physical organization, who has leisure for introspection and who has tried in vain to get satisfaction from the material abundance of which he is possessed. The cure for it—the sovereign cure—is to set the invalid to work, so that he shall forget himself, and to induce him to spend his sympathies on others rather than himself. Of course, this pessimism in all except its insane manifestations is a mere fancy, a manufactured state of mind. It is a whim, or it may be nothing more than a symptom of transitory bodily ailment depressing to the spirits. Sane pessimists do not commit suicide because of their sense of the worthlessness of life. They marry and propagate life, hateful and burdensome though they theoretically regard it. They are as anxious as other people to live long, and death has the same terrors for them. The truth is that they really do not believe what they think they believe. So far from being convinced of the worthlessness of life, every day shows that they hold it of supreme value. If there was an elixir of life obtainable, they would be the first to rush for it. Under the changing conditions of modern society there are many men and women who have been stranded in life. The current has swept on and left them behind. They cannot keep up with it, for they have never learned how to sail on its course. They are as helpless as babes in a period when work is becoming more and more necessary, and the vigor and persistence of the successful only serve to make their own impotence the more depressing to them. The cries of something like despair from women correspondents are especially painful. They are unmated, and they see no hope of marriage and withdrawal from

the fight for existence for which they have no training. But, as a whole, the sympathy for the strugglers comes from outside their own ranks, rather than from within; from those who know of their sufferings through imagination only; not from those who actually share in them.

—*The Old-Time Annual—From San Francisco Chronicle—*

The literary treasures of the ordinary American household of forty years ago were neither very numerous nor of high character. Libraries, in the proper acceptance of the term, were possessed but by few gentlemen, the small collection of books generally found in the homes of the people taking the form of a pyramid of volumes stacked in diminishing size one on top the other on a side-table, a few more ranged on a what-not in the corner, and a few others scattered in studied disorder on the centre-table. Occupying the place of honor among these latter books was the big family Bible containing the register of births, deaths, and marriages, while it can be taken for granted that the whole collection surely included Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Holy War*, *The Life of General Washington*, *Cruden's Concordance*, *Cooper's novels* and an annual or two. This annual was a great institution. As its name implies, it was issued once a year, a remark not so entirely supererogatory as might be imagined when one considers that it is a common form of speech to speak of a "weekly" journal. Frequently, most frequently indeed, the publication never got beyond one issue, although there are cases in which it survived as many as five assaults on the public tolerance. It was nearly always edited by a woman, and nearly always by a woman of deeply sentimental turn of mind, not to say melancholy. More than ninety per cent of the contributors to the annual were women of a similar school, and it is clear from strong internal evidence that the work was intended for the "gentle sex," a phrase that was then in high vogue. The use of the annual was twofold. In the first place it was the repository of an unobjectionable light literature, and was therefore admissible to the best-regulated families; and in the next place it served the purpose of an appropriate gift from mother to daughter, from girl to girl, or from beau to sweetheart on birthday, Christmas, New Year, or any other anniversary of a tender nature. It filled the place at once of the magazine and of the rich and varied gifts which it is now the custom to bestow—or at least to expect—on similar occasions. People were not such avid and omnivorous readers then as now, nor was it the custom to gauge the happiness of the recipient by the value of the present made. In the hands of a prudent reader the annual would furnish three months of good reading, yet it was always a quarto volume of never more than 400 pages, and generally not more than 250. The style of get up was always about the same. The covers were of red leather, an imitation morocco, stamped with gilt devices in the homeliest conventionality; the back bore the title, the year of publication and more devices, all in gilt; the edges were gilt, and the whole thing was gay, gaudy, and glittering. The paper used was of good quality, as a rule, the type was minion, and each page of matter was inclosed in a fancy border. There was always an allegorical frontispiece and there were always a number of steel engravings, which were called embellishments, and about which there was always the suspicion that they had been written up to; that is, that they had either been used before for some other purpose, or else that

they were among the stock-in-trade of the publisher, and were worked off by having some word-spinner put together something that would seem original and incentive to the illustrator. The name given the annual was always poetical, among the titles being *The Casket*, *The Chaplet of Pearls*, *The Basket of Flowers*, *The Daisy*, *Magnolia*, *Friendship's Offering*, etc. The inspection of a copy of the *Moss Rose* annual for 1849 shows many quaint and curious things. Its publishers were Nafis & Cornish of New York, a firm long since dropped into obscurity, and its editor was Mrs. Emeline P. Howard, of Delhi, N. Y., a gentle lady of whom, in all probability, no one ever before knew or has since heard of. The lady has infused a good deal of her personality into the contents of the *Moss Rose*, and from them it is learned by a hint here and there that she was a widow, had been a school teacher, and had seen many go out of her doors never to come back. She was a diligent contributor to the annual as well, in fact within its pages are embalmed more literary relics from her pen than from all the other contributors combined. There are, for instance, *The Moss Rose* and *Cupid*, by the editress, *Trust in God*, a poem by E. P. Howard, *Winter*, another poem by E. P. H., and so on, the changes in the signatures being rung after the fashion indicated. Altogether there are nine articles signed under some one or the other of these transparent disguises, and there are some nine others inserted anonymously which, however, bear the unmistakable stamp of Emeline P. Howard. The other contributors form the following galaxy of unknown stars: Miss Caroline E. Roberts, Miss Sarah Roberts, Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. E. A. Curtiss Hulce, Mrs. E. C. Judson and Miss Gould. In presenting her book Mrs. Emeline P. Howard speaks modestly of its claims to public favor, intimating that its success will be all the more difficult because of its numerous competitors, from which it may be inferred that the annual in 1849 was a thriving plant, putting forth a vast number of leaves each year. In conclusion she says: "To an indulgent public, then, this book is offered, with the hope that it may meet the approbation and suit the tastes of those who are friends to virtue and love flowers." The contents are mainly short poems and short stories, sandwiched with sundry *Memories*, *Recollections*, and *Reminiscences*. The stories are delicious in their simplicity of plot, the stilted character of the dialogues, and the flowery nature of the descriptions. All the men, are, of course, tall, broad-chested, slim-waisted heroes, and all the women, as an offset, are "delicate sylphs." Here is the rich account of the sensation made by fascinating Marion Berline: "As the object of general admiration, she was usually blockaded by an army of ultra-fashioned heroes, such as ever seek to dwell in the light of fair ladies' eyes, content with a stray glance of witchery or a civil, perhaps an accidental, smile. Tall gentlemen laid at her shrine their humble offerings of gallantry and wit, and, set off by all the art of fashion, with large whiskers and elegant attitudes, besieged her wherever she went; and others of lesser dimensions rustled, glittered, and rattled in her train, with chains, seals, white gloves, and glasses, who could dance, sing, and bow, lead a lady to her piano with studied grace, whispering and smiling at the height of their glory." How this description of a social triumph must have fluttered the hearts of the young lady readers of the *Moss Rose*, and how each one must have yearned for such an all-con-

quering occasion! It was thoroughly in consonance with the spirit of the age, however, and the readers of the annual thought it no exaggeration to find the grandly gloomy hero spoken of as "stalking about like a stately Childe Harold," and bearing an upper lip that "curled with scorn." To us, however, it seems very amusing to read of one superb masculine creature speaking to another in this fashion: "But," rejoined he, "direct your eyes to yon other nymph. By all the graces, she is beautiful! Care never came to that brow, nor tears to those eyes, unless pity sometimes moistened them from the fountain of a heart pure as the element of heaven." "Go, rattle your nonsense into other ears, eloquent Hal," responded Charles, "and leave me to the selection of my own divinities." It follows, as a matter of course, that the annual should have one contribution from the French quotation fiend who flourished so brightly at this epoch. Here in *The Moss Rose* is one entitled *The Snow Acquaintance*, which is as plentifully sprinkled with useless Gallicisms as a plum pudding is with currants. From this writer we learn that it was correct to say that the winter had "made its entree," that there were pedestrians "on the pave," that to be home was "chez lui," where there was a "beaufet," on which stood a "geant tabatiere," and near which hung a "roquelaure." The signs of the times found in the pages of this old annual are very interesting. Thus, in one story, we read of the hero landing in New York on board a stately vessel with snowy sails and coming ashore at Whitehall. In another we find a gentleman leaving his fashionable New York hotel and "taking a short walk to a rich grassy meadow." In another of a nymph warming her delicate extremities "in front of a good orrel coal fire;" in another of a gentleman wrapping his Spanish cloak about him and so on—little hints of bygone times and fashions. It seemed to be the height of bad style among the annual writers to speak of anything in plain direct language. A man's blood was his "life torrent." When it became dark, "night stole on, draped in her garment of stars." Dancing was described as "the rhythmic stepping of angel forms in terpsichorean evolutions." When a woman thought, she "held a fancy in her bosom;" a quarrel was "an efflux of angry words," and if one man walked before another he was an "antecedent pedestrian." Of the poetry the less said the better. One example will suffice:

A deep blushing rose on its pillow of moss
Was sent as a token of pleasure,
And the maiden in ecstasy gave it a toss
To wear in her bosom a treasure.

This is the very ecstasy of jog-trot jingles, and the annual from cover to cover was as valuable in a literary sense as an amateur's paper. Still it served its purpose, and it is within the possibilities that in the present revival of old-time fads the *Moss Rose* may bloom again.

— *Personal Ideals*—T. W. Higginson—*Harper's Bazar*—

Sir Edwin Arnold, like most Englishmen of conservative proclivities, thinks that we should be better off if we had in this country a better supply of "class distinctions." He thinks that these distinctions supply to Englishmen "respect for authority, and certain personal ideals which they follow devotedly." There is, no doubt, something to be said in defence of respect for authority, but everything depends upon the source whence it proceeds. As a rule, the rich, the contented, the prosperous, think that the authority should be their own or that of their friends. The poor, the obscure,

the discontented, are less satisfied with this assignment of authority. Now it is useless to say that authority in itself is a good thing without reference to its origin or its quality. It is like saying that scales and weights are a good thing without reference to the question who determined their value. If you weigh by the scales of a cheating peddler, then the more authority you assign to his weights, the worse for you; better guess at it or measure out by the handful. We read in Knickerbocker's New York that the standard weight of the early settlers in dealing with the Indians was the weight of a Dutchman's foot; and no doubt the Indians were told that it was their duty to pay reverence to this form of authority. In England at the present day the authority is not vested in the foot of a Dutchman, but in the coronet of a German; there seems no other difference. A word from the Prince of Wales in London determines, not merely the cut of a livery or the wearing of a kid glove, but the good repute of an artist or the bad repute of an actress. If he beckons a poet across the room, the poet feels honored. Indeed, the late Mrs. George Bancroft, a keen observer, once told me that she never knew an Englishman, however eminent in art or science, who, if he had dined with a duke, could help mentioning the fact to all his acquaintances. But is there anything ennobling in this form of social authority? Now that the human race has reached some degree of maturity and self-respect, there is no dignity in any tribunal of authority except that which a self-governing nation has created for itself. Such deference, and such alone, is manly. To find such deference at its highest point, we must look for it in that entertained by the American people for its own higher courts—courts which it has created, and could at any period with a little delay abolish, but which it recognizes meanwhile as final authority. This same sentiment has never in our day been brought to a test so difficult and a result so triumphant as in 1876, when President Hayes was declared Chief Magistrate. Nearly one-half of the American voters honestly believed at that time that they had been defrauded of their rights; but the decision was made by a court expressly constituted for the purpose, and when made, the decree was self-executing; not a soldier was ordered out in its support. It is hard to imagine, and perhaps not desirable to see, a respect for authority more complete than this; for even such respect may be too excessive—and may destroy the very liberties it seeks to preserve. When it comes to personal ideals, again, it makes all the difference in the world whether the ideals are to be of the genuine kind, or merely composed of a court dress and a few jewels. There is something very fine in the reverence for an ideal, even if the object of reverence be ill-selected. There is a fine passage in Heine's fragmentary papers about England, where he suddenly comes, among the London docks, to a great ship just from some Oriental port, breathing of the gorgeous East, and manned with a crew of dark Mohammedans of many tribes. Weary of the land around him, and yearning for the strange world from which they came, he yet could not utter a word of their language, till at last he thought of a mode of greeting. Stretching forth his hands reverently, he cried, "Mohammed!" Joy flashed over their dark faces, and assuming a reverent posture, they answered, "Bona-par-te!" It matters not whether either of these heroes was a false prophet, he stood for a personal ideal, such

as no mere king or nobleman can represent; and such an influence may exist equally under any government. Beaconsfield and Gladstone, Blaine and Cleveland, represent hosts of sincere and unselfish admirers, and, on the other hand, of bitter opponents. If the enthusiasm be greater in England, so is the hostility; no American statesman, not even Jefferson or Jackson, ever was the object of such utter and relentless execration as was commonly poured on Gladstone in England a year or two ago in what is called "the best society," where Sir Edwin Arnold's ideals are supposed to be most prevalent. No class distinctions can do anything but obscure such ideals as this. The habit of personal reverence—such reverence, for instance, as the college boy gives to a favorite teacher—is not only independent of all social barriers, but makes them trivial. I remember that, some ten years ago, when I was travelling by rail within sight of Princeton College, a young fellow next me pointed it out eagerly, and said to me, "I suppose that there are in that college two of the very greatest thinkers of modern times." I asked their names, knowing that one of them would, of course, be Dr. McCosh, and receiving as the other name that of a gentleman of whom I had never heard. Such and so honorable was the enthusiastic feeling expressed by President Garfield toward Mark Hopkins—that to sit on the same log with him was to be in a university,—or the feeling that the Harvard students of forty years ago had toward James Walker. Compare this boyish enthusiasm with the delight of Sir Walter Scott over the possession of a wineglass out of which George IV. had drunk when Prince Regent; and remember how he carried it home for an heirloom in his family, and sat down on it and broke it after his arrival. Which was the more noble way of getting at a personal ideal? "There is no stronger satire on the proud English society of that day," says Thackeray, "than that they admired George." When the history of this age comes to be written by some critic as fearless as the author of *The Four Georges*, does any one doubt that the Prince—whom even Punch once represented as following in the steps of his uncle, like Hamlet following the ghost, with "Go on! I'll follow thee"—will shift his position as hopelessly as George IV. did? "Which was the most splendid spectacle ever witnessed," asks Thackeray—"the opening feast of Prince George in London, or the resignation of Washington?" After all, it seems, the most eminent of modern English literary men had to turn from the pomp of monarchy to the simplicity of a republic to find a splendid spectacle.

— *American Manners—From The Providence Journal* —

The necessities of social and business intercourse have occasioned the growth of a certain code of behavior, made up by consideration of what is due from, and of what may be consistently given by, one individual to another. The effort to conform to this standard has given rise to that well-known character in modern life known as "the gentleman." One's method of conformity is somewhat aptly termed his manners. For while the essential features of the authorized code of behavior are the same everywhere, its details are varied according to national tastes or individual peculiarities. Thus when we speak of English manners, or French manners, it is not meant that these are two essentially, or widely differing, codes of social intercourse, conformity to one of which may constitute one a gentleman in England, and conformity to the other make a

man a gentleman in France; but it is meant that national peculiarities have entered into and varied the result. A gentleman is the same, in all essential qualities, everywhere. He is, in his perfection, the highest representative of humanity, the resultant of all the civilizations, embodying what is best in all of them, indebted to the Greek for his culture, to the Roman for his ideas of justice, to chivalry for his sense of honor, his courtesy to women, and his deference to the aged, and to Christianity for the graces, the strength, and the beauty of his character. That a gentleman should embody all these qualities goes without saying. Society, indeed, does not raise her standard so high, but when we come to examine her demand we find that it is for the best, and if she sometimes puts up with less, it is not for want of interest in the ideal, but because the best is difficult to find. The gentleman cannot be born such. The prince's child, untrained and undisciplined, may grow up coarse, brutal, and boorish. It is only through long courses of training, through patient subjection of the lower nature to the commands of the higher, and through studious acquaintance with the best usage, that any man can enter the charmed circle where men and women are *comme il faut*,—as it is necessary to be, in order to be mutually intelligible and agreeable. That our own country has its proper share of these choice spirits we will not pretend, but that it does possess them in hopeful numbers is certainly true. American manners, as represented by a class, have doubtless deserved the reproach which they have incurred in every capital of Europe. That the great middle class of this country, with suddenly acquired wealth, with exaggerated ideas of its own worth and insufficient sense of its own defects, should exhibit itself in many offensive forms, might surely have been expected. But this class, although certainly most numerous, no more represents the American ideal or tendency than the same class of other countries, if possessed of our opportunities of amassing wealth, could claim to represent what is most in accord with good usage abroad. While we have no hereditary aristocracy, whose proper function in other countries, however imperfectly discharged, is to adorn themselves with the graces and virtues, and serve as the exponents of national character and manners, we have, in all the educational centres and older towns, as was long ago pointed out, a group of people of good taste, good manners, good education and of self-respect—people who "read the best books, interpret the best music, are interested in themes world-wide, and meet each other with that mutual courtesy and that self-respect which belong to men and women who are sure of their footing." It is these people who are giving tone to American manners and setting the standard of the future. That they exist in sufficient numbers and quality to leaven the mass, and to make our national customs equal in point of taste and delicacy to those of other countries, we believe to be certain. Our manners will always doubtless be influenced by our peculiar social and political institutions, but they are not likely to gain in independence and frankness at the expense of gentleness, courtesy, or urbanity. As for the manners of the energetic and busy classes of society there is much more cause for hopefulness than for reproach. Neither the brutality of the English lower classes, nor the insufferable arrogance of the middle classes, is to be found among our people. There is apparent a well-nigh universal wish

to be courteous, and respectful of the rights of others, accompanied with very imperfect methods of expression. The worst that can be said about the American common people is that they are without *savoir faire*, that their ideas of equality make them often rude, that they are awkward, ignorant, and untidy, and that they are mammon-loving, and idealize what is called "getting on in the world." But the list of their virtues is longer than of their vices or defects, and without undue boastfulness it may be said that they are the peers of any peasantry in the world. They are not mean, low, revengeful, or cruel, and they show a capacity to profit by improving opportunities, and to rise into a higher social condition which is quite unexampled among other people. It may be confidently anticipated, therefore, that under the influence of education, and with development of our civilization, they will slowly improve, not only in morals but in manners. Scarcely any attempt has ever been made in this country to instruct the people in this important branch of education. Good manners, the minor morals, which have so much to do with the formation of character, are able to open most of the otherwise closed doors of life. They add increased power to all other capacities, make every opportunity richer, and pay large dividends upon every investment or action of the day. They conciliate enemies and disarm opposition and prejudice. Many an otherwise gifted man has been pushed down into an obscure position, where life has been a failure and a humiliation, for lack of graceful, courteous, and dignified methods of revealing himself to others.

— *Concerning False Pity—From The London Spectator* —

Everybody who suffers, or thinks he suffers, is encouraged to consider himself "a case," to moan over his wrongs, and to accuse either individuals or society at large as the relentless causes of them. It is a woe to be a criminal, or a drunkard, or an unsuccessful man; and if the unemployed, or the sot, or the convict will only howl at some one as the cause of that woe, the Press is ready to pity and relieve him. The martyr now is not the man who endures in silence, or who faces the consequences of his own acts, but the man who descants upon his pains, who exaggerates every unpleasant incident, who calls most successfully upon the world for what it calls its sympathy, which means very often its own enjoyment of an emotional condition of its nerves. The poor man who bears his poverty gets nothing; but the poor man who will beg, who shows or even invents his sores, who parades his suffering wife and carries about his pinched children, is overwhelmed with charity. His whining, whether justified or not, is counted as a grace to him, and if he can do it in pathetic words, it is a grace covering all sins. So appreciative has the public become of whining, that if a parricide nowadays repeated the grim French joke, and prayed his judges to be "merciful to an orphan," thousands would repeat his prayer in a petition to the Home Secretary for his free pardon, and not see in the least that they were making themselves ridiculous. "Ridiculous," they would say; "why, the man is an orphan; and to orphans the great heart of the community instinctively goes out." Mr. Benzon's proper course, if he wanted public petting, would have been to cast all his failure on his guardian, to denounce those who won his money as grasping blood-suckers, to declare Mr. Matthews answerable for the existence of money-lenders, and to ask, as a man ruined by the

Satanic callousness of society, for a subscription sufficient to enable him to begin punting again. Then, indeed, the new journalism would have taken him to its bosom, and the thousand correspondents to whom it gives space would have wept in slipshod English over the miseries of the gamester, who, under "our foul system of society," when he loses, pays. Whining is old, we admit, the earliest recorded whine being Adam's; but it was never esteemed admirable till this generation arose. There will be a result shortly, from all this indulgence in false pity, and it will take one of three forms. It is quite possible that emotion will wear itself out, and that a jaded generation will become pitiless, as humane men do in Spain, if they indulge themselves too much in the spectacles of the arena. They come to thirst for emotion so strongly that pity either for the beasts or the men dies out, and they would tolerate anything, if only it promised a new movement of the nerves. It was a generation bred on Rousseau, that king among whining *littérateurs*, which sanctioned or endured the Terror; and though Englishmen are not Frenchmen, they share with them a common human nature. It is those, we notice, even now, who whine most, who threaten most; and the double tone of the beggar—his readiness to whine or to curse—is part of universal human experience. Or there will be a fierce intellectual reaction, marked among the sceptical cultivated by a sudden and strong recrudescence of the old Stoic philosophy. Society likes to be Pagan, and we can quite well imagine it boasting that external things are nothing to the philosopher, who should find sufficient occupation in controlling his own mind, and more especially its spasms of emotion. The noble side of that philosophy would tempt many fine minds, as indulgence in the passion of pity tempts them now, and they would throw their shield over the thousands who would confuse stoicism with callousness, and would ask in innumerable letters why any one should do anything for anybody else. There is a vein in the English character, for all its tendency both to true kindness and to maudlinness—if ever a word was wanted that word is to-day—which would respond very readily to the rougher kind of stoicism, and would find in Enlightened Indifference a fertile source of personal content. Or—for reactions produce good as well as evil, and the treasures brought by the flow of the tide are found only during its ebb—we shall by-and-by see among the ordinarily religious, who in England, as in America, are still an immense majority, a strong revival of consciousness that there is a hard side to Christianity—that the Master taught about crime, and contracts, and personal responsibility, other lessons than those which for the moment are mastering, and in their division from their correctives appear to be partially disorganizing, the world. There was a second thief when the first was pardoned; and society, in its determination to pardon both, and, indeed, to prefer the reviler, is at least not imitating Christ. The hard side of our faith has come to the front at intervals a good many times, always to the rebracing of the national fibre; and if ever a reaction toward it could be produced by a sway too far toward the other side, it is most assuredly now. For public schoolboys, who instinctively hate whining, seem to have a monopoly of manliness; and to find journalists praising a man for bearing self-inflicted losses without cries of rage and an outpouring of self-pity, is an incident so unusual as to deserve a separate record.

IN A MINOR KEY—SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

In Absence—Philadelphia North American

God keep you, dearest, all this lonely night;
 The winds are still,
 The moon drops down behind the western hill;
 God keep you safely, dearest, till the light.
 God keep you still when slumber melts away,
 For care and strife
 Take up new arms to fret our waking life;
 God keep you through the battle of the day.
 God keep you! Nay, beloved soul, how vain,
 How poor is prayer!
 I can but say again, and yet again,
 God keep you every time and everywhere.

Daffodil—Clement Scott—London Figaro

Have you forgotten where we met?
 The primrose path, the ruined mill,
 Our trysting-place when sun had set,
 And daylight done, my Daffodil?
 No fate or time would dare combine
 To rob our springtime of its gold
 If I were yours and you were mine,
 And both were lovers as of old.
 If yestereve could be to-day,
 And life once more a morn in May,
 Ah! then my heart would fill, and thrill
 With love awakened, Daffodil!

I call you—and no voice replies,
 I wait you, love! and wait in vain.
 The snowdrop fades, the primrose dies,
 And nothing buried lives again.
 A mist enfolds the silent stream,
 The leaves fall sadly one by one,
 We pass as shadows in a dream,
 For we are parted—who were one!
 If yestereve could be to-day,
 And bring me back one morn in May,
 But daylight died behind life's hill,
 And closed love's petals! Daffodil!

The Used To Be—James Whitcomb Riley

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
 Of Summer's utmost boundaries;
 Beyond the sands—beyond the seas—
 Beyond the range of eyes like these,
 And only in the reach of the
 Enraptured gaze of Memory,
 There lies a land, long lost to me,—
 The land of Used-to-be.

A land enchanted—such as swung
 In golden seas when sirens clung
 Along their dripping brinks, and sung
 To Jason in that mystic tongue
 That dazed men with its melody—
 Oh, such a land, with such a sea
 Kissing its shores eternally,
 Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music ever girds
 The air with belts of singing birds,
 And sows all sounds with such sweet words,
 That even in the low of herds
 A meaning lives so sweet to me,
 Lost laughter ripples limpidly
 From lips brimmed o'er with all the glee
 Of rare old Used-to-be.

Lost laughter, and the whistled tunes
 Of boyhood's mouth of crescent runes,
 That rounded through long afternoons,
 To serenading plenilunes—

When starlight fell so mistily
 That, peering up from bended knee,
 I dreamed 'twas bridal drapery
 Snowed over Used-to-be.

O land of love and dreamy thought,
 And shining fields and shady spots
 Of coolest, greenest grassy plots,
 Embossed with wild forget-me-nots—
 And all ye blooms that cunningly
 Lift your faces up to me
 Out of the past, I kiss in thee
 The lips of Used-to-be.

And love ye all, and with wet eyes
 Turned glimmeringly on the skies,
 My blessings like your perfumes rise,
 Till o'er my soul a silence lies
 Sweeter than any song to me—
 Sweeter than its sweet melody
 Or its sweet echo, yea, all three—
 My dream of Used-to-be.

Good-By—The American Hebrew

We say it for an hour or for years;
 We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
 We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
 And yet we have no other word than this—
 "Good-by."

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend
 For him who journeys to the world's far end,
 And scars our soul with going; thus we say,
 As unto him who steps but o'er the way—
 "Good-by."

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
 We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
 To him who passes out beyond earth's sight
 We cry, as to the wanderer for a night—
 "Good-by."

Anteros—Edith M. Thomas—Atlantic Monthly

My love, thou madest me to love thee first,
 Then thought of thee and thine approach was dear
 And cordial as the wind that winnows clear
 The orient verge in sad sea-vapors mersed
 Ere Guido's vision on the dark world burst.

Thy presence was the morning far and near
 With rainbow glamour lighting every tear
 The flower uplifts to slake the sunbeam's thirst.
 My love, my love, thou makest me to fear!

And now my soul, like some low intervale
 Where the cold damps of night a mist exhale,
 Before thee lies, blind all its paths and drear.
 And wilt thou more?—despise this drooping cheer,
 When thou it is hast caused my heart to fail!

Thou makest me to fear,—to move in dread,
 As one who skirts a wood where every branch
 Conceals an archer swift and fain to launch
 A noiseless hest to join the unnumbered dead.
 Ah, see! Thou hast thy mordant heart so fed
 With bitter doubt of mine that, if I blanch
 At fancy I could prove to thee unstash,
 Thou deemest me by guilt disquieted!
 Thou mad'st me love, and mightst have bid me show
 With open vein how quick, how warm, how red,
 The currents leap at Life's leal fountain head.
 Thou mak'st me fear, and therein wrongest so
 Thyself and Love, thou needs must have me foe
 Till thou thy dark ally, Distrust, have sped.

If still thou love, thou knowest,—thou alone:
 But if thy purpose bindeth thee to dwell
 Intrenched within a winter citadel,

Whence frost and brume and flawing storm are blown,
Lo! mine ally I bring from near Love's throne,—
His foster-brother whose great heart doth swell
At wrongs done Love, whose instant arm doth fell
All prideful doubt in brooding darkness grown!
Thus sieged, it may be that thou wilt dispel
The unnative clouds, and, morning-bright, emerge:
But if thou wilt not, I no longer urge
Thy laggard down; but, bidding thee farewell,
I follow Love heard as a wave-swung bell
When light is gone and wildly runs the surge.

Prospice—Robert Browning—Asolando
Fear death? to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place.
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a piece out of pain,
Then a light, then to my breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be at rest.

Red Roses—All the Year Round

Dear, let me linger here a while,
Lo! we have journeyed many a mile,
That I might see once more
The gray old house where I was born,
And pluck this summer morn
The roses by the door.
How rich and red they are! How sweet!
Like those fair blooms that used to greet
My wondering, baby gaze;
Like those I wore so long ago,
At simple feast and country show,
In girlhood's careless days.
My mother's fingers twined them 'round
The clustering curls that fell unbound;
My father smiled to see;
Ah, love me! Love me, darling mine!
I lost their love in winning thine,
I lost them finding thee!
It seems, dear heart, but yesterday
We met in yon lone country way,
And loitered in the lane;
Love struck its magic hour that noon,
Love set our pulses to a tune
Of mingled joy and pain.
How fain we were to learn the song!
Though all too roughly flowed along
The course of true love's stream;
For eyes most dear to me on earth
Looked coldly on thy modest worth;
Then fled our happy dream.

I found it hard to choose between,
Their hearts, that all my life had been
So tender and so true,
And thine as tender, but untried,
To merge the daughter in the bride,
The old love in the new.
I did not fear to count the cost;
Thy love hath paid me all I lost,
Good measure, brimming o'er;
And yet I see this summer morn,
Through tears, the house where I was born,
The roses by the door.
Ah, love! thy love is like the flowers,
It fills my soul with happy hours,
With color and perfume:
But if I pull the leaves aside
I find a grief I fain would hide,
A thorn among the bloom.
Nay, dearest, do not turn away,
Thou knowest all my heart would say,
That sometimes it must ache.
Come where the churchyard grasses wave,
And lay thou on their quiet grave
Red roses for my sake!

To a Lost Love—S. Phillips—Temple Bar

I cannot look upon thy grave,
Though there the rose is sweet;
Better to hear the long waves wash
These wastes about my feet.
Shall I take comfort? dost thou live
A spirit, though afar,
With a deep hush about thee, like
The silence round a star?
Or dost fulfil upon the wind
Some heavenly behest?
But wherefore, then, this loneliness,
More awful than unrest?
No, I should feel thee like a fire,
Should know if thou wert near!
Couldst thou pass by me like the wind
And I not start and hear?
Nay!—if I knew thee thus—thy laugh,
Thy look, thy charm, thy tone,
Thy sweet and wayward earthliness,
Dear trivial things, are gone.
Ah, God! when life hath lost its fire,
Life's age to thee may bow—
When we can only laugh at love—
But ah! not now—not now!
Therefore I look not on thy grave,
Though there the rose is sweet;
But rather hear the long waves wash
These wastes about my feet.

Memories—Edwin Arnold—Poems

They never will read it, in this sad face,
How I came at last to my lady's grace;
If they saw my heart they would hardly know,
It lies so close and lurks so low:
So womanly went she, so glad some and good,
The charm of her never was understood;
Till I—for whom was the secret fine—
Found her, and wooed her, and won her for mine.
She knows—she only! how slow and sweet
My love grew up from the palms of her feet,
From low at her foot to high on her brow,
From Dear—and Dearer—to Dearest—till now,
There is none of her—none—that I may not love,
Beauty of earth, or bright spirit above;
But only the angels and Fanny know
Why, living and dying, I love her so.

CAPT. MILES STANDISH—A PURITAN LOVE PHILTRE*

By noon the long tables were spread for the first Thanksgiving feast, and still the sweet warm air of the Indian summer made the out-of-door feast not only possible, but charming, for the gauzy veil upon the distant forest seemed to shut in this little scene from all the world of turmoil and danger and fatigue.

The oysters in their scallop shells were a singular success, and so were the mighty venison pasties, and the savory stew compounded of all that flies in the air, and all that flies the hunter in Plymouth woods, cunningly seasoned by Priscilla's anxious hand, and thick bestead with dumplings of barley flour, light, toothsome, and satisfying. Besides these were roasts of various kinds, and thin cakes of bread or manchets, and bowls of salad set off with wreaths of autumn leaves laid around them, and great baskets of grapes, white and purple, and of the native plum, so delicious when fully ripe in its three colors of black, white, and red. With these were plentiful flagons of ale, for already the housewives had laid down the first brewing.

It was during the last half-hour of the feast that Desire Minter, who with the other girls served the tables where the men sat at meat, placed a little silver cup at Captain Standish's right hand saying:

"Priscilla sends you some shrub, kind sir, of her own composition, and prays you drink her health."

"Why, then, 'tis kind of her who hath been most unkind of late," returned Myles; taking the cup he tossed off its contents at a draught, and rising bowed toward Priscilla who was flitting in and out among the tables. She returned the salute with a little air of surprise, and Myles reseating himself turned to question Desire again, but she had departed, taking the cup.

"Nay, then, I'll be toyed with no longer," muttered the captain angrily, and although he bore his part in all the closing ceremonies, there was a glint in his eyes and a set to his lips that would have told one that knew him well that the spirit of the man was roused and not lightly to be laid to rest again.

Busy hands were removing all signs of the feast and commotion, in haste that the setting sun should find the village ready for its Sunday rest and peace, when Myles Standish suddenly presented himself before Priscilla Molines as she came up from the spring with a pile of wooden trenchers in her hands.

"Mistress Molines, a word with you," began he with imperiousness that at once aroused the girl's spirit.

"Nay, captain, I am not of your train band, and your business must await my pleasure and convenience. Now, I am very busy."

"Nay, then, if I spoke amiss I crave your pardon, mistress, and had we more time I would beat my brains for some of the flowery phrases I used to hear among the court gallants who came to learn war in Flanders. But I also have business almost as weighty as thine and as little able to brook delay. So I pray you of your courtesy to set down your platters on this clean sod, and listen patiently to me for a matter of five minutes."

"I am listening, sir."

"Nay, put down the platters or let me.

"There then, and glad am I——"

"Of what, mistress?"

"That I am not under thy orders, sir."

"Ah! but we'll waste no time in skirmishing, fair enemy. Tell me rather what didst mean by the loving-cup thou sendst me? May I take it sooth and truly as relenting on thy part?"

"I send you a loving-cup, sir!" exclaimed the girl, her eyes flashing, and her color rising.

"Yes. Call it by what name you will; I mean the cup Desire Minter brought me from thee, with a message that I should drink thy health."

"Loth were I to think, Captain Standish, that you would wilfully insult a maid with none to defend her, and so I will suppose you have been forced to drink too many healths to guard thine own. Good e'en, sir."

"Now by the God that made us both, wench, I'll have an end to this. Nay, not one step dost thou stir until you or I are laid in a lie."

"A lie, Captain Standish!"

"Mayhap my own lie. I say that Desire Minter brought me a silver cup of some sweet posset, such as you have made for our sick folk time and again, and bade me from you quaff it to your health."

"And that is God's truth, say you, sir?"

"Mistress Molines, my word has not often been doubted, and you force me to remind you that I come not of mechanical——"

"Nay, nay, stop there, an' it please you, sir! We'll unwind this coil before we snarl another. Fear not that my base mechanical blood shall ever sully your noble strains; but mean though I be, my habit is a tolerably truthful one, and I tell you once and for all that I sent you no cup, I made you no posset."

"Nay, then, what hath this girl Desire wrought? And truth to tell, Priscilla, I fear me 'tis poison, for a shrewd pain seizeth me ever and anon, and a strange heaviness and drowsiness in my head."

"And there's a sultry color on your cheek—nay, then, we'll see the surgeon——"

"And thou'lt forgive whatever I said amiss, Priscilla, for mayhap I'll trouble thee no more. Like enough she hath revenged herself——"

"For your scorn of her love," interposed Priscilla vivaciously. "Like enough, like enough. Come to the house, captain, and let us take counsel with the dear mother. She still knows best."

"Go thou, Priscilla. It hardly beseems a man and a soldier to seek redress for a wench's love scratch at the hands of an old woman—nay, nay, fire not up afresh. No one can honor Mistress Brewster more than I do, but, tell me, is she a man or is she young? Sooth now, Priscilla!"

"And still in thy masterful mood thou'lt have the last word, doughty captain. But go you home, then, and bid John Alden make a fire and heat a good kettle of water, and I'll away to the mother, who will deal with Desire in short measure."

"This is good counsel and I'll follow it, for in sober sadness I feel strangely amiss." And the soldier, who now was as livid as he had been flushed, strode away up the hill, while Priscilla picking up the trenchers fled

* From "Standish of Standish." By Jane G. Austin.

like a lapwing into the house, where she found Desire seated sullenly in a corner, while the elder, his wife, and the governor were gathered together near the fire cozily discussing the events of the day. Standing before them and restraining her natural vivacity that it might not discredit the importance of her story, Priscilla in brief and pungent phrases told the story of the loving draught, and as Desire rose and stole toward the door she laid a hand upon her arm that effectually detained her until the elder sternly said:

"Remain, Desire Minter, until this report is sifted."

"Were it not well to send at once for our good physician, that he may know what hath been done before he sees the captain?" suggested Bradford mildly, and the elder assenting, Priscilla was dispatched for doctor Fuller, who arrived within the minute, and listened with attention, while Mistress Brewster, to whom alone the girl would reply, exacted a most startling story.

"The captain first of all asked me to wife, and if he had not been wiled away from me by artful——"

"Nay, nay, Desire, thou'rt not to say such things as that," interposed the dame with gentle severity, and Bradford added in much the same tone:

"'Twas thine own idle fancy, girl, that set thee on such a notion. The captain hath averred to me as a Christian man that he never made proffer to thee nor wished so to do since first he set eyes on thee."

"He did then," muttered Desire sullenly.

"Leaving that aside, tell us, Desire, what didst thou give the captain to drink, and why didst say Priscilla sent it?" Mistress Brewster interposed.

"Marry, because she hath bewitched him, and I wot well he would take it from her without gainsaying."

"But what was it thou gavest him?"

"'Twas—there was a wench here with the savages, and Squanto told me she was a wise woman and knew how to work spells——"

"Well then, go on, Desire."

"And so I went with her pulling herbs in the fields and swamps, and with one word English and one of jabber, we knew each other's meaning, and I gave her the buckle of my belt which was broke."

"A generous gift, truly," interposed the elder, but his wife beseeching silence with a gesture asked:

"And what gave she thee, Desire?"

"Some herbs, mother."

"And what were the herbs to do?"

"She said steep them well, and give the broth to any man I fancied, and it would turn his fancy on me."

"A love philtre! *Vade retrograde Sathanas!*" exclaimed the elder, half rising from his chair.

"What like was the herb, girl?" eagerly interposed the doctor, "hast any of it in store for a second dose?"

"Mayhap a little," muttered Desire twisting and turning, but seeing no means of escape.

"Go and fetch it," commanded the elder. "And Priscilla do thou go too and see that the wretched creature doth not make away with it."

"And sith John Howland is after a sort betrothed to the poor bemused child, I think it well to summon him, that he may advise with us as to the sequela of this folly. I will call him to the council." And Bradford followed the two girls from the room.

"If she hath murdered the captain, she shall die the death," exclaimed the elder, striding about the room, and pausing before the great chair where his pale and fragile wife sat looking up at him with beseeching eyes.

"Nay, William, she is hardly older than our own girls, and it would ill become us who still carry our own lives in our hands to deprive a poor silly maid of hers."

"So the best road out of the maze is to cure the captain," remarked Doctor Fuller dryly. "After that we'll marry the girl to John Howland, and trust him to keep her quiet. Here they come."

And in at the open door came the governor and Howland, Desire and Priscilla, who carried in her hand a little box full of half-dried leaves, which she presented to the doctor, who solemnly put on a pair of clumsy iron-bowed spectacles, and took the herbs to the window, while all the rest stood anxiously around.

"Hm! Hah! Yes, well yes, I see, I see!" murmured the botanist, and then turning to Bradford he fixed him with a meditative gaze over his barnacles and said:

"You know something of botany, governor. Say you not that this is *Platanthera Satyrion*, the herb supposed to give vigor to the hearts of those wild men whom the mythologists celebrate?"

"Is it? I should have taken it for the iris, whose flower I have noted in these swamps."

"'Tis akin, ay, distant kin, but with the difference that maketh one harmless, and t' other deadly. I will take it to Sister Winslow's house and examine it with my books, but still I can aver at once that 'tis *Platanthera*; and if it is also *Satyrion*, I will promise that it shall prove only nauseous and distasteful to our good captain, and by no means deadly. I will go to see him."

"And John Howland," said the governor, turning toward the young man, who stood looking with aversion at the figure of Desire, who with her head in her apron wept loud and angrily, "it seemeth to me that since this maid is betrothed to you, and is manifestly unfit to guide herself, it is best for you to marry her here, and now, and after that train her into more discretion."

"May it please, Master Bradford, and you, Elder," replied Howland coldly, "it seemeth to me that a woman who shows so little modesty in the pursuit of one man is scarce fit wife for another. I did indeed promise my late dear mistress, whose ward this girl was, that I would care for her, and if need be take her to wife; but sure am I that if that godly matron could know of all this, she would hold me free the rather that I have never looked upon her with that tenderness that God putteth in our hearts toward those"——

"Nay, then, if it comes to that," interposed Desire, snatching away her apron and showing a swollen and tear-stained face, "I hate and despise thee, John Howland, and always have and always will; and if I took thee for my bachelor at all it was only in hope that 'twould give a jealous twinge to the heart of a better man, and if at the last I failed of him thou wouldst be better than none; but I have changed my mind, and now I'll none of thee, not if ne'er another man"——

"Peace, shameless wench!" thundered the elder, striking the table with his hand. "Profane not the ears of a decent matron with such talk. John Howland, it is my rede that thou art free of thy pledge to marry this woman. What say you, governor?"

"I agree with you, Elder Brewster, that since both man and maid desire to render back their troth that they should be permitted to do so; and I further suggest that by the first occasion presenting, Desire Minter be sent back to her friends in England, who will, as Mistress Carver told me, be content to receive her."

"Amen!" ejaculated John Howland.

VANITY FAIR—FADS, FOIBLES, AND FASHIONS

— *What is the Perfect Woman?—Philadelphia Record* —

The best test for symmetry is simply turning a man with his face to the wall. If he be perfectly moulded and symmetrically made his chest will just touch the wall, his nose will be four inches away, his thighs five inches and the end of his toes three inches. The development of a man's physical qualities is a most important matter, and is one that is overlooked the world over, and seldom is it that you will find a man who can stand the test. The majority of children are perfectly formed at birth, but the development of their physical qualities is quite another thing. Stature and weight, as you can understand, are comparative, but development of muscle, carriage, and symmetry is based on a standard. You may find a six-footer who tips the scales at the proper figure, but he may be a perfect scarecrow as far as symmetrical proportions go. The average weight of a boy at birth is seven and that of a girl a little more than six pounds. When they have attained the full development of man or womanhood they should weigh twenty times as much as they did at birth. This would make a man's average weight 140 and a woman's about 125. The height of a male at birth is 1 foot 8 inches and that of a female 1 foot 6 inches. Fully grown, a man's height should be about three and a half times greater than at birth, or 5 feet 9 inches, while a woman should be 5 feet 3 inches. The weight of individuals who are fully developed and well formed, however, varies within extremes, which are nearly as 1 to 2, while their height varies within limits which at most are as 1 to $\frac{1}{2}$. Taking 200 pounds as the maximum of man's weight and 85 as the minimum, we would have the average of 142 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Placing the maximum weight of woman at 185 pounds and the minimum at 70 pounds, and we get an average of 127 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. "In woman, a height in proportion to weight; a form that will stand the test for symmetry; a carriage that is free, distinct, and noticeable for that which is not rather than that which is. The greatest and first essential to physical perfection in a woman is a figure without an angular line. Nature avoids angular lines everywhere, but in the human figure especially. As I have said, stature and weight are comparative; still, a mean height and weight have to be chosen. A perfectly formed woman will stand at the average height of 5 feet 3 inches to 5 feet 7 inches. She will weigh from 125 to 140 pounds. A plumb line dropped from a point marked by the tip of her nose will meet at a point one inch in front of her great toe. Her shoulders and her hips will strike a straight line drawn up and down. Her waist will taper gradually to a size on a line drawn from the outer third of the collar bones to the hips. Her bust will measure from 28 to 36 inches, her hips will measure from 6 to 10 inches more than this, and her waist will call for a belt from 22 to 28 inches. The arms of the perfectly formed woman will end at the waist line, so that she can rest her elbow on a table while standing erect, and her forearm shall extend to a point permitting the fingers to mark a point just below the middle of the thigh. Her neck and thigh should be of about the same circumference. The calf of her leg and arm should measure about the same. Her legs should be about as long as a line drawn from her chin

to her finger tips, or about one-half her height, say from 2 feet 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches to 2 feet 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. She should measure from her waist to her feet about a foot more than from her waist to the crown of her head. Her neck should be from 12 to 14 inches around, her head erect and on a line with the central plane of her body, and her feet should be of a size and shape to conform with her hands. Although sizes in footwear and gloves vary somewhat, I have noticed that a well-proportioned woman wears a shoe one-half the size of the glove that her hands call for; thus if a lady wears with comfort a number six glove she should wear a three shoe."

— *The Secret of Beauty—From the New York Herald* —

No matter what the type, beauty and attractiveness of a certain kind can assuredly be cultivated by careful attention to detail in matters of hygiene. A clear skin, a bright eye, fine teeth, well kept hands, glossy hair, a good carriage and a firm step—are not these passports of beauty, and all the more since they endure when mere bloom and the *beauté de diable* have passed away? Naturally the care of the skin is the first consideration of the woman who understands and properly values her good looks, but where any blemishes or defects mar it the difficulties are various and at once imply, as a first consideration, care of the general health. A variety of skin troubles arise, both in young girls and those of maturer years, but I believe that general roughness, redness, a tendency to black heads and small pimples are most common. Now, in all cases, three things must first be regarded—sleep, diet, and exercise. Redness and roughness of the skin generally result from improper circulation and imperfect digestion. The cuticle or epidermis, otherwise the outer layer of the three membranes which form the skin, is full of minute pores which act as channels through which perspiration or other secretions of the body find their way and perform their functions. Clog or over-relax these and you have as a result a rough, coarsened skin, often red and scaly—never agreeable to the eye. If once it can be borne in upon the mind that this epidermis is the direct reflector of one's physical condition, that everything affects it for good or ill, then it can be scientifically and successfully cared for. In perfect health, in a really vigorous condition, the skin or complexion must be good, therefore it behooves any one troubled by a poor complexion to see what can be done for the inner workings of the body. Regular exercise must be enforced. Walk briskly but not too fast, and for a constitutional go, rain or shine, a certain distance and without stopping, so that there will be no opportunity for sudden checking of the perspiration or too quick a variation in the pulse. Eat good, simple food. Avoid tea and coffee. Drink milk diluted with boiling water to which a pinch of salt has been added, or if possible sweet cider—a glass of the latter on retiring being very good for the complexion. Bathe regularly and freely, but never use very hot water on the face. Tepid water should be used freely at night on retiring and if necessary some clear Castile soap. This must be thoroughly rinsed off, the face wiped dry with a soft towel, and then gently rubbed with a fine chamois leather. If the tendency be to have too dry a skin rub in gently and thoroughly some good cold cream, wiping the face

again softly with the chamois and not washing the face again until after the morning walk. This last suggestion is the advice of one of the best complexion artists in Austria. If the complexion inclines to redness and the skin to roughness the steam bath is excellent, in some cases preceded by a short stay in the hot room of the Turkish bath. But keep the feet in hot water for at least a quarter of an hour, and, as in the German baths, keep up with the hands a gentle manipulation of the cheeks, chin, and brow. In this way perspiration is induced, and the pores throw out what has clogged them. Where there are flesh worms some patience and great care must be used, not only to remove them, but to cure the tendency toward their return, but it can be accomplished by persevering, and without any medical advice. Having looked to the diet, avoiding especially fatty foods or much sweets, and having taken regular exercise, use occasionally a saline draught of some mild character, and then seek to stimulate the skin, since the flesh worms are the result of an apathetic or clogged condition of the pores. A German lady told me that for two years she was tortured by this skin disease and finally eradicated it by the following method (diet, exercise and sleep, of course, being first considered): Twice a week she took a Russian bath, using the cold shower afterward and invariably taking an hour's nap, rolled in blankets, afterward. She then used at night on the affected parts of the face a wash of borax and water. As her nose was chiefly affected she rubbed it smartly with a piece of crash towelling, after which, very lightly but thoroughly, she rubbed in a little olive oil. Twice a day she applied a weak lotion of sulphate of zinc. This, with general care of her health, entirely eradicated the flesh worms and restored her skin to its former condition of smooth fairness. Glycerin must not be used where this difficulty exists. The use of the flesh brush on the body is an admirable tonic, so to speak, for the complexion, and well managed gymnastic or dumb-bell exercise is also beneficial. To preserve the skin cosmetics must be avoided. This rule is inflexible, but there are many good lotions and simple washes that can be used with excellent effect. Oatmeal soaked in water and strained is excellent for the skin at night, and elder-flower water is always cooling, while after a very dusty walk, drive, or ride, a little weak gin and water on a soft flannel cloth rubbed lightly over the face and thoroughly about the roots of the hair cleanses the pores and removes every particle or dust or dirt. Spirits of camphor (spirits) applied to any red or pimply spots is excellent, if not used too often, and will generally remove any redness of the nose if applied at night. Half a tea-spoonful of salt of tartar to three-quarters of a pint of distilled water makes a good lotion to apply after bathing the face in tepid water or after using soap. Where the flesh worms or pimply spots are very large and obstinate it is advisable to press them out between the fingers and immediately bathe the spot with hot soap and water, using for a few days a lotion made of weak bichloride of mercury. The skin which freckles easily is generally a healthy one, but the freckles themselves are not pretty and are very difficult to remove. Borax and water used at night is considered good, and so is lemon juice or a lotion made of one part of Jamaica rum and two parts of weak vinegar, to which, if it agrees with the skin, a little glycerin could be added. While not a cosmetic, benzoin gum, boiled in proof

alcohol to a good rum color, can be used on the face occasionally when there is an over tendency to pallor, but healthful living, diet, exercise, and sleep will do more toward imparting brilliancy and bloom than all the lotions of Persia or Arabia. Before leaving the question of the complexion a moment must be given to this very question of sleep, since the action of the skin depends so largely upon it. Try to take a quick tepid bath, and use the flesh brush before going to bed. Change the day time flannel to a lighter one at night. Sleep in well-aired night garments and with well-aired and never heavy bed covering. Use a small pillow, try to keep the limbs straight and compose the mind as speedily as possible after lying down. Sleep in the dark and keep three inches of a window open from the top, but not too near your bed. Every healthy and active woman ought to have eight hours' sleep, and no energetic or busy woman should attempt early rising if she can sleep. Exhaustion is sure to follow enforced waking, and the old fashioned belief in "early to rise" —for active people or those whose general health needs care—has given way before the advantages which accrue from the healthful morning nap. Next to the consideration of the complexion come the eye and hair. If the eye is the window of the soul it is also the reflex of the physical condition, and a clear, bright, healthful orb is a passport to confidence as well as admiration. It is not within the limits or purpose of this paper to discuss the question of the color of the eye—whether blue be effeminate, green sinister, black unscrupulous, hazel and gray trustworthy. We must consider only how to care for, improve or preserve the form, color, and brilliancy of the most impressive feature of the human face. Every human creature is inclined to rub the eyes on awakening, and a more injurious practice cannot be imagined. If possible have near at hand a little water and a soft sponge, and before rising bathe the eyes gently, rubbing from the temple inward, except in case of short sight, when the contrary motion is prescribed as having a tendency to flatten the eye and correct near-sightedness. Once or twice a week at least bathe the eyes in salt and water and occasionally, where the eyes are dull, a little orange-peel juice squeezed into them at night will give them brilliancy without injury. Belladonna only as a beautifier should be absolutely avoided. It gives a large brilliant look to the eyes for a time at the expense of every healthful function. Oculists are occasionally compelled to use it, but except when under the care of a specialist it should never be touched. Never strain the eyes on rising. Do not read before eating. Tired eyes may be bathed in a solution of alum and rose water, and an early sleep be taken to restore their brilliancy. What can be more captivating than the dewy softness as well as sparkle of the first waking of a healthy infant or little child? Drowsy it may be, but the brilliant clearness of the eye shows quickly, and it dances as the fully awakened faculties are roused. This can as well exist in the adult who properly studies and cares for the fair window of her soul. The eyebrows should always be smoothed or gently rubbed several times a day. If they are trimmed it must be done carefully and sparingly to avoid coarsening or causing irregularity of the hairs. If these are meagre or thin it is well once in about ten days to apply a little tincture of cantharides, with cold cream, rubbed in when dry. A very little cream or vaseline rubbed in always one way every night

is advisable. The eyelashes of an adult may with advantage be occasionally clipped, but as a rule this only produces a satisfactory result when done in children. Repeated four or five times during the first two years of a child's life it will almost invariably result in a fine, full growth of lashes. In a family of eight children, none of whom were born with full lashes, I have seen this result in perfection of that eyelid's fringe which Moore tells us is the ambition of the Eastern woman to develop, which softens the expression of any eye, and if a slight upward curl is given has a fascinating effect. To prescribe a perfect treatment for the hair it is really necessary to understand the necessity of the individual tresses; but there are certain rules and methods which can apply to almost any woman, at least with the result of bringing about an appearance of neatness and care. Very fine, silky hair, though indicating a certain delicacy, is not, as popularly supposed, always a result of a refined or sensitive temperament, since some of the most hardened, unscrupulous, and scheming characters have been noted for the silkiness and soft fibre of their locks, while some of the noblest and truest of characters have had the reverse. Rough, ill-kept hair of course suggests and is the result of a lack of refinement, since it is produced only by negligence if not actual uncleanness and that disregard for personal appearance due to lack of proper self-respect. While overbrushing and combing is bad for the hair, a certain amount is absolutely necessary to keep it in good order. One hundred strokes of the brush daily is a good rule, the strands being divided, and the brush pressed into the scalp and quickly outward. If bangs or wavy locks are worn, these should be kept up thickly by means of judicious cutting, and at least once a month the long hair should be clipped, while once a week is by no means too often to thoroughly shampoo the head. Ammonia and water certainly strengthens the hair, but it is apt to deaden the hue, while any hair dye is not only injurious, but in many cases will cause severe headache if not serious brain mischief. Innumerable are the washes and lotions suggested for the hair and scalp, but I think the simplest will be found the best. Borax and water and hard soap are effectual cleansers, and the white of an egg applied with a tooth brush to the scalp is excellent for keeping it white and free from dandruff. Sulphur and quinine lotion are also good if sulphur agrees with the skin. In some cases it acts as a poison to the blood, but, like glycerin, what effect it will have can only be decided by trial in each individual case.

—*Infected With the Fashion—From Harper's Bazar—*

While there is a great deal to be said as to the folly of following the fashions into their extremes, and as to giving up one's time and thoughts to such affairs, there would be a good deal more to be said if one did not follow them at all. There is not, at any rate, much of the sort to be said that is new, for ever since there have been clothes at all, they have been wondered at and criticised, and the fashion has been one of those potencies that even Shakespeare recognized, in making his weak-minded and his insane retain acquaintance with it. "The glass of fashion," cries Ophelia, concerning her lover. "I do not like the fashion of your garments," says old Lear. "You will say they are Persian, but let them be changed." Petruchio, too, knew no better weapon to use in conquering his Katharine's shrewishness than these same fashions, showing more

knowledge of them than any modern husband has, and tearing a passion to tatters over poor Kate's gown, although his tailor said, "You bid me make it orderly and well, according to the fashion and the time." To find fault is the oldest of all the fashions, and the habit of doing so probably occasions many of the frequent changes that the critics of the fashion so bewail. When all is urged against the fashions, however, antique or modern, it remains evident that their variety is in reality an attempt to find the one proper, fit, and becoming dress for humanity; that the frequent change is an acknowledgment of failure; and that as fresh garments have to be procured with the fresh season, they may as well be in another mode as in one that has been tested and found to be not that which is required. Very possibly all this is not in the thoughts of the designers; they design as an occupation to produce a variation, and are quite unconscious that they are but instruments working out a part of the scheme of civilization, in the paraphernalia accompanying the scheme being a comfortable and suitable dress for man and womankind—one which shall be all right as protection from the weather, as allowing freedom of movement, as combining the best of grace and usefulness and beauty, and the elaboration of all this being as prolonged a process as the elaboration of all the rest of this same scheme of civilization. Of course it is not to be supposed that the devotees of fashion, those who spend all their time and thought and money among the milliners and the fashion plates, who "lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new doublet," are thinking of anything of this nature. For undoubtedly personal motives, decoration, the desire to outstrip one's neighbors, the desire to keep up with the times, together, perhaps, with the gratifying of vanity and the exciting of envy, all have more share in the business than any philosophy has. "What a deformed thief this Fashion is!" says Borachio. "How giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty, sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched, worm-eaten tapestry!" And Conrade answers him, "I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man." But a still larger portion of those who are observant of and obedient to these fashions of Borachio's long ago contempt are simply nowadays individuals who cannot afford to be seen in garments out of style, who have no real interest in the changes of cut and composition, who would rather wear last year's styles, to which they have become used, and even those of the year before, than any of the new-fangled things which they always at first dislike, hostile to the novelty and alien to the idea. But business, or a husband's business, or fear of criticism and of the eyes and tongues of the neighbors, demand acquiescence, and the gowns have to be remade, the hats retrimmed, or new ones furnished, although without willingness or interest. To still another circle of people the whole thing would be obnoxious were it worth while; but as it is, and since all the rest of the world obey, how foolish it is to be singular! They follow with the crowd, not in order to be observed, but in order not to be observed. If nature had provided them with feathers, so that dress-makers and dry-goods dealers, and new designs and old, could be dispensed with, and a dip in a brook, with some subsequent preening, would answer

for a toilette, they would be tolerably content, nor even make much stipulation as to the color of the plumage, better satisfied possibly with the gray of the dove than with the emerald sheen of the parrot or the scarlet splendor of the flamingo. But as it has been ordained otherwise, they wear the clothes that others do, making no great inquiry into the matter, adopting what is given out by those constituted as authority, and thankful to slip along in the crowd, with no questions asked. "I could wish, for the sake of my country friends, that there was such a kind of everlasting drapery to be made use of by all who live at a certain distance from the town, and that they would agree upon such fashions, as should never be liable to change and innovations. For want of this standing dress, a man who takes a journey into the country is as much surprised as one who walks in a gallery of old family pictures, and finds as great a variety of garbs and habits in the persons he converses with. Did they keep to some constant dress, they would sometimes be in the fashion, which they never are as matters are managed at present. If instead of running after the mode, they would continue fixed in one certain habit, the mode would some time or other overtake them, as a clock that stands still is sure to point right once in twelve hours. In this case, therefore, I would advise them, as a gentleman did his friend who was hunting about the whole town after a rambling fellow, 'If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant yourself at the corner of any one street, I will engage it will not be long before you see him.'" Mr. Addison's advice would hardly answer for the present day, when all the country friends, as he calls them, even to those in the remotest wilderness, are made acquainted with the latest modes and the way of using them in less than a fortnight's time from their appearance in the polite capitals. And since it is evident that, in spite of all wishes to the contrary, there always will be changing modes, till this one excellent dress of the future arrives, with all the other excellent and impossible things, it is one of the fortunate things of our day that there are such publications as the journals of fashion, which tell all that there is to know, give patterns, instructions, and drawings, so that all those interested may inform themselves in the fullest manner, and then, if they will, dismiss the subject, and satisfied in that direction, as they could not be, possibly, were their curiosity and desire for knowledge concerning the correct thing still unfulfilled, turn their thoughts and powers into other channels. In Paris, in Berlin, in New York, in the farthest Aleutian island, the women who study such pages are dressed with sufficient propriety to pass; and if there is any want of chic, of knowing how to wear the garments, that is not the fault of the method of communicating the knowledge. But in Sitka, as in Boston or London or Rome, the best-dressed woman will always be she who has not too early made the new mode her own, nor clung to it too late, nor been too ardent in embracing the whole of it and in carrying out its wildest and most prominent whims. And the woman who is most perfectly arrayed will be she whose garments and their fashion never arrest the eye purposely, and who, if the eye by any happening chances to fall upon her, it will be seen, neither defies the fashion nor exhibits herself as its slave, but whose dress, totally inconspicuous, is thoroughly faultless—the woman who obeys the fashion not as a matter of display, not altogether as a matter of dress, but as avoid-

ing the vulgarity and rudeness of obtruding her own idea upon the public in a matter to which she has not given the especial study that would entitle her to do so.

—*How Men Make Love—Marie Halton—N. Y. World—*

"A Frenchman is the most delicate and persistent of suitors. Repel his advances, and he redoubles his attentions. If you treat him coolly, his bouquets gradually increase in size and beauty. Not all at once, mind you. He does nothing to create surprise and put the object of his sentimental attack on the *qui vive*. Your true Frenchman is an artist in love as in everything else. The bouquets increase in size almost imperceptibly day by day, and delicate attentions of all kinds which serve to soften the perverse heart of a woman are multiplied after the same careful and mathematical fashion. The amount of time a Frenchman will give to the besieging of a citadel is, in itself, the most delicate compliment he can pay to the object of his devotion. And it is for this reason that Frenchmen are usually successful in their love affairs. Men who at first acquaintance are positively distasteful succeed in mingling their personality after a time so thoroughly with a multitude of pleasant attentions that the first unfavorable impressions are altogether obliterated. The American, on the other hand, carries into his love-making the ideas which have proved successful in his business. His chief object seems to be to save time. He measures his success in love not so much by what he captures as the time he has expended in winning a victory. He is in the habit of taking everything for granted, and, what is worse, plainly shows in his manner that he does so. No woman wants a man to think that she is easily won, and no mode of proceeding could be more impolitic. The American is introduced to a lady and in half an hour expects to be treated like a life-long friend. I believe that in your American game of poker what you call 'bluffing' is a very ordinary mode of procedure. As I understand it, 'bluffing' is an attempt to convince your opponent that you have a mortgage on all the cards in the pack worth having and you really have nothing. That illustrates my point perfectly. An American carries the game of bluff into his wooing. He practically says: 'I hold all the winning cards, and when I get ready I will simply lean over and take the pot.' And he says this with a confident air highly exasperating to his opponent, who, of course, in this case, happens to be the lady. In the matter of presents, the American is also very different from the Frenchman. He is more lavish than the Frenchman is, and often generous to extravagance. But he shows little or no discretion. A Frenchman is introduced to a lady upon whom he is desirous of making a good impression. The next day he sends her a bouquet of choice flowers and the next a box of bonbons. It may be weeks after the introduction before he will make a call, and the diamond stage is reached only after months of acquaintanceship. When an American meets a lady he desires to win he will call at an early date and bring a diamond brooch or bracelet. Should he receive no encouragement from the lady of his choice, he does not, as in the case of the Frenchman, continue sending presents until his persistence compels recognition. He simply transfers his attentions to another quarter. The difference between a Frenchman and an Englishman may be seen by the way each looks at a woman on horseback. A Frenchman looks first at the woman; an Englishman first at the horse. The American looks at both together."

PRATTLE—CHARMING BITS OF CHILD VERSE

In the Doll Room—C. M. Snyder—Pittsburg Bulletin

I'm going out a little while,
 And you must promise, Dollie,
 To sit as quiet as a mouse,
 And not go romping o'er the house
 With pussy cat and Polly.
 For pussy's claws are very sharp,
 And they are sure to scratch you;
 Or if you get in Polly's reach
 She'll give an awful! awful! screech,
 And with her beak she'll catch you.
 And don't go mussing up your things,
 Or get your dress in creases;
 Don't put your hands up to your hat,
 Your bangs are loose—remember that—
 And they may come to pieces.

Don't pull the buttons off your shoes,
 Or laugh when Polly chatters;
 You musn't mind her talk a bit,
 But only shut your eyes and sit
 And think of other matters.

And promise, Dollie, not to pout,
 It makes you look so simple;
 For every time you frown, you know,
 It makes the horrid wrinkles grow,
 And spoils your pretty dimple.

You'd better go to sleep, for then
 I'll have no cause to scold you;
 By-by, my dear—now try and see
 How good you really can be—
 Remember what I told you.

Dreams—S. Walter Norris—St. Nicholas

Some tiny elves, one evening, grew mischievous, it seems,
 And broke into the storeroom where the Sandman keeps his dreams,
 And gathered up whole armfuls of dreams all bright and sweet,
 And started forth to peddle them a-down the village street.
 Oh, you would never, never guess how queerly these dreams sold;
 Why, nearly all the youngest folk bought dreams of being old;
 And one wee chap in curls and kilts, a gentle little thing,
 Invested in a dream about an awful pirate king;
 A maid, who thought her pretty name old-fashioned and absurd,
 Bought dreams of names the longest and the queerest ever heard
 And, strange to say, a lad who owned all sorts of costly toys,
 Bought dreams of selling papers with the raggedest of boys,
 And then a dream of summer and a barefoot boy at play
 Was bought up very quickly by a gentleman quite gray;
 And one old lady—smiling through the grief she tried to hide—
 Bought bright and tender visions of a little girl who died.
 A ragged little beggar girl, with weary, wistful gaze,
 Soon chose a Cinderella dream, with jewels all ablaze—
 Well, it wasn't many minutes from the time they came in sight
 Before the dreams were all sold out and the elves had taken flight.

The Angel of the Toys—Harper's Young People

There are so many broken toys
 The whole wide world around,
 Wherever naughty children
 Or careless ones are found.
 But there's a lovely angel
 Who has them in her care,
 Her wings are like a butterfly's,
 A crown is on her hair.
 She gathers up the broken toys
 That no one cares to keep,
 From corners and the dust bin
 And from out the rubbish heap.
 She mends them up so well before
 She puts them on the shelves,
 No one knows where they're broken
 But the angel and themselves.
 Then every evening from the shelves
 Some eager toys she takes,
 And puts them in good children's dreams—
 For those are what she makes.
 The toys all night with children play
 Till morning comes, and then
 The angel blows the dreams away
 And takes her toys again.

Twilight-Land—The Youth's Companion

Here we are in twilight-land;
 Creakety-creak,
 Rocking chairs to every hand
 Sway and swing and squeak;
 Here is neither park nor street;
 Bare are the little twinkling feet;
 White are the gowns and loose;

No place here for ball or bat,
 No need now for coat or hat,
 None for stockings or shoes.
 What are the stories of twilight-land?
 Hark, ah, hark!
 Call the sweet names where they stand,
 Waiting in the dark;
 Cinderella and little Bo-Peep,
 Who lost her sheep, her pretty sheep;
 Jack Horner, bold Boy Blue,
 And the three bears living in the wood,
 And the wolf that ate Red Riding Hood,
 And the spinning pussy, too.
 The little children in twilight-land
 Are still as mice,
 And the story-teller must understand
 She's to tell each story twice.
 The crickets chirp, the stars' eyes wink;
 Perhaps the man in the moon may think
 Them saucy in their play;
 But, whatever is heard or said or done
 Each sleepy, weary little one
 Gets rested for next day.
 For the pillow is white in twilight-land
 And white the bed,
 And the tender, loving mother's hand
 Is laid on the drowsiest head.
 And list the tune she hums and sings,
 As with soft creak the rocker swings,
 How far away it seems!
 That tune—that lullaby—ah, me!—
 They are leaving twilight-land, you see,
 For the stiller land of dreams.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

—*Crowning the Dead Queen—From the Pall Mall Gazette—*

It was that of Inez de Castro—"the queen crowned after death"—who was murdered in the fourteenth century by three assassins. The lady was the wife of a Portuguese crown prince, and she was murdered by order of the king—her father-in-law. The prince never spoke to his father again, and when the old man died, the remains of Inez were lifted from the grave, placed on a magnificent throne, and crowned queen of Portugal. The clergy, the nobility, and the people did homage to her corpse, and kissed the bones of her hands. There sat the dead queen, her yellow hair hanging like a veil round her ghastly form. One fleshless hand held the sceptre, the other the orb of royalty.

—*The Legend of the Golden Arm—From N. O. Picayune—*

On the bank of the Danube, near the Bohmerwald Mountains, lie the ruins of an old castle. It is run over with moss and lichen. A gloomy forest of firs surrounds it, where the wind whistles through with strange, appalling sounds. The boatmen upon the swift, dark river pass by in silence, for the legend connected with the spot is faithfully believed by them. Once upon a time, goes this story, there lived in the castle a mighty baron who had a very beautiful wife. She was slight in figure, with golden hair that hung in waves to her feet. Her eyes were so pure and calm in expression that the guilty could never look upon them. The paleness of her complexion was relieved by the crimson of her lips and the glossy jet of her long eyelashes. Her dress was always white. One day while hunting with her husband the lovely baroness was thrown from her horse and her arm was so badly hurt that amputation was necessary. She bore her misfortune without repining, and the superstitious began to look upon her with wonder and admiration that her beauty did not fade and that she never uttered an unkind word. Her influence over the baron was so great that he seemed to overcome all the evil feelings and passions of his nature. Before marriage he had been cruel and avaricious, but now no one was more generous and noble. All the gold he had hoarded up was given to a skilled workman to make his wife a golden arm, which she wore, and so she became known by the name of the "lady with the golden arm." Years passed by, leaving the inmates of the castle untouched by grief or care. But a sudden and sorrowful blow struck that happy home at last. That night was a stormy one without and it seemed as if the spirits of the mountains were revelling in darkness. Mournful wailings were blended with the roar of the madly tossing waters and before the birds were again warbling their morning songs the soul of the lovely baroness had departed. Men cannot mourn forever; and the loneliness and grief and solitude which the baron suffered after the death of his wife, slowly changed him to his former nature. He became cruel, hard, and cold—absorbed in the love of gold. The pure angel of his home had flown and he was left undisturbed in his pursuits. He began to think of the golden arm that lay in the vault; the thought came to him with horror and he spurned it at first. Gradually the desire of possession mastered and maddened him, and he no longer scrupled at the violation of the sacred grave. With stealthy steps in darkness and gloom the

changed baron sought the tomb of his wife for the unmouldered arm. The worms had destroyed all but the golden ring and the arm, and these the man hastily gathered and bore them to a place among his stores of wealth. The midnight following the day the golden arm had been purloined from its resting place, the baron awoke with a perception of a depression and stillness in the air. It was a warm night in summer. Not a leaf moved. Not an insect fanned its tiny wings. A single star shone in the dark blue sky, through an open window, and its soft light was reflected from a mirror opposite; everything was silent and still—fearfully so. A form, shadowy and indistinct, leaned motionless against the deep window. The baron's eyes were fixed upon it, with horror and fear in their distended pupils. He had not the power of removing his gaze or changing his attitude until the horizon became tinged with a hue of violet light and the coming day dispelled the horrors of the night. The next night the apparition presented itself, but more palpably, and he recognized his once loved wife; there was a look of severity upon her countenance, a bitter reproach in her eyes. The bright sunbeams of the morning fell upon the wild, idiotic face of the baron. He wandered for years along the lonely shores of the Danube—his wealth passed into strange hands—the golden arm was never found. He sleeps, not in his ancestral vaults; nobody knows where.

—*The Imaginary Marble—Religio-Philosophical Journal—*

A short time ago, while attending an exhibition given by a noted professor of mesmerism, I observed a peculiar mental phenomenon. The professor had a number of "subjects" on the platform, all of whom he had selected from the audience, as was his usual custom. Among the number was an old gentleman about sixty years of age. With a wave of the hand and a word or two, the professor made him believe that he was a boy again, and that he was ten years old instead of sixty. There was no question in my mind at all but what the old man believed it, for his looks and actions showed that he felt himself to be but ten years old. Calling several boys around him, including the old gentleman, the professor asked them all if they would like to play a game of marbles. All consented gleefully, the old man with the rest; and to start the game the professor handed them a lot of imaginary marbles, by merely tipping his hand into each of theirs, each receiving the marbles as genuine. The game proceeded. The boys, however, could not see youth in the old man, while he felt as much of a boy as any of them, and could not understand why they laughed and made fun of him. The ground for the game was finally marked out, the ring made and the imaginary marbles placed in it. The old gentleman entered into the spirit of the game with as much zeal and expressed as much knowledge of the rules as did any of the boys, yet I presume he had not seen a game of marbles played for fifty years at least. Lots were now drawn to see who should have the first play, and it fell to the old man, much to the seeming disappointment of the boys. The old fellow took his place, however, and toed the mark for the first play, and went through all the motions of rolling his imaginary marble at the ring, which was visible only to the mesmerized players. All followed after the marble to

see the result of the old man's shot. None were hit, however, and after noting the spot where his marble had stopped the old fellow followed the other boys to the starting point again to watch the result of the next shot. Meanwhile one of the boys, who seemed less moral than the rest, slipped down slyly and stole the old man's imaginary marble while his attention was being called to some other part of the game, and pocketed it. All went well in the game now until the old man's turn came again to shoot his marble at the ring. He started for the spot where he had left the imaginary ball, and, strange to say, instantly missed it. He seemed confused for a moment, but soon collected himself, and then accused the boys of stealing his marble. They all seemed to sympathize with him over his loss, except the thief, who was quickly pounced upon by all and made to give up what he had stolen. Then the game proceeded until broken up. Now, what peculiar action of the mind was it that made that old man miss an imaginary marble, when he did not know some other fellow had been through the motions of trying to steal it?

—*Disclosed His Own Murder—St. Louis Globe-Democrat—*

In a dilapidated portion of the Eastern Cemetery of Cuthbert, Ga., on a weather-beaten slab, may be seen the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Jim Brown." Nothing in this to attract attention, not even the date of birth or time of death is given. The spot is not known to one-fourth of the citizens of the town, familiar as they are with every incident connected with its history. In 1866 there was stationed at Cuthbert a company of Federal soldiers as regulators and general supervisors of the people of the surrounding country. Colonel Williamson, a man of feeling and discretion, was in command. Under him was Lieut. Charles Murphy, a young man who was courteous and obliging. Lieut. Murphy had a brother in Blakely, who was also an officer in his company. The Blakely officer received orders from his superior officer one day to proceed on foot, in citizen's clothes, to Cuthbert, where he would receive the funds necessary to pay off the company for the quarter past. In Cuthbert he spent the night in his brother's tent, and early the next morning set out on the return trip. About six miles out he stopped at a neighboring farm to rest. While here he disclosed the object of his journey, and told of the money on his person. Among those present was Jim Brown, a farm hand. Poor and friendless, filled with the idea that it was no harm to kill a Yankee, he set about laying plans to get the young officer out of the way and to secure the booty. "Where are you travelling?" said Brown. "To Blakely," replied the lieutenant. "Then you are wrong, my friend. This road will never get you there, and the further you go the further away you will be." "Indeed!" said the officer in surprise, "how can I reach the right road?" "I'll agree to put you straight for a quarter," Brown replied. After some preliminaries the two started out—Brown in the lead, Murphy following. They left the Blakely highway, and by taking to the woods and fields succeeded in reaching the swamp of a small muddy branch. This Brown said they would have to cross. At an opportune time, just when it looked as though no one was near, Brown stepped aside and allowed the Federal to pass in front. Then, by a dexterous and quick movement, he drew a pistol and fired, the ball striking a vital point and producing instant death. It was but the work of a moment to secure the money and depart. It was not long before a posse secured

Brown and lodged him in jail at Cuthbert. A few of the company secured the prisoner, and, placing a rope around his neck, swung him on the most convenient limb. Colonel Williamson ran up with a knife in hand and cut him down. He then placed a special guard around him, and at the first opportunity sent him to Macon, where he was tried, convicted, and hanged. But now comes the strangest part of the story. The night after the murder, the dead man's brother, peacefully sleeping in his tent, was awakened by a violent fluttering of the cloth sides. They made such a noise that he could not sleep with their flap, flap, flap. It was a perfectly calm, clear, bright moonlight night, as still as still could be. Not a sound could be heard save the noise of the cloth tent. The young lieutenant arose and walked outside. At once the noise ceased. It must have been a fancy of the imagination, thought he, and he turned in; but not to sleep. After attiring himself in his uniform he sat down on his bunk to think. Something seemed to weigh upon his mind. An hour passed, and the soldier turned over and fell asleep. Again he was awakened by the noise of the cloth tent, as though in the midst of a violent storm. This time he went outside again. Standing in the shadow of a large tree was the figure of a man beckoning him that way. He approached. When he drew nearer he discovered that it was his brother. He told him that he was in trouble a few miles from town, and he desired him to return immediately with him to the spot. The tone and gesture were sufficient guarantee of earnestness, and the two set out at once. Silently they walked the highway together. Then they turned off through fields and woods until the branch was in sight. Now slowly they walked down the hill into the swamp, when lo, and behold! the man who was in trouble suddenly vanished and at the feet of Lieut. Charles Murphy lay the cold, stiff body of his brother. Unable to comprehend the terrible mystery, weak and terrified, he returned to town in the early morning. The young officer told his experience as best he could. A party was sent out to scour the country and ascertain its truthfulness. Acting upon what had been told, it was not long before they brought in the body of the dead Yankee, and thereby secured a perfect chain of evidence which convicted Jim Brown of the crime.

—*The Art of Divination—Marcus Lane—Chicago Globe—*

The art of divination is as old as human history. It seems natural to human beings: 1. To believe in some kind of deity. 2. To desire earnestly to ascertain by every possible means the will and purposes of that deity. In order to accomplish this second purpose men have had recourse to every possible or supposed means by which the will of God might be communicated to men. It did not take a very long experience to convince men that there was not a direct, visible, and guiding providence that could be easily ascertained, and, in the absence of such visible manifestation, men generally accepted the theory that the Deity would suffer his will to be known to men who, from purity of character or elevation of spirit, were susceptible of the divine afflatus. This kind of divination is called natural, and the person inspired was supposed to lose his individuality when he became the mouthpiece of divine inspiration. A second method of divination was called the artificial, and probably originated in the conviction that nature sympathized with and embodied the divine will and in various ways indicated it. What these ways were re-

mained to be ascertained by many observations and experiences. Out of these came all sorts of devices, some standing upon supposed evidence, but in many cases they were nothing but the impostures of interested parties, who made rich profit by being the supposed possessor of a perfect knowledge of the means by which the divine will could be ascertained. It is quite probable that the beginning of this method of divination was by casting lots. In time this grew into any method by which perfect fairness could apparently be secured. At first it was perhaps in its simplest form, like that which children now use, of pulling straws—the good luck belonging to the one who pulls the shortest. At an early day it was a custom to put arrows in a quiver, with an agreed meaning for each separate arrow, and when drawn out the one drawn indicated the divine will. Another method was to draw a circle and divide it in twenty-four equal parts; into each part was put a letter of the alphabet and a grain of wheat; a cock was then placed in the centre, and the letters being put together in the order in which the grains were eaten made a word which in some way would be construed into an answer to the question propounded. The iamblichus of Apamea is said to have learned by this method the name of the successor of the Emperor Valeus. The invention of divination was ascribed by some early writers to Prometheus; by others to the Phrygians or Etrurians, but the priests of the middle ages ascribed it directly to the devil. This, however, was no new thing, for centuries before Christianity began Zoroaster had ascribed all magic to Ahriman, who, as is well known, was the evil principle in Persian mythology. Divination undoubtedly began in superstition and was promoted by fanaticism, but it was not long before it was used for the purposes of deceit and avarice. Hence Cato's famous saying that it was strange how two augurs could meet without laughing in each other's faces. But in ancient times those who were either too poor or too distrustful to consult the augurs had many ways of divination of their own, generally connected with the casting of lots, a very common method of which was what the Romans called *Sortes Viales*, or "wayside lots." The person who wished to test his fortune carried with him a number of lots, each with a proper inscription upon it, and walking along the streets, or to any part of the city that he considered fortunate, would ask the first boy he met, or the first man who had a particular dress, to draw one of the lots. The lot being drawn was accepted as a decision of destiny, from which there was no thought of appeal. Plutarch says that this form of divination had its origin among the Egyptians, who were accustomed to place a high estimate upon the prophetic capacity of boys. Tibullus alludes to the custom in one of his poems:

Thrice in the streets the sacred lots she threw,
And thrice the boy a happy omen drew.

One of the methods of divination which was practised among the Greeks was that of taking a man's name, analyzing it into its letters, and then either forming an anagram or giving to each letter an agreed meaning, after which they were joined together and the divination perfected. The Greeks were also much given to the method called *Sortes Homericae*, according to which a volume of Homer was unrolled and the finger put at hazard upon some passage. Diogenes Laertius records of Socrates that on a certain occasion his credulity outweighed his wisdom, for "his mind was

affected by a *Sors Homerica* communicated in a dream." The Jews in olden times were given to a similar custom, which they called the Bath Kol; in the middle ages they had a large number of superstitious practices in connection with the divination, most of which were connected with the names of God. There were 72 of these, which they arranged in groups of 7, the allowed combinations of which were 720. Out of these divination practices grew the Jewish sect of the Cabalists, who found a tremendous mass of mysterious letters of the sacred text, for they considered them as numerals, and also changed and transposed them so as to give new meanings. In many cases the texts were so warped and changed as to teach the direct opposites of the original and literal meaning. The Latins not only used the *Sortes Homericae*, but also used their own poets, but chiefly Virgil, and in time the custom received the name *Sortes Virgilianae*. Brutus is said to have used the *Iliad* for this kind of *Sortes* and to have opened at the passage where Patroclus remarks that fate and the son of Latona had caused his death, and in consequence gave "Apollo" as the watchword of the day at the battle of Pharsalia. In like manner the imperial purple was indicated to Severus by his opening to this passage in Virgil:

Remember, Roman, with imperial sway
To rule the nations.

The general adoption of the Latin language in the middle ages as the language of the learned led to an extensive use of the *Sortes Virgilianae* by all who could read that tongue. A curious story is told by Aubray about its use by the son of King Charles I., and its great significance of the coming events. The story is thus told by the old historian: "In December, 1648, King Charles I., being in great trouble and prisoner at Caersbrook, for to be brought to London to his trial; Charles, prince of Wales, then being in Paris and in profound sorrow for his father, Mr. Abraham Cowley went to wayte on him. His highness asked him whether he would play at cards to divert his sad thoughts. Mr. Cowley replied that he did not care to play at cards, but if his highness please they would use *Sortes Virgilianae*. Mr. Cowley alwaies had a Virgil in his pocket. The prince accepted the proposal, and prickt his pinne in the fourth booke of the *Aeneid* at this place (Line 615). The prince understood not Latin well, and desired Mr. Cowley to translate the verses, which he did admirably well, and George Ent, who lived in his house at Chertsey in the great plague of 1665, showed me Mr. Cowley's own handwriting.

By a bold people's stubborn arms opprest,
Forced to forsake the land he once possest;
Torn from his dearest sonne, let him in vain
Seeke help and see his friends unjustly slain.
Let him to base, unequal terms submit,
In hope to save his crown, yet lose both it
And life at once; untimely let him die,
And on an open stage unburied lie."

Serenus, a celebrated physician of the fifth century, is said to have invented that mystic form of letters known as the *Abracadabra* or *Abrasadabra*. The letters were considered as being possessed of magical import, whereby they exercised a wonderful healing power when used in any way that allowed their virtues to have free scope. They were to be so written as to give the word in the first line, and to also give it in each succeeding line by turning the eye upward so as to include the last letter of each of the lines above it. This was

done by writing the full word for the first line and then dropping one letter from the end for each succeeding one. One of the English physicians of the 16th century records the fact that he "healed 200 in one year of an ague by hanging Abracadabra about the necks, and would stanch blood or heal the tooth ake, although the parties were 10 mile off." In Sweden there was a similar superstition about the word Anamzaptas, but when a woman used it it must have the feminine termination, Anamzapta. It was important that the word should have the proper sex termination, for Anamzaptas would not have its proper effect upon a woman, nor Anamzapta upon a man. The mystic Abracadabra was also given internally, as will appear from the following extract from an old 16th century record: "A little afore his fit was at hand he called unto the wife of the patient to bring him an apple of the biggest size and then with a pinne writte in the rinde of the apple Abracadabra, and such like, and persuaded him to take it presently in the beginning of his fit, for there were (sayes he) a secret in those words." The word Abracadabra now means merely a meaningless jargon.

— *Flogging and Beheading Pirates—Penang Gazette* —

The execution of the Maha Rajah pirates, which took place at Tongkah, was a very gruesome affair. The sentence was read in a space in front of the palace. About 200 of the principal inhabitants, Siamese and Chinese, had assembled, and a large number of police—perhaps fifty Sikhs and 100 Siamese—surrounded the place. There were nine prisoners, two of whom were arrayed in white coats, which is the sign of condemnation to death, while the others were clothed only in sarongs. All of them were in heavy chains. The sentence, which, with other documents, took about twenty minutes to read, was that two of the prisoners should be beheaded; the other seven were each to receive ninety strokes with the rattan—sixty on the spot, and thirty at Bangkok—and to be imprisoned for life. On the reading of the sentence it was discovered that the white coat had been put on one of the wrong men, and one of the seven, on hearing himself thus condemned to die, came out from the rest and prayed for his life, at the same time saying that one of the others deserved death more than he. It was in vain, and the white coat was retained by the unfortunate supplicant. The flogging then commenced. Stands had been erected where four men could be flogged at once—curious erections, consisting of two posts placed about eighteen feet apart, with two parallel bamboos running from the foot of the one to the top of the other, the culprits' heads being fastened between them by two bars across. On sitting down, a rope was fastened round each prisoner's waist, and tied to the post behind them; his arms and legs were then pulled out straight in front of him, his hands tied to the bamboos and his feet to the other post, the ropes being pulled so tight that his back was stretched like a drum. First, four men were flogged. The rattans used in the operation were about four feet long, and as each stroke fell the men shrieked with agony, and their backs gradually rose into a gory, swollen, shapeless mass. After administering thirty strokes, the floggers stopped for a rest of about a minute, and then gave the remaining thirty—the three other men who had still to be flogged, and the two who were to be beheaded, looking on all the time. When the four had been flogged, the other three were treated to the same dreadful punishment, after which they were allowed to

crawl in among the crowd. As they were all heavily ironed, there was no chance of their escaping. On the flogging being over, the police closed up and marched with the two condemned prisoners to the place of execution, a field picturesquely situated at the foot of a sugar-loaf shaped hill, where a space about 250 yards in circumference had been roped off, round which a great crowd of people, principally Siamese and Chinese, had assembled. Inside this inclosure police were stationed all round, at intervals of about three paces. At one part of it a shed had been erected for the commissioner and others. At another there was a small platform, on which were placed food and water for the prisoners; and there, after being sprinkled with water, large dishes of curry and rice were placed before them, of which they partook heartily. They then washed their feet, covered their heads, and prayed toward the setting sun. When they had finished, the executioners, after sprinkling themselves with water, proceeded to ask forgiveness of the prisoners for the deed about to be done, and on this being granted presented each prisoner with a flower. The executioners then partook of food. In the centre of the field two short stakes had been driven into the ground, and to these, when the executioners had finished their meal, the prisoners walked slowly out, without any one to guard them. On arriving at the stakes they again prayed; then sat down with their backs toward the stakes, to which their arms were tied, after which an official walked out, blindfolded them with strips of linen, filled their ears with clay, and then retired with his assistants, leaving the condemned men alone in the middle of the field. About two minutes after, the executioners walked out armed with Japanese swords, and sat down some thirty paces beyond the prisoners. They sat thus for perhaps a minute, then they rose and advanced toward the doomed men, executing fantastic, dance-like figures, almost as if cautiously approaching an enemy, till they came within striking distance, when they raised their swords as if to strike, but instead of doing so turned round and retired to where they started from. After a short pause they advanced again in the same manner, but, on coming close, stooped down and looked fixedly for about ten seconds into the faces of the prisoners, who sat perfectly motionless, and then again retired. The third time they advanced, and, as in the first instance, raised their swords as if to strike, but instead of doing so they turned round and again retired. Then they knelt down, and, bowing toward the commissioner, called out, in Siamese, that they awaited his order. On receiving the word, they advanced toward the prisoners more quickly than before, and, when within reach, after standing for a few seconds with their swords poised in the air, proceeded to cut their heads off. The head of the man who had begged for his life was taken off at three blows; but seven or eight were struck before the head of the other—an immensely powerful-looking man, with a thick, muscular neck—fell. The moment the first man's head fell, his executioner ran off to a temple close by to perform certain rites, the other executioner following as soon as his victim's head was off. The heads were thrown into kerosene tins, along with arsenic, to be sent to Trang, where the piracy for which the men were executed took place. The bodies were then cut down, and a Chinaman with an axe knocked off the heels from the lifeless limbs, so as to permit of the irons, which were welded on, being removed.

THE WORLD OVER—A SERIES OF PEN PICTURES

—*In the Costa Rican Swamp—From Longman's Magazine—*

Go and live there, inhabit that picturesque adobe dwelling for twenty-four hours, either with or without jungle fever, and your enthusiasm will possibly be considerably modified. The breeze, tepid and languorous, brings little refreshment to the heavy, steaming atmosphere, charged by blazing sunshine in brief alternation with torrents of rain. Deadly miasms from the rot-laden lagoon steal like ghosts through the moonlit night, and every type of winged and creeping abomination that earth produces there teems and swelters in luxuriant virulence. Great hairy tarantula spiders, centipedes a foot long, and scorpions like miniature lobsters had their being in the banana-leaf thatch above me; land crabs burrowed up through the fungus-grown floor to visit my couch; huge toads and venomous reptiles came frankly in at the door. Alligators and enormous serpents infested the lagoon hard by and might be expected at any moment. I did not see an anaconda while I was there, but a blow from the tail of an alligator struggling with some creature it had captured actually broke away some of the wall of my hut one night. Beastly bats sailed in occasionally, and were found by daylight pendent and pugnacious overhead, while more than once a yell, a scuffle, and a rush proclaimed the disturbed intrusion of some unidentified delegate of the cat tribe. Respiratory air seemed to have acquired a third constituent in addition to its normal oxygen and nitrogen in the stifling clouds of mosquitoes which filled the darkness—and a Central American mosquito is as merciless an organism as any of its accursed kind found outside the Arctic circle, which is saying a good deal. Strange things whizzed and buzzed and boomed through the obscurity, dropping with a sharp thud as though shot, or alighting with sticky feet, reluctant of dislodgment, on one's face; all night long there was a rustling and a crackling and a creeping, suggestive of unseen invertebrate horrors all around; walls, floor, and roof crawled and were horrent with hideous animation. I am a naturalist by instinct and can love and cherish the meanest reptile, but I would not voluntarily choose a hut in a Costa Rican swamp as a shelter for my sick-bed during the delirium of intermittent fever.

—*Cruising in the Bahamas—D. D. Bidwell—Prov. Jour.—*

So severely had the Attic been racked by the trip south that it was determined that she should enter the nearest port. The first difficulty in the execution of this plan was ignorance of the schooner's whereabouts. It was merely known or rather believed, that the Attic was somewhere between 100 and 200 miles north of the noted Hole-in-the-Wall passage, the submarine cañon which traverses the submarine plateau underlying the shallow white water of this corner of the globe, and it was ascertained by studying a Bahama chart that the sole port of entry in the group north of the Hole-in-the-Wall was Green Turtle Cay, an island with a population of 400—mostly in hues ranging from chocolate to Suede tan. The schooner being a fruiter was provided with no nautical instruments beyond a binnacle compass. Early in the forenoon the vessel was put about. An hour later she spoke a small sponging sloop, and received information which speedily brought her to her anchorage off the sea wall of Green

Turtle Cay. Her course lay between silent, unfamiliar coral islets, low-lying, rocky and uninhabited, and covered with a wealth of subtropical greenery that was a tonic to the eyes after the bilious grays and frothy whites of the Gulf Stream waves. Glorified by the yellow bars of the morning sun, the little Keys seemed emeralds in a setting of azure. They are as virgin as when first exposed to the sight of civilized man in the opening years of the sixteenth century, when the doughty and adventurous rovers who ranged the waters of the western world, first penetrated to these unknown recesses. The scythe of Father Time has made few clearings in their leafy covering. Under the sleepy British rule few efforts have been made to develop the agricultural possibilities of the outermost Keys, and those few have been spasmodic and listless. Scarcely had the Attic's anchor grated on the white coral sand of the Cay's sea wall, when a boat rowed by two stalwart sons of the sun, Cayese mulattoes, was seen approaching. In the boat's stern sheets was a white gentleman who wore a Leeds duster, and an all-palmetto straw, yard-wide hat. This was Cap'n Bethel, "port officer, port doctor, quarantine officer, revenue collector, police justice, postmaster, and crown attorney and bailiff in and for Her Majesty's loyal and well-beloved port of entry, Green Turtle Cay, colonial jurisdiction of the Bahamas." The cap'n may hold some other offices, but the foregoing are all I know of at present. In order to simplify the formalities of entering the schooner he had kindly resolved to come on board and answer the necessary questions with as little inconvenience to us as possible. Official proceedings were lightened by several rounds of "hoggodent," the Bahamese English of aguadiente (a Spanish rum obtained from sugar cane). Having completed his official duties, the captain invited me ashore, and seized the glowing opportunity to point out the metropolitan glories of the Cay. To become en rapport with the burly, whole-souled cap'n's just pride in his baliwick, I remembered that Green Turtle's population of 400 is, with the exception of the population of one other Key, 20 times larger than that of the average town north of Hole-in-the-Wall; and I recalled the fact that Green Turtle is the centre of the sponging, fishing, turtling, and fruit-growing industries north of that passage. After taking me along the palm-shadowed sea wall, the bluff old Pooh Bah led me through Government lane, the main thoroughfare of the place. He paused in front of a two-story coquina building, dazzlingly white, with projecting jalousies shaded by alternate black and scarlet shutters, and with a quaint pyramidal roof, thatched with palmetto straw—a building which was none other than the residence of Dr. LeCato, the only physician in a belt of the earth's surface 300 miles wide, extending 3,000 miles from the Florida coast to that of Portugal. A few rods distant was the residence of the only jeweler in the same belt. The lane was tortuous, narrow (varying in narrowness from eight to twelve feet) and scrupulously clean, its floor being of pounded plaster made from the calcareous rock of the Bahamas. It was shaded in places by the cocoanut palm, and by luxuriantly leafy fig trees. The buildings fronting on it were built even with the street line, and were either of coquina or whitewashed wood,

imported from the States or obtained from wrecks at Strangers' or Man-o'-War Cays. At the junction of Government lane and Victoria row the cap'n paused dramatically. In front of him was a square coquina structure, two stories in height, of Doric severity of architecture, surmounted by a steep pyramidal cap, at the apex of which was a flag pole, flaunting the cross of St. George and St. Andrew. "This was nothing other than the Government building," and the cap'n laid insistence on the exhibition of its administrative and police perfections. The lower floor of the building contained four dainty cells, primly whitewashed, and paved with the faithful coquina. Over the entrance to each cell was carved in ecclesiastical text the good old chestnut, The way of the Transgressor is Hard, a dictum which referred doubtless to the coquina. The insular Tombs were vacant at the time of my visit, but in the little fig shaded court back of it and bounded by it, and the establishments of two rival ship-chandlers, an ancient negress was pounding coarse, porous coral into fragments. She was working out a day's sentence, having permitted herself the indiscretion of indulging in aguadiente. The coral she was breaking up was destined to pave the lanes of Green Turtle Cay. In the afternoon she was to cut seasoned sapodilla for the cap'n's cook stove. The second floor of the building was occupied by the cap'n's offices, his police office occupying half the space, the remainder being reserved for the exercise of his functions as port officer, port doctor, quarantine inspector, revenue collector, postmaster, and crown attorney and crown bailiff. The cap'n next paused before a small one-story building of wood, dazzlingly whitewashed, topped by a little crimson cross, and lacking the jealousies with which most of the larger Cayese buildings were provided. Over the entrance hung the battered stern-transom-panel of a Spanish slaver, wrecked off Man-o'-War Cay some thirty years ago, and bearing in faded gilt letters, ten inches in length, the name "Santa Barbara." This was the chapel which represents on the Cay the Church of England. It is attended mainly by the colored people, few whites beside the cap'n and his family being communicants. The major part of the Caucasian Cayese attend the Wesleyan Mission, a chapel located at the foot of the terrace. The terrace is a craggy elevation at the end of Government lane, and commands one of the most witching and gorgeously tropical views in the Bahamas. Toward the east the eye sweeps away to a hazy horizon of indigo of an artistic warmth and a softness of tone suggestive of marine views off the Neapolitan coast. In the middle distance the water lightens to a cerulean and then to the shining emerald peculiar to the Bahama seas—a shade of indescribable brilliancy, impossible to the uneducated conception, and to be appreciated by the artistic eye only. Down at the foot of the terrace, lines of breakers half a mile in length foam and boom over the coal reefs. Below the terrace, on the western side, lies the quaint little Key with its white flecks of buildings, half-hidden in a verdurous flood of palmettos, cocoanut palms, and fig, sapodilla, and orange trees, and a dozen unfamiliar species of tropical arboreal growths. Descending from the terrace, the cap'n led the way through the black belt of the village. The occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by the colored inhabitants, especially by the pickaninnies, for was not here the first "furriner" on whom their big black eyes had rested for three years?

Might he not be the agent of a possible sponge-pressing factory? In any case, was not he to be beguiled into buying conch shells to take to his gloomy home in frozen New England? So the gay, half-civilized little blackamoors gathered like Clan Alpine, and followed at a decorous distance. Though this might be styled as the perpetual resort of summer, summer styles are here to be remarked on for their extreme simplicity, the colored children arraying themselves in a single garment and leaving blazers, flannels, knickerbockers, *et id omne genus* to their white contemporaries over seas. The one garment is a tried family standby, which entered its sphere of usefulness five or six years ago, when it protected the chocolate person of its present little owner's fifth or sixth predecessor in the family circle. Many of the younger children do not wear even the one garment, but appear au naturel before the public. Having arrived at the sea wall the captain drew attention to a number of mulatto girls, wading in shoal water, and apparently searching for shells. On the captain's explanation, however, they were shown to be digging for oysters at a natural bed, it being almost at the turn of ebb tide. The oysters were merely a secondary consideration. The primary incentive to the girls' industry was the possibility of finding a chance pearl. Like all daughters of the sun, the Cayese woman, white or black, or of any other intermediate hues, develops early. At 10 she is a little girl, at 12 she is a woman, and at 14 she is in her prime. She assumes conjugal ties at the age of 13 or 14. At 20 she is becoming passé. At 25 she is decidedly so; at 30 she is an old woman, and grandmother. At 40 she is a shriveled, bent, and toothless crone, given to tobacco and aguadiente. Part of my time since arriving here has been spent in taking observations of the women (white) of this out-of-the-way nook. I am surprised to learn how plain, not to say ugly, the creatures are. Only three out of the twenty or thirty I have seen can claim facial charms. As for the Cayese woman's figure, it is the part of one discreet to be silent when the subject is mentioned. And I am ever discreet. The constant intermarriage, for many decades, of the few white families on the island has resulted disastrously as regards the physical beauty of the women. The open life, with its exposure to the wind, sun, and water, and the manual labor performed by most of the matrons are fatal to beauty, if conducive to health. The complexion is brown and coarse, the skin tough and granular, the figure muscular, generous, and dumpy, and the neck, hands, waist, and feet ample and shapeless. Insulation from the refinements of our progressive modern life and the mental results of intermarriage stamp the faces of many of the women with a coarseness closely allied to stupidity. Feminine life at Green Turtle Cay has few enjoyments beside the lower pleasures. Scarcely one woman in ten ever sees the mainland. Not one in three sees even as much of modern thought and activity as can be found in Nassau, 125 miles to the south, the capital of the Bahama group.

— *The Ascent of the Right—From the Chicago Times* —

The morning was as exquisite as midsummer could make it when we sailed across the pale green waters of the Vierwaldstatter-See, between the lovely shores, gently rising into the smooth and rounded hills of Switzerland as if they had been graded into undulating heights and hollows. Beyond rose the mountains; on one side the black and awful crest of Pilate cutting into

the blue sky like the jagged fire of some mighty monster; on the other the lofty and beautiful outline of the Righi, abrupt as a precipice on the nearer edge, sloping in fine massive terraces upon the other. In the foreground the velvet richness of grass and artistic grouping of trees gave a park-like effect about the villas they surrounded; behind, with here and there a glint of snow upon their summits, the chain of mighty peaks, softened by the azure haze, melted into the horizon in all the exquisite gradations of purple and amethyst that only the mountains can assume. The little villages en route were as picturesque as if each had been placed in the very spot to make it most precious to the artistic sense; the broad, dark roofs, gathered about the square, gray tower, with its tapering, conical spire, like a flock of ravens. The landing place at Vitznau is one of the prettiest of these hamlets. Every house is in its own bower of red and white roses. There is deep shade of walnut and spreading beech trees; the hay was fresh in the fields; the potato patches a mass of blossoms. Even the little Acre of God around the church-tower had none of the grimness which usually surrounds the place of death; it was a garden of bloom and fragrance, with every grave hidden under a network of vines and flowers, where birds sang and the bees hummed and little children played. From this the railway—which is on the principle of that at Mount Washington, provided with a cogged wheel in the centre—mounts very steeply. I do not remember so sudden an incline in any of our eastern or western mountain roads. Cut into the rock at one side, the other looks down upon the peaceful valley it is leaving, the emerald waters of the lake, and the opposite chain of the Alps piled confusedly against the horizon. There is nothing forbidding in the ascent. Nearly all the way up the small home fields and farms follow the line of the track, cultivated to the extreme edge of the precipices upon which they rest, luxuriantly fertile and peaceful. It is only the last quarter of the way which becomes less thickly covered with grass, and in which occasionally a bare or rocky spot is seen where some winter avalanche has torn away the soil. Beeches and walnuts growing slightly smaller mingle with the hemlocks to within a few hundred feet of the summit, when all tree life stops rather suddenly. But to the end there is still a good sod, sown thickly with wild flowers, and there in none of the savage, biting cold which at a height of 6,000 feet makes our peaks at home such bitter experiences. As the line of road turns different points come into view, but the direction is so largely the same that the peaks which first dominate the landscape continue to be its most prominent features. At each of the six stations at which stops are made very comfortable hotels and pensions at exceedingly cheap rates invite the tourist for whom the higher altitude and higher prices may be too great strain, and there is not one which has not the requisites for healthful rest and delightful situation. With our ideas of mountain-houses, these pretty spots with flower gardens, terraces, glass-covered piazzas, and surrounding forests seem wonderfully reasonable. Ten times each day the train ascends and descends, while the loveliest of wood paths, crossed here and there by rustic bridges, over tumbling cascades and brawling streams, invite one to exercise. Every hundred feet of the road lifts one into new delight. The air, which was sultry below, becomes fresh and perfumed with the resinous spiciness of evergreens; a sudden rift in the rock wall

at the side gives time for one fearful glance down a thousand-foot precipice; a short tunnel launches one upon a suspended bridge over a dark gorge, with a dashing torrent roaring below. Girls in the picturesque peasant costume of the Bernese Oberland or the Unterwald offer straw-braided baskets filled with fresh strawberries, or great black cherries bound in bunches, like grape clusters, or posies of Alpine roses and Edelweiss, or the wild forget-me-not. The hand is stretched out for money as often in Switzerland as in any other part of continental Europe, but there is always something in it to be given in return. There is the bouquet of flowers, or the leaf filled with fruit, or the web of hand-wrought lace, or the bit of carved wood. It is barter, not beggary, that meets you here. And why should not a thrifty people strive to glean from the rich harvest of strangers, gathered from every field of the distant unknown world, whatever they can honestly manage to give value for? It must be said in justice to the people that they are not importunate. A single negative will silence the boldest; a look is sufficient for most. At the final station a hotel which would do credit to any lowland city is perched upon a small plateau not 100 feet from the summit of Righi. Its rooms are large, well furnished, and comfortable in every way, its salon and other public apartments beautifully fitted, its dining-hall of fine dimensions, lofty ceiling, and a green-and-gold decoration which is highly effective. A broad flight of steps leads to it from the small station. There are outside balconies and verandas, a blooming flower garden is at either side of the hall door, and a more than excellent dinner of seven courses gives the finishing touch to the requirements of a good hotel. With your back turned to the outer world you could not tell that you were not being served at any first-class house from Basle to Geneva. Many a Paris restaurant famed for its table serves colder soup and staler salmon than this inn of the Righi Culm, 5,995 feet above the level of the sea. With your back turned, this is what first strikes you; but now face about. Here is what you have come to see, instead of soft couches and plentiful tables. Regard it long and well, for probably the broad earth does not hold another more wondrous picture. Look first before you. A tempestuous ocean of mountains, the crest of each storm-black wave dashed with snowy foam and white flecks of scattered spray still clinging to their massive sides. You, upon the highest billow of all, half dizzy with the infinite height and depth which flying cloud and pale wreaths of rising vapor make to surge about you. Here and there, from some awful, nearer gorge, a mountain, smoke-like mist, as if from the hidden mouth of a crater, or a fathomless ravine, which seems to plunge into eternal space among the sea of gray cloud-drift which fills it. A great calm of silence and peace. A sky of pale blue with shining clouds piled above the horizon, one of which dips now and again, blotting out in a haze of oblivion some portion of the visible world. Then again ridge beyond ridge, to the nearest edge of heaven, the wondrous sweep of this glorious sea, which seems to bridge the space between time and eternity. Walk to the other side of the little plateau and look in the opposite direction. Again the mountains; but this time with a vision of reposeful fields and quiet farm-houses between you. Low down in the green valley the beautiful cross-shaped sea of the four cantons lies smiling in intense blue light from this distance; nearer,

the emerald lake of Zug stretches to the very base of the great precipice upon which you stand; farther off the smaller waters of Egeri and of Alpnach lie darkly shining in the shadow of the heights above them. The gloomy and frowning brow of Pilate, black as if a remnant of its own dark tradition forever clung about it, rises well in front; behind, the swelling billows mount and toss until they break against the horizon. What contrast between the laughing, wide-stretching plain and the desolation of these lonely solitudes which overhang them! Now a thick gray mist blows down from some mighty peak, and part of the solid earth disappears in a vaporous whirlwind; again, in the twinkling of an eye, you are enveloped in a bright, soft haze, which engulfs all the world except the rocky platform on which you stand. Soon, first in this direction, then in that, a long cloud telescope opens like the slide of a magic lantern to show some glimpse of the happy valley lying, still bathed in sunshine, below; again, as swiftly as it came, the clinging veil disappears, blown into some other crevice, and you are standing again on the sunny height, with one of the most beautiful outlooks in all God's great creation spread before your eyes.

— *Wonders of the Amazon—The New York Tribune* —

The Amazon, if the Para River be included at the southern channel, is 100 miles wide at its mouth. Para itself, the northernmost city of Brazil, lies at the gateway of the most wonderful river system of the world. It is the commercial depot and distributing point for 40,000 miles of navigable water. The Amazon watershed embraces twenty-five degrees of latitude and thirty-five degrees of longitude. Its western sources are in the Andes of Peru and Ecuador, only a few leagues from the Pacific. Its northern tributaries traverse the borders of Guinea and Colombia, while midway the headwaters of the Negro mingle with those of the Orinoco in the western spurs of the Sierra de Pacaraima. On the south the Madeira has innumerable sources in the mountain levels of Bolivia, while the Tapajos, the Xingu, and the Tocantins penetrate the central provinces of Brazil. If a comparatively small group of southern provinces be left out of the account, the Amazon, with its tributaries, forms the water system for an area larger than that of the United States. It furnishes the only means of communication between the smaller centres of population in fully one-half of the vast territories of Brazil. Between most of its leading tributaries are broad stretches of impenetrable forests which have never been explored by white men. It is the Amazon alone that renders any form of government possible in the heart of South America. Within the range of the 40,000 miles of navigable water settlements have been made, rubber farms opened, and magistrates empowered to conduct local administration. Para, lying at the southernmost outlet of the Amazon, less than 100 miles from the sea, is the metropolis of this wonderful valley. It is a city with perhaps 50,000 inhabitants, and with as much commercial enterprise as is possible under the equator. The commerce of the Amazon is nominally carried on under the Brazilian flag. Foreigners are not allowed by law to own steamers or sailing vessels employed in inland navigation; and hence it is necessary for the English capitalists, who control the carrying trade of the river, to assign their interests to Brazilians. There are forty steamers owned by an English line, which receives a large mail subsidy from the Brazilian Government for plying between

various ports and villages on the main tributaries; and in return for this financial support it is well satisfied to fly the national flag. Another company has eight steamers, under similar conditions; and there are as many as a dozen more on the river and its tributaries which sail under the Brazilian flag. These sixty steamers are gradually opening the Amazon valley to commerce. Only the smaller vessels are now running beyond Manaus, at the junction of the Negro, but next year the largest English vessels will make regular trips to Yquitos, 3,750 miles from the coast. Some of the tributaries are only navigable for long distances at high water during certain months of the year, but the lower villages on their banks are visited by steamer as often as once or twice a month. This river trade is almost completely in the hands of the Portuguese merchants and the mercantile houses represented at Para. Manaus, with a population of 15,000, is the most flourishing town west of Para. The other settlements, with few exceptions, are straggling villages inhabited mainly by negroes, Indians, and half-breeds. The forests of the Amazon, consisting mainly of hard wood, are not available for commercial requirements. The finest of rosewood and mahogany are used there for firewood. Even if there were a demand for the hardwood lumber at Para, it could not be logged and brought to market on a large scale, owing to the density of the woods and the lack of roads and clearings. The one tree which is a source of wealth in these immense forests is the rubber tree. It is found everywhere, from the low-lying delta opposite Para to the Tapajos, the Madeira, and the Negro, and probably thousands of miles beyond those great tributaries. In the interior roads are impracticable, and the rubber trees that are milked lie along the rivers, where the farms can be approached. The milk can only be drawn at certain levels of the river, for the trunks of the trees are often fifteen or twenty feet under water after the rainy seasons. When the conditions are favorable, the bark of the trees is tapped and the milk drawn off in cups, to be compacted and rolled together layer by layer like a snowball. It is then cooked or smoked over a fire made of sticks—a process that involves contraction in cooling and imparts elasticity to the substance—and then it is ready for shipment to Para and New York. The operation of such farms and the opening of new veins of trees in the trackless swamps and forests, require the employment of native labor under the most inclement conditions of equatorial heat and rains. If there be any quarter of the world where nature seems to command inaction and indolence, it is in these vast stretches of the Amazonian forest. Nowhere else can existence be sustained with so small an expenditure of effort. On an acre of cleared land, beans can be raised in sufficient quantity to keep soul and body together, with the adventitious aid of nuts and fruit from the woods. A torpid, somnolent existence seems to be the imperious requirement of the climate. The Indians, half-breeds, and negroes in the villages can live, if they choose to do so, with what may be described as the minimum of human labor involved in obtaining a livelihood. They instinctively resist all appeals to ambition and self-interest. The efforts of rubber farmers and agents to induce them to share in the dangers and labor involved in exploring the forest and striking new veins of rubber trees are ordinarily futile; and the employment of even the poorest labor is carried on under great difficulties.

THE SONNET—A CLUSTER OF BRILLIANTS

The Sun-God—Aubrey De Vere—Poems

I saw the Master of the Sun. He stood
 High in his luminous car, himself more bright;
 An Archer of immeasurable might:
 On his left shoulder hung his quivered load;
 Spurned by his steeds the eastern mountains glowed;
 Forward his eager eye, and brow of light
 He bent; and, while both hands that arch embowed,
 Shaft after shaft pursued the flying night.
 No wings profaned that god-like form; around
 His neck, high-held, an ever-moving crowd
 Of locks hung glittering: while such perfect sound
 Fell from his bowstring, that th' ethereal dome
 Thrilled as a dew-drop; and each passing cloud
 Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam.

A Haunted Room—John Hay—Scribner's

In the dim chamber whence but yesterday
 Passed my beloved, filled with awe I stand;
 And haunting Loves fluttering on every hand
 Whisper her praises who is far away.
 A thousand delicate fancies glance and play
 On every object which her robes have fanned,
 And tenderest thoughts and hopes bloom and expand
 In the sweet memory of her beauty's ray.
 Ah! could that glass but hold the faintest trace
 Of all the loveliness once mirrored there,
 The clustering glory of the shadowy hair
 That framed so well the dear young angel face!
 But no, it shows my own face, full of care,
 And my heart is her beauty's dwelling place.

Thwarted—Jas. N. Matthews—Tempe Vale

At midnight, in an autumn desolate,
 Intent to do an injury, I arose,
 And called upon the deadliest of my foes.
 So fearful was the fury of my hate,
 Malevolent as some avenging fate,
 I sped by moonlight, through the garden close,
 By blighted poppy and by ruined rose,
 And stood at last beside my victim's gate.
 A dim light burned within—softly and still,
 I crept up close against the window sill,
 And paused—then peering through the lighted pane,
 I reeled, as one transfixed at heart and brain,
 For there, God's mercy! on his bended knee,
 I heard my foe—my neighbor—pray for me!

Love, Death, and Time—Frederick Locker

Ah me, dread friends of mine,—Love, Time, and Death:
 Sweet Love, who came to me on shining wing,
 And gave her to my arms—her lips, her breath,
 And all her golden ringlets clustering:
 And Time, who gathers, in the flying years,
 He gave me all, but where is all he gave?
 He took my love and left me barren tears,
 Weary and lone I follow to the grave.
 There Death will end this vision half-divine.
 Wan Death, who waits in shadow evermore,
 And silent, ere he give the sudden sign:
 Oh, gently lead me through thy narrow door,
 Thou gentle Death, thou trustiest friend of mine—
 Ah me, for Love—will Death my love restore?

Hope and Fear—Algernon Charles Swinburne

Beneath the shadow of dawn's aerial cope,
 With eyes enkindled as the sun's own sphere,
 Hope from the front of youth in godlike cheer
 Looks Godward, past the shades where blind men grope
 Round the dark door that prayers nor dreams can open
 And makes for joy the very darkness dear
 That gives her wide wings play; nor dreams that fear
 At noon may rise and pierce the heart of hope.
 Then, when the soul leaves off to dream and yearn,
 May truth first purge her eyesight to discern
 What once being known leaves time no power to appal;
 Till youth at last, ere yet youth be not, learn
 The kind wise word that falls from years that fall,
 "Hope thou not much, and fear thou not at all."

A Love-Brief—William C. Richards—America

Give me short words and sweet—yet strong as sweet!—
 In which to speak the love I bear to thee,
 Who art not slow of Wit's keen sense to see
 How in small coals of fire glows the white heat;
 While, as in straw's tall blaze that lights the street,
 But sinks at once to naught, small warmth may be—
 So, what makes love of worth full oft shall flee
 From large, long words where sense, like sound, is fleet.
 Wide as the sea, and deep, my love I boast,
 Nor gauge it by wild streams, that brawl and rush—
 To flaunt and fling their pride forth in a fall.
 And by my words, as types, I think that most
 Its length and breadth and depth thy cheeks shall flush
 With rose-tints pure as thy sweet name I call.

The Dead March in Saul—P. Tynbee—Academy

I hear it yet, that requiem for the dead—
 The roll of muffled drums, the measured beat,
 Like a world's pulse, of countless marching feet
 Advancing slow with loud and louder tread.
 The mournful thunder crashes overhead,
 And seems with far-off echoes to repeat
 The rumble of the cannon in the street,
 Pealing the knell for him whose soul has sped.
 The long procession passes on its way,
 The lightning flashes faintly through the gloom,
 Above the thunder's growl the charger's neigh
 Comes shrill upon the wind, the cannon boom
 Their last farewell, and he is left for aye
 To sleep in silence in a warrior's tomb.

The Evening Cloud—John Wilson

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow.
 Long had I watched the glory moving on
 O'er the still radiance of the Lake below.
 Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow!
 Even in its very motion there was rest:
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gate of Heaven,
 Where to the eye of Faith it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

GRETTIR, THE OUTLAW—THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS*

The richest valley for grass in all this quarter of Iceland, and the most peopled, is the Waterdale. On the east rises a mountain ridge of precipitous basaltic cliffs, down which leap waterfalls from the snows above. The river on this side rises a long way inland in a mass of lava, and flows through the Valley of Shadows. A little way up this valley is a farm called Thorhall's-*stead*.

In the farm lived a bonder named Thorhall, and his wife. He was not a man of much consideration in the district, and, moreover, his sheep-walks were haunted.

Not a herdsman would remain with him. At last he determined to have the advice of the law-man.

He saddled his horses and rode to Thingvalla. Skapti was the name of the judge then, a man with a long head.

"I can help you," said Skapti. "There is a shepherd with me, a rude, strange man, afraid of neither man nor hobgoblin, and strong as a bull; but he is not clear in his intellect. He is a Swede, named Glam."

Then it was arranged between them that Glam should go in a few months to his new service.

Summer passed, then autumn, and nothing further was heard of Glam. The winter storms began to bluster up the valley from the cold Polar Sea, driving the flying snowflakes and heaping them in drifts.

One gusty night, a violent blow at the door startled all in the farm. In another moment Glam, tall and wild, stood in the hall, his hair matted with frost, his teeth rattling with cold, his face blood-red.

His powerful jaw was furnished with white protruding teeth and about his low brow hung bunches of coarse wolf-gray hair. Time passed, and the shepherd was on the moors every day with the flock; his loud and deep-toned voice was often borne down on the wind as he shouted to the sheep, driving them to the fold. Christmas-eve was raw and windy; masses of gray vapor rolled up from the Arctic Ocean, and hung in piles about the mountain tops. Now and then a scud of frozen fog, covering bar and beam with feathery hoar-frost, swept up the glen. As the day declined, snow began to fall.

When the wind lulled there could be heard the shout of Glam high up on the hillside. Darkness closed in, and with the darkness the snow fell thicker.

The lights were kindled in the church, and every snowflake as it sailed down past the open door burned like a golden feather in the light.

When service was over, and the farmer and his party returned, Glam had not come home. This was strange. Thorhall was uneasy and proposed a search, but no one would go with him. So the family sat up all night listening, trembling, and anxious.

Day broke at last faintly in the south over the great white masses of mountains. Then a party was formed to search for the missing man, on the top of the moor. Here and there a sheep was found shivering under a rock or buried in a snowdrift, but of Glam—not a sign.

Presently the whole party was called together about a spot on the hilltop where the snow was trampled and kicked about; it was clear some desperate struggle had taken place. The snow was also dabbled with frozen blood. A red track led further up the mountain side, and the searchers were following it when a boy uttered a shriek of fear. Behind a rock, he had come on the corpse

of the shepherd lying on its back with arms extended. How Glam had died, by whom killed, no one knew!

Two nights after this one of the thralls burst into the hall with a face blank from terror, staggered to a seat and fainted. On recovering his senses, in a broken voice he assured every one he had seen Glam walking past him, with huge strides, as he left the stable door. The shepherd had turned his head and looked at him fixedly from his great gray staring eyes. On the following day a stable lad was found in a fit under a wall, and he never after recovered his senses. The next day, some of the women saw Glam looking in on them through the dairy window. In the dusk Thorhall himself met the dead man, who stood and glowered at him, but made no attempt to injure his master. Nightly a heavy tread was heard round the house, and a hand groping along the walls, and sometimes a hand came in at the windows—a great coarse hand, that in the red light from the fire seemed steeped in blood.

When spring came round the disturbances lessened, and as the sun obtained full power, ceased altogether.

During the summer a Norwegian vessel came into the fiord; Thorhall went on board and engaged a man named Thorgaut, who soon established himself as a general favorite in the house.

When winter set in strange sights and sounds began to alarm the folk at the farm, but Thorgaut was not troubled; he slept too soundly at night to be disturbed by the heavy tread round the house.

On the day before Yule, as was his wont, Thorgaut drove out the sheep to pasture. Thorhall was uneasy. He said to him: "I pray you be careful, and do not go near the barrow under which Glam was laid."

"Don't fear for me," laughed Thorgaut, "I shall be back in time for supper."

Night settled in, but no Thorgaut arrived. There was little mirth at the table. All were anxious.

The wind was cold and wetting. Blocks of ice were driving about in the bay, grinding against each other, and the sound could be heard far up the valley. Aloft, the aurora flames were lighting up the heavens with an arch of fire. Again, this Christmas night, the dwellers in the farm sat up, waiting in vain for Thorgaut.

Next morning he was found dead, across the barrow of Glam, with his spine and one leg broken. He was brought home and laid in the churchyard.

Matters now rapidly became worse. Outbuildings were broken into at night, and their woodwork rent and shattered; the house door was violently shaken, and great pieces of it were torn away.

Now it fell out that, one morning, Thorhall's wife took her milking cans and went to the cow-house. On reaching the door she heard a terrible sound from within, the bellowing of the cattle, and the deep bell-notes of an unearthly voice. She was so frightened that she dropped her pails and ran back to the house. Thorhall instantly caught up a weapon, and hastened to the cow-house.

On opening the door he found all the cattle loose and goring each other. Slung across the stones was the old serving-man—dead, with his back broken.

Thorhall and his wife felt sure that Glam must have been there, driven the cattle wild, and broken the back of the serving-man as he had done Thorgaut.

* From "Grettir, the Outlaw." By S. Baring Gould.

Thorhall was in great perplexity to know what to do, when Grettir, who had heard of the hauntings, rode to the farm and asked to be accommodated. He said it was his great desire to encounter Glam.

Thorhall was surprised, but not exactly pleased, for he thought the family at Biarg would attribute the wrong to him were anything to happen. Grettir, however, put his horse into the stable, and retired.

Next morning Grettir went with Thorhall to the stable for his horse. The strong wooden door was shivered and driven in. They stepped across it; Grettir called to his horse, but there was no responsive whinny. Grettir dashed into the stall and found his horse dead!

"Now," said Thorhall, "I will give you another horse. You had better ride home at once."

"Not at all. My horse has been killed, and I must avenge it." So Grettir remained.

At bed-time Thorhall crept into a locked bedstead beside the hall; but Grettir merely wrapped himself up in a long fur cloak and flung himself on a bench.

There was a fire burning on the hearth, and by the red light Grettir looked up at the rafters of the blackened roof. The smoke escaped by a louvre in the middle. The wind whistled mournfully. The windows admitted a sickly yellow glare from the full moon. A dog began to bark. Then the cat, sitting demurely watching the fire, suddenly stood up with raised back and bristling tail, and darted behind some chests.

At this moment he heard something that shook all coming sleep out of him. He heard a heavy tread, beneath which the snow crackled. Every footfall went straight to his heart. A crash overhead! The strange visitant had scrambled on the turf roof, and was walking over that. For a moment the chimney gap was completely darkened—the monster was looking down—the flash of the red fire illumined the horrible face with its lack-lustre eyes. Then the moon shone in again, and the heavy tramp of Glam was heard.

Then Grettir heard his steps coming nearer, then the snapping of wood showed that Glam was destroying the outhouse doors. Presently the tread was heard again approaching—this time the main entrance. Grettir thought he could distinguish a pair of great hands thrust in over the broken door. In another moment he heard a loud snap—a long plank had been torn out of place, and the light of the moon shone in.

There was a cross-beam to the door, acting as bolt. Against the gray light Grettir saw a huge black arm thrust in trying to remove the bar. It was done—the broken door was driven in and went down on the floor in shivers. Now Grettir could see a tall dark figure, almost naked, with wild locks of hair about the head, standing in the door-way! That was but a minute, and then Glam came in stealthily. The figure Grettir saw was unlike anything he had seen before. Rags hung from shoulders and waist, the long wolf-gray hair was matted. The eyes were staring and strange. Grettir could hear Thorhall trembling and breathing fast.

Presently Glam's eyes rested on the shaggy bundle by the high seat on the bench. He stepped toward it, and Grettir felt him groping about him. Then Glam laid hold of one end of the fur cloak and began to pull at it. The cloak did not give. Glam seemed puzzled; he went to the other end of the bundle and began to pull at that. Grettir held to the bench, so that he was not moved himself, but the fur cloak was torn in half, and the strange visitant staggered back holding the

portion wonderingly before his eyes. Before he could recover from his surprise, Grettir started to his feet, bent his body, flung his arms round Glam, and driving his head into the breast of the visitor, tried to bend him backward and so snap his spine. In vain! the cold hands grasped Grettir's arms and tore them from their hold. Grettir clasped them again about Glam's body, and then Glam threw his round Grettir, and they began to wrestle. Grettir saw Glam was trying to drag him to the door. He therefore made a desperate resistance. He clung to benches and posts, but the posts gave way, and the benches were torn from their places.

Each moment he was being dragged nearer to the door. Sharply twisting himself loose, Grettir flung his arms round a beam of the roof. He was dragged off his feet at once. Glam clenched him about the waist, and tore at him to get him loose. Every tendon in Grettir's breast was strained; still he held on. The nails of Glam cut into his side like knives, then Grettir's hands gave way. He could endure the strain no longer, and Glam drew him toward the doorway.

Now, the door-posts were of stone, and the beam that had served as bolt, slid into hollows on either side of the door-posts. As the wrestlers neared the opening, Grettir planted both his feet against the stone posts, and put his arms round Glam. He called to Thorhall, but Thorhall was too frightened to leave his refuge.

"Now," thought Grettir, "if I only could break his back!" Then drawing Glam to him by the middle, he put his head beneath the chin of his opponent and forced back the head. If he could only drive the head far enough back he would break his neck.

At that moment both door-posts gave way; down crashed the gable-trees, ripping away beams and rafters.

Glam fell on his back outside the door, Grettir on top of him. Large white clouds chased each other across the sky. Grettir's strength was failing, his hands quivered on the snow, and he knew he could not support himself from dropping flat on the dreadful visitant.

Then Glam spoke: "You have done ill matching with me; know now that never shall you be stronger than to-day, and that, to your dying day, whenever you are in the dark you will see my eyes staring at you, so that for very horror you will not dare be alone."

At this moment Grettir saw his short sword slip from his belt into the snow. He put out his hand, clutched the handle, and with a blow cut off Glam's head.

Thorhall came out at this juncture, his face blanched. When he saw how the fray had ended, he joyfully assisted Grettir to roll the dead man to the top of a pile of faggots, collected for winter fuel. Fire was applied, and soon far down the Waterdale the flames of the pyre startled folks, making them wonder what new horror was being enacted in the Vale of Shadows.

* * * * *

And now we may well ask, what truth is there in the story? That there is a basis of truth cannot be denied.

Further up the valley stood an old fortress of some robbers, with many caves about it convenient for shelter. Now, it is not improbable that some madman, taking refuge in this safe retreat, came out at night in search of food, and carried off the sheep of Thorhall. It may be that Glam caught him attempting to steal sheep, and fought with him, and was killed, and in like manner Thorgaut. Then, when people saw a great wild man wandering about, they thought it was Glam, whereas it must have been the man who killed Glam.

THE SKETCH BOOK—CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

— *The Squarest un Among 'Em—Detroit Free Press* —

The charitable ladies from the hospital stood beside a little newly-made grave in the potter's field, over which the preacher had said the last prayer for the departed child soul. One kind-faced lady, turning to walk down the narrow path, saw a ragged newsboy standing beside one of the mounds. She had seen dozens of newsboys of the same type every day—had passed them by unnoticed on her way to the cemetery that afternoon—yet it was strange to find this boy in such a place, and there was something in the face bent toward the poor mound that tempted her to speak.

"Why, what brings you here, my little man?"

The boy looked up in astonishment. Dropping his eyes, as if to hide traces of tears, he answered:

"I—I thought I'd jest come out and see where it was they put Jim."

"And who was Jim? Tell me about him."

"Jim? There wern't nothin' much about Jim, 'ceptin' he was my pal, and he died. They wouldn't let me see him when he was sick and I thought I'd like to find which one of these was his'n. They hain't give him so much as a board to mark it."

"Did you like Jim?"

"Like him? Didn't I, though? You just bet I did! He was the squarest un among 'em. Never took a cent he didn't earn at shines or sellin', and was allers fair at penny-ante. He made the others play fair, too. Why, I seen him scoop in twelve cents all to onct—fair play, too. Then the littlest fellow in the crowd he cried 'cause he lost his two cents and couldn't have no supper, and Jim up and gave him ten cents and buyed a doughnut with the other two cents for himself, and give me half, 'cause he allers looked out for me, I bein' smaller'n him. We liked each other, I can tell ye, Jim and me. He left me his newspaper bag and this here piece o' caliker, what he wanted me allers to keep. 'Taint nothin' worth nothin', but he thought a sight of it. Ye see 'twas like this: One day last winter, he'd been trying all the mornin' and hadn't sold a paper, and he was so cold he was a-runnin' and hollerin' ter keep him a little warm, he happens to think of this in his pocket. He stops short and takes it out and looks at it and puts it back in his pocket and buttons his coat tight on it and runs on. A cop what sees him do it comes runnin' after him, thinkin' he was gettin' off with something he'd been a-thievin'. And he ketches a-holt of Jim in a way as Jim said as hurt him, and he says to show him what he's stole and come along with him. Then Jim stands up as prompt as he can, bein' held so tight, and says he, a-takin' out this bit of caliker:

"'It's a piece of my mother's dress, sir. It's all I've got as was hers. I keeps it in my pocket, and I looks at it when things goes hard, and it helps me to sell.'"

"And it did help him that time, for the folks as was standin' round, hearin' it, crowded up to buy his papers fast as he could hand 'em out. He sold most a hundred papers that day, and that night him and me went to a restrin' and had such a supper of hot stew and things as ye never eat. I keeps the kaliker 'cause he left it fer me with the woman at the hospital.

"I wanted to do something for him, but I'm broke just now and can't. Business ain't so brisk since he

ain't in partnership with me no longer. I hain't got nothin' ter leave here with him 'ceptin' this. I took it out of a store where there was a new party jist movin' in. He had a likin' for them advertisin' cards."

The lady glanced down at the little mound of earth, where the boy had placed a pasteboard card from a shop window. The writing was blurred and illegible, except the two words in large letters:

"REMOVED TO —."

— *Brother Jasper's Dream—Louisville Courier-Journal* —

Fellah-freemen, you all know me. I are Abraham Jasper, a republican from way back. When there have been any work to do, I has done it. When there has been any votin' to do, I has voted early and often. When there has been any fightin' to do, I has been in the thick of it. I are above proof, old line, and tax paid. And I has seed many changes, too. I has seed the republicans up. I has seen the democrats up. But I is yit to see the nigger up. 'Tother night I had a dream. I dreamt that I died and went to heaven. When I got to de pearly gates, ole Salt Peter, he says:

"Who's dar?" says he.

"Abraham Jasper," says I.

"Is you mounted, or is you afoot?" says he.

"I is afoot," says I.

"Well, you can't git in here," says he. "Nobody's 'lowed in here 'cept them as come mounted," says he.

"Dat's hard on me," says I, "arter comin' all dis distance." But he neber says nothin' mo', and so I starts back, an' about half way down de hill who does I meet but General Willum Mahone.

"Whar is you gwine, general?" says I.

"I is gwine to heaven," says he.

"Why, gen'l, says I, tain't no use. I's just been up dar an' nobody's 'lowed to get in 'cept dey comes mounted, an' you's afoot."

"Is dat so?" says he.

"Yes, it is," says I.

Well, de gen'l sorter scratched his head, an' arter awhile he says, says he: "Abraham, I tell you what let's do. You is a likely lad. Suppose you git down on all fours an' I'll mount and ride you in, and dat way we kin both git in."

"Gen'l," says I, "do you think you could work it?"

"I know I kin," says he.

So down I gits on all fours, and de gen'l gits a-straddle, an' we ambles up de hill agin an' prances up to de gate, and ole Salt Peter says:

"Who's dar?"

"Gen'l Willum Mahone of Virginey," says he.

"Is you mounted or is you afoot?" says Peter.

"I is mounted," says de gen'l.

"All right," says Peter, "all right," says he; "jest hitch your hoss outside, gen'l, and come right in."

— *The Little Circus Rider—Morton—Pittsburg Dispatch* —

Circus day had arrived. After weeks of advertising, the great Forepaugh show was in town. The citizens of — and vicinity had turned out in large numbers, and the huge pavilion was packed from top to bottom. Little Irena, the child bareback rider, pictures of whom had for days decorated the walls and windows, was going to appear, and the vast audience was in a high state

of excitement. The clowns were in despair; in vain they exerted themselves; the jokes fell flat. The principal riders and gymnasts were at their best, but their acts brought but slight recognition from the audience. Little Irena was the attraction they had come to see.

At last the ring-master announces her, the drums roll out a grand triumph at entry, the curtains separating the dressing tent from the great pavilion are pulled aside, and with one bound a huge black horse, bearing upon his back a tiny figure in white, springs into the arena. As the star of the evening appears a wave of applause, mingled with murmurs of admiration and surprise, burst from the great audience. The rare, spiritual beauty of the child, for she is not above ten years of age, takes all hearts by storm.

As the horse hears the applause his eyes sparkle wickedly and he rears slightly, but is quickly brought down by the whip of his small mistress. "Selim is in one of his tantrums to-night," whispers the clown to the ring-master. "Yes; God forbid that anything should happen," the latter returns. Twirling and throwing kisses from her tiny hand, the little artist dashes around the ring. The ordinary acts, jumping banners and darting through hoops, are gone through with, and now comes the grand closing act of his performance, the escape of a Circassian girl from her Turkish captors. Lying close to the horse's back, the child urges him to a swift gallop. As she passes the second time around the ring, from the dressing tent dashes a rider, habited as an Oriental. He beholds the flying figure and, with a yell of triumph, he sweeps in swift pursuit. Then begins the apparent race for life and liberty. With visions of the slave life that awaits her, the supposed fugitive urges on her animal. With the instinct of rare dramatic talent the child enters heartily into the play. Her sweet face grows pale, her eyes take on a hunted, yet determined expression; with whip and caress she encourages the flying steed.

Faster and faster around the ring sweep pursuer and pursued. Slowly but surely the Turk gains upon the child. Now comes the climax. Glancing over her shoulder the supposed Circassian beholds the near approach of the would-be captor. With the recklessness of a last chance, she rises to a standing position, and drawing a revolver from her belt she fires twice at the pursuer. The Turk reels in his saddle. For a moment he struggles to maintain his position, and then with an imprecation he slides from his animal's back and lies prostrate in the dust.

The play has been exciting, and the audience has watched its different phases with breathless interest. As the Turk falls a roar of delight rises to their lips, but it never finds vent, and the next instant suddenly changes to a murmur of horror.

To properly finish the act, and to illustrate tender forgiveness as the Turk falls, the girl is supposed to jump from her saddle and bend over her foe, raising his head to her lap and attempting to relieve his sufferings, forming a pretty tableau which always brought quiet recognition from the audience. Hitherto the black horse has always stopped at the report of the pistol, but to-night, with a snort of rage he seizes the bit in his teeth and continues his mad race around the track. In vain the child attempts to check him. Suddenly he slackens his pace and springing into the air, throws himself down and rolls over the tiny figure on his back, then jumping up he rears and brings his fore-

feet down upon the prostrate child, then turns and darts past the ring-master, into the dressing tent.

The tumult that follows baffles description. Women and children faint, hundreds of men spring to their feet and start for the ring. Foremost in the rush is a stout, gray-haired, middle-aged man, who throws aside with unusual strength the men who stand in his way. It is the old showman himself. He kneels beside the little bruised form and gently lifts the small head. The clustering golden curls are damp with blood. She suffers terribly, yet as she feels the touch of old Adam, the soft blue eyes open, and mingled with the pain comes a look of love unutterable, and the little hand seeks his. Since the death of her father, a member of an excellent English family, who had been disowned by his family for marrying her mother, a circus rider, who died at the birth of Irena, old Adam has been the being upon whom she had lavished all her affection, and in turn the sweet adoration of the child has won her a place in the old showman's heart, and never had she seemed so dear as now. Now as she lay dying, for little Irena was dying, at the first glance the old showman knows that the child is doomed.

What a scene! The dying child lying in the thick sawdust—for they dared not move her—her head resting on old Adam's knee, surrounded by the members of the troupe, in their bright-colored costumes, and hundreds of her late auditors.

"Papa Ad," the sweet voice murmured, "I'm so glad you came, I wanted you near when I die."

The tears spring to the old showman's eyes, and his gruff voice assumes womanly tenderness: "Poor little sunlight, don't talk of dying; you must live, little one."

"Oh, I hate to leave you," the child returns; "you have been so kind to me, but I am going to my own dear papa; but I want you to promise me one thing; you loved me as if I was your own little girl, didn't you?"

"Yes, darling, yes."

"Then promise me when I die you will bury me beside my own papa? Don't put me with strangers."

A loud wail from the clown, down whose cheek the tears have made channels through the paint, is answered by the sobs of the assembled auditors. Old Adam bends over the child, his lips press her brow, his utterance is choked, as he says: "It shall be as you wish, little one." Low as his voice is, the child hears the promise, and a sweet smile for a moment wreaths the pallid lips. The next instant a spasm shakes the little form, the face grows livid, the eyes open and close rapidly, the lips quiver.

"You won't—forget—my—papa."

The sweet voice stops, and little Irena is dead.

An instant of utter silence, then the audience steal quietly away, and the old showman and his troupe are left alone with their dead idol. That night the pavilion is in darkness, and in the parlor at the hotel the company are congregated around a little coffined body.

The child's wish was sacredly carried out, and in the cemetery at Brainard, Minn., stands a marble monument of exquisite design, upon which is written "Little Irena and her own papa," erected by papa "Ad."

—*Mickey Finn's Canaries*—E. Jarrold—N. Y. Eve. Sun—

There were striking indications in the landscape of Cooney Island that spring had come. The fields were beginning to blush with a greenish tinge of color and the brooks were swollen with the melted snow. Mickey Finn's goat was glad. Mrs. Finnegan's goslings showed

signs of gratification, and the humble human dwellers in the locality stood in their back doors and looked off toward the south, as if waiting for the advent of smiling May. A gentle rain was falling upon the dilapidated roof of Michael Finn's cabin, and his wife placed a wooden pail in position in the kitchen to catch the drip, drip, which had been making its way through the roof for the past two hours. Then she proceeded to put the praties in the skillet ready to place on the fire. The cabbage had to be cut up, too, and as Mrs. Finn busied herself with the task she remarked:

"Oh, my; oh, my; isn't it awful rain? I dunno will it ever sthop! Shure my Mickey'll be dhrowneded through an' through, an' sorra dhry stitch have I t' put an him whin he comes home from school!"

It occurred to the good woman that she might find something dry for her boy to wear in the old trunk which her husband had brought from Ireland, and which lay in the only other room which the cabin afforded, and thither Mrs. Finn made her way. While rummaging in the trunk many were the relics of days gone by which she brought to light. Among these were keepsakes given her by Mickey's father when they were coortin' at home in Ireland many a long year ago. There was the ribbon he had given her when he returned from the fair, now faded and worn, but still dear for the sake of its memories.

Just as she had taken her husband's wedding trousers from the trunk with the intention of having them ready for her boy, she was aroused by a crunching noise in the kitchen. Mickey's old gray goat, finding the good woman absent from the kitchen, had quietly entered and was regaling himself on the head of cabbage which Mrs. Finn had cut up but a short time before to put in the pot for supper. Breaking in upon the goat's repast with a stove lifter in her hand, Mrs. Finn exclaimed:

"Oh, ye thafe's breed, ye! Ye dirty divvle. I de-clar' t' me goodness ye'd stale th' holes out iv a flute. Bad sess t' th' bit will ye get this noight for that thrick!"

The goat retired very slowly, but when his horns had been turned away from her Mrs. Finn materially assisted his progress with a shove. As she was about to close the door, Mrs. Finn saw Mickey coming through the rain. With uplifted hands and with an expression of horror on her face, Mrs. Finn said:

"Och, Mickey, Mickey; why did ye sthay out in that wet rain? Shure ye're soaked to th' skhin, an' ye'll catch ye're death o' cowl'd."

While being relieved of his wet clothing and robed in his father's trousers and vest, which gave him the baggy appearance of a scarecrow, little Mike told his mother that on his way home from school he had gone to Peter Dolan's house to see the canaries.

"But in th' name of Finn McCool, why didn't ye wait until some sunshiny day?" asked Mrs. Finn.

"Mother dear, O mother; if ye only seen thim wanst ye'd go t' see thim agin, rain or shine, so ye would, they're that purty! Two o' th' purtiest little yalla burds that iver ate grass seed! Pether has thim in a big cage on th' wall, so he has, an' ye has t' git an laddher t' see thim. An', mother dear, shure they has four weeny-weeshy little burds, all covered wid soft yalla wool, an' they cheep an' cherrup at th' ould father an' mother for all th' world just like little babies. An' th' ould mother burd does be feedin' thim little bits o' what she do be atin' herself. An' th' ould father looked at me as much as t' say that I darn't go

near thim. Faix, mother, I'd like t' have wan o' thim little burds, but I can't airn anny more money wid my scroll saw because it's bruk. Pether put me up on th' laddher t' look at thim, an' when I was up th' divvle says t' me, 'Mickey, phy don't ye sthale wan o' thim little yalla burds?' An' d'ye know, mother, that me fingers was itchin' t' git hold o' wan o' thim! But I says me little prayer an' th' divvle went awa'. Mother, dear, would ye buy me wan o' thim little burds?"

The boy's eyes sought his mother's face with such a gaze of wistful entreaty that her heart was touched.

"Arrah, darlint, asthore, I can't buy ye wan now, but wait till we sell th' chickens, an' I'll thry thin."

When little Mike drew near to the stove and huddled down trying to get warm, and afterward he could eat no supper, his mother knew that something was wrong. Placing her hand upon her boy's shoulder, she said:

"Asthore, macree, what ails ye?"

"Mother dear," little Mike answered, "I'm very cowl'd, an' me head's akin'—but the little yalla burds, mother! If ye only seen thim! Dear, dear, but me back has th' toothache, it's akin me that hard. They feeds 'em oats an' bread crumbs. Oh, dear, oh, dear, me head is bustin'. I'm sheverin' an' I can't get war-rum! Shure, if I had wan o' thim yalla——"

"Niver moind th' burds, Mickey. You're sick. Ye got yer fate wet an' ye hav' yer back load o' cowl'd now. But niver moind, acushla. I'll soon fix ye. I'll soak yer fate in hot water an' mustard, so I will. Ye shall have a dhrop o' hot dhrink. Whin ye're in bed I'll cover ye wid me warrum flannin petticoat, asthore. Ye'll be betther in th' mornin'."

But when Mr. Finn came home in the evening he was sent off in haste after Dr. Chorker. For little Mike had a high fever and was raving about the "little yalla burds" which in fancy he saw sitting on the foot of his trundle bed. When the doctor arrived he felt of the bounding pulse and the heated brow of the sufferer.

"I'm afraid it's a case of pneumonia."

"Newmonya!" exclaimed Mrs. Finn, in horror. "Faith, ye're mistaken, wid all yer l'arnin'. Thare's no dog afther bitin' my Mickey. No, no, dochter, dear. Faix yer a smart man, so ye are, an' devil's the wan'll deny it; but it's not the newmonya, it's not that. Arrah, dochter, say it's not that! Do, dear man! Jist say it's a bad cowl'd he has jist, an' no more!"

"That's just what ails him, Mrs. Finn. He has a bad cold, and nothing more."

"Oh, I thought ye were foolin' me, dochter dear. Settled in his bones, I suppose?"

"In his chest."

"Ah, ha; in his chest, is it! Well, I'll soon hav' it out o' thare wid flaxseed. But d'ye know he has something on his moind, d'ye see, dochter. His lips is mut-terin', an' he's that distressed he does be kickin' the nice warrum flannin petticoat off th' bed, so he does."

"He isn't in love, is he?" joked the doctor.

"No, it's all about th' little yalla burds he seen down be Pether Dolan's. I think if he had wan o' thim he'd be cured entoirely without th' flaxseed."

In a few minutes the doctor was in possession of the whole story about the canaries. He knew that the sight of one of the feathered songsters when the boy awoke from his delirium would do more to hasten his recovery than any medicine from the mineral or vegetable kingdom. As he drove slowly up the Old Point road thinking how a canary or two could be procured

for the boy, an idea came to him which seemed like an inspiration. He slapped his knee gleefully and laughed inwardly as he said: "It's just the thing. It's cheap, and the mother and boy will be delighted."

Many were the sleepless vigils of Mrs. Finn at the bedside of her boy. Tenderly she soothed his heated brow. Carefully she watched the cracked stove and kept the room at the proper temperature.

How exact she was as to the time for giving him his medicine! Many a morning did the elder Finn go without his breakfast rather than to disturb the fevered slumberer. Even the goat seemed subdued during that critical period. At least Mrs. Finn thought so, although it was probably a fancy on her part.

The crisis came at last. One morning the light was trying to steal through a crack in the closed blinds when the doctor came. He carried a bird-cage covered with paper. He looked at the sick boy and told his mother that a few hours would decide his fate.

While little Mike slept the doctor stepped on a chair and hung the cage on a nail over the window. The blinds were open now so that the cage and its contents would be distinctly visible from the bed. Worn with her long siege of sleepless nights, Mrs. Finn dropped asleep in her chair and was awakened by a feeble chuckle of delight. Raising her eyes to the bed they rested on the wan face of her boy radiant with joy. He was looking at the cage.

"Luk, luk, mother," he cried feebly. "There's three o' thim burds from Pether Dolan's! A yalla wan, a red wan, an' a blue wan! Did ye buy thim, mother?"

"No, th' docther brung thim, lad."

The crisis had passed and little Mike improved rapidly. When the doctor came that evening Mrs. Finn met him at the door, with her finger upon her lip.

As the door of the sick-room opened to the doctor, the goat slipped in before him, and nosed around among the medicine bottles standing on a chair, till they fell upon the floor and broke. Then billy contentedly ate several dozen pellets of aconite and belladonna, while the boy sat up in bed and grinned in delight.

"How is he?" said the doctor.

"Shure, he's worth tin dead b'ys," said the delighted mother. "It was th' little burds as did it. But ain't you a foine decaiver t' be paintin' little chicks wid red an' blue an' yaller paint an' passin' 'em off for canaries!"

—*The London Cheap Lodging House—From Leisure Hour—*

Most of those who resort to the common lodging house are driven thereto by stress of circumstances. The average lodger is a man whose worldly possessions are covered by the hat he wears, which last is pretty sure to be in a shabby condition. The man with a good hat keeps out of the common lodging house; he has still a position in the world, or if he has lost it, is not without hopes of recovering it. The lodger, as a rule, has lost everything. He may have had a comfortable home, a pleasing wife, and loving children. The home was broken up; the wife is dead; the children in the workhouse—there they may stay for him; his misfortunes have deteriorated him. The parish officers are looking for him, but it is not difficult to evade them. In many cases drink has worked the ruin; but we may find those who have never given way to any excess, and yet have fallen thus low; nothing is easier than to fall; the chasm is ever yawning for its victims, and how few are they who struggle once more to the surface. And yet the aspect of the kitchen of a decent lodging house is any-

thing but lugubrious. Here is an interior which is undeniably bright and pleasant on a cool winter's evening. An enormous kitchen, at either end of which blazes a magnificent fire. Lodgers are coming in; they have paid their shot, and are sure of warmth and comfort for another night. The deal tables are well scrubbed and clean, the gas jets flare cheerily, and men gathered about the fireplaces are busily cooking the provisions they have brought with them. Potatoes are being boiled, sausages are frying, and chops and steaks are broiling on the long grid that stretches from end to end of the fireplace. That red-faced man who occupies the post of honor on the bench nearest the fire, and who smokes his pipe while he exchanges airy badinage with the people cooking their victuals, is an old habitué of the house. The old hands call him doctor, and treat him with respect, and he can generally hold his own with new comers who are disposed to slight his presidential authority. Only the parson ventures to engage him in a serious battle of words—a tall, thin man, in a long, black coat, who is frying sausages over the fire. The parson, according to general report, has a rich wife, and a fine house somewhere down in the country; but he prefers the freedom and license of a lodging house to the gilded chains of home; and it may be said that whenever he opens his mouth he brings the conversation down to a still lower depth than before. Still, apart from such accidental pre-eminence, a spirit of equality reigns; and as the crowd of lodgers thickens, individual characteristics are lost in the general bustle and movement. There are lockers all around the kitchen, where the regular lodgers leave their little table requisites—a plate or two, a knife and fork, and, if happy enough to possess one, a teapot. But there is a friendly give-and-take among the lodgers generally. But Sunday is perhaps the time to see the lodging house in full swing, as the bells are ringing for church, and well-dressed people are thronging the streets on their way to their various temples. The proportion who attend church, or any other place of worship, from the lodging house, would require for its statement a decimal point and a very long row of noughts, before any substantial figure was reached. The lodger lies in bed as long as he can—the deputy is polite enough to call him up, and insists upon his obeying the call, about 10 A.M.—and from that time till noon the lodger occupies himself in cooking what may be termed either a late breakfast or an early dinner, and in washing his shirt. It is rarely that the lodger has more than one, and while that one is hanging up to dry, he lounges about in the airiest of costumes smoking his pipe, and giving a finishing touch to the fry or the broil. By noon, or thereabouts, our lodger's shirt is dry, and he puts it on, and bringing out any little adornment he may possess in the way of scarf, he dresses, and with some fellow-lodger turns out jauntily into the street. This is when the streets are most thickly crowded with pedestrians; and the comparative absence of wheeled traffic makes the scene all the more remarkable. Lodging houses, model dwellings, rows of workmen's cottages, empty themselves into the streets, and the crowd, mingling with the streams of people from church fill up the broad causeways of the main thoroughfares.

As 1 o'clock strikes the crowd suddenly becomes thinner—the public houses have opened, and the promenade ends with a visit to the pump room, that glittering and friendly bar, the attractions of which have helped so ably to land our friends in the common lodging house.

THE LAST BENEDICTION—A TROOPER'S STORY.*

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was a sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.

"'Tis the priests' doing!" was the word passed round;
So that, although since daybreak under arms—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends—piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel hat and long black coat were seen
Flying in the distance.

Up a narrow street
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top, right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,
Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges.

Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out.
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound,
In such dangerous defile, not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear.

There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when marching.

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,
Fronting a convent.

Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it—black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
Our men went down before them.

By platoons
Firing we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Was in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done—
And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
Under the huddled masses of the dead,
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps
While in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open.

We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass.

So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,

That, as I speak, it comes before me now—
The convent built in old time by the Moors;
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.

I, certes, in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
That once by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax candle burning on the altar.

This time, however, I was awed—so blanched
Was that old man!

"Shoot him!" our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning round,
He faced us with the elevated Host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the Cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.

And then intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us—

Vos benedicat
Deus Omnipotens!

The captain's order
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear!"

Then one of ours, a dastard,
Levelled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
Set upward, and indomitably stern.

Pater et Filius! Came the words.

What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.

The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
Held himself up; and strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated Host.

For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard,
Et Sanctus Spiritus!

He said: and, ending
His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood,
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
Of such a shameless murder and at sight
Of such a martyr.

With a chuckling laugh,
Amen!
Drawled out a drummer-boy.

* Translated from the French of François Coppée.

BY WHOSE HAND—THE MYSTERY OF A MURDER*

I had stood before my great dressing-table until my limbs were well-nigh paralyzed. I had stared at that white-faced woman in the glass until I loathed her image. Over and over I had mechanically fingered the silver-backed brushes and cut-glass toilet bottles. At least fifty times had I drawn the pins from the plump, yellow satin cushion and then apathetically restored them to their places. Again and again had I resolved to go to bed and wait until morning; and as often had I said determinedly, "No, it must be to-night."

I raised my heavy eyes as the clock slowly struck. Midnight! I had stood there three hours—waiting.

It was nothing new to wait for him. When, indeed, had I not done that after the first few weeks of our marriage? Our marriage! As in a dream I saw it. Saw the old stone church; the altar; the afternoon sun falling on the gay wedding party; the pretty silken gown I wore; yes, the ring he put upon my hand.

That was six years ago. To-night I stand here waiting for him, with treachery in his heart and lies upon his lips. Hoodwinked, deceived, cheated for years.

I know how he will come, confident, smiling, careless, to my door and bid me an indifferent "good-night"; then away to dream of his latest conquest. But that he shall not to-night. He shall hear every word I have to say. He shall listen while I tell him of the awful, the frightful secret I have discovered to-day in my household. Then—hark! He is coming up the stairs.

With an unaccountable impulse I extinguish the light and fling myself upon my bed. After all I cannot see him. I will wait until to-morrow.

His step is at my door. He stands, one hand holding back the portière, looking straight at me.

"Angèle," he says.

I do not answer. I breathe as one asleep. He listens a moment, then there is the faint tinkling of rings as the curtain is dropped and he is gone.

Gone!—relieved to find me fast asleep.

* * * * *

I was dimly conscious that it was morning. The gray dawn had stolen into the room. I still lay where I had flung myself on my pillows. It was many seconds before I realized where I was, then slowly consciousness returned. I rose wearily and looked about me.

Suddenly, with a rush, came memory, thrusting a mocking face in mine and pointing an accusing finger at me. O the agony, the despair of that moment! I staggered to my feet and looked wildly about for some aid, some assistance, some hope.

My eyes fell upon the *prie-dieu* in the corner and then upon the carved ivory crucifix hanging above it. The next instant I was grovelling before it.

As I fell upon my knees, before my lips had trembled into a prayer, there came the sound of knocking. It was like the falling of earth clods upon a coffin lid.

From a child, the knocking at the gate in Macbeth had always puzzled and terrified me, and now, as I knelt there in despair, every knock upon the door of my husband's room seemed to resound through my frozen heart, and waves of terror rushed over me as I recalled the dread knocking of the murdered Duncan.

Still the sounds continued, and I could hear my

*From "By Whose Hand," by Edith Sessions Tupper.

husband's valet shake the door. At times he called "Mr. Dalrymple—sir;" but there was no answer.

I rose from my knees without having uttered one prayer. Pushing back the portières, I looked into the hall. Williams stood before Rex's door.

"What is the matter, Williams?" I asked.

"Indeed, ma'am, I do not know. I cannot seem to rouse Mr. Dalrymple; and him a light sleeper, too."

"Go around through the Professor's room," I said.

There was a rustle on the stairs above me. I looked up. Satane stood there, her purple-black hair tumbling over her white dressing-gown. As she leaned over the baluster and fixed her marvellous eyes upon me, her beauty was so dazzling, as to seem unearthly.

"What is it, Angèle?" she asked.

"Oh! Rex has overslept, and Williams——" I never finished the sentence, for at that moment an awful cry was heard. It came from within my husband's room. Then there was the sound of the key, quick turning, the door was flung open, and Williams, white, gasping, panting, staggered forth. He tried to speak, but could only raise his trembling hands in agonized appeal.

"For God's sake, speak!" cried Satane, as she clutched his arm; "tell us, what has happened!"

Beyond this cowering, frightened man, through the open door, I could see my husband's bed.

Without one word, one question, I pushed Williams desperately out of my way and rushed in.

"Don't look at him, don't look at him." But standing by the bed, I stared at what lay there.

He was dead—dead. He had died in horrible agony. His beautiful head was thrown back, back—and on his firm, round, white throat, the throat I had so often covered with kisses, were four hideous livid marks.

It may have been minutes, it may have been hours, after that that some one—who was it!—of the group of screaming, terror-stricken servants, cried:

"The snake! look, the snake's cage is open."

Fascinated by the awful sight, I had stood as if changed to stone, until this cry penetrated my dulled senses.

At the farther end of the next room stood the cage containing the cobra, which the Professor had brought from India a month since. In the front of this cage was a sheet of plate glass, which was raised and lowered like a window. It was now wide open, and through it could be seen a moving object.

The servants were shrieking and pushing each other. The Professor's Hindoo servant crouched near the cage, seemingly transfixed with horror.

Suddenly, through the excited group, with her gliding, sinuous grace, came the Señorita. She approached the cage with a waving, undulating movement and coolly closed the glass door. Then she snapped her fingers scornfully at the frightened servants, and hissed:

"Fools—cowards! Bah!"

Suddenly, from across the room, her eyes met mine. Narrowing, dilating—narrowing again, they held me. That glance was like the blink of the cobra herself.

With an effort I released my fascinated gaze, as Williams wildly cried out: "Yes, that damned Hindoo nigger must have forgotten to close the cage last night. The snake has killed my poor master."

Then I heard no more.

THE INNER MAN—CONCERNING BODILY REFRESHMENT

— *Concerning Food and Sleep—The American Analyst* —

Going to bed with a well-filled stomach is the essential prerequisite of refreshing slumber. The cautions so often reiterated in old medical journals against late suppers were directed chiefly to the bibulous habits of those early times. When at every late feast the guests not unseldom drank themselves under the table, or needed strong assistance to reach their couch, the canon against such indulgence was not untimely. Nature and common sense teach us that a full stomach is essential to quiet repose. Every man who has found it difficult to keep awake after a hearty dinner has answered the problem for himself. There are few animals that can be trained to rest until after they are fed. Man, as he comes into the world, presents a condition it would be well for him to follow in all his after-life. The sweetest minstrel ever sent out of paradise cannot sing a newborn child to sleep on an empty stomach. We have known reckless nurses to give the little ones a dose of paregoric or soothing syrup in place of its cup of milk, when it was too much trouble to get the latter, but this is the one alternative. The little stomach of the sleeping child, as it becomes gradually empty, folds on itself in plaits; two of these make it restless; three will open its eyes, but by careful soothing these may be closed again; four plaits and the charm is broken; there is no more sleep in that household until that child has been fed. It seems to us so strange that with this example before their eyes full-grown men are so slow to learn the lesson. The farmer does it for his pig, who would squeal all night if it were not fed at the last moment, and the groom knows that his horse will paw in his stall until he has had his meal. But when he wishes to sleep himself he never seems to think of it. To sleep, the fulness of the blood must leave the head; to digest the eaten food the blood must come to the stomach. Thus, sleep and digestion are natural allies; one helps the other. Man, by long practice, will train himself to sleep on an empty stomach, but it is more the sleep of exhaustion than the sleep of refreshment. He wakes up after such a troubled sleep feeling utterly miserable until he has had a cup of coffee or some other stimulant, and he has so injured the tone of his stomach that he has little appetite for breakfast. Whereas, one who allows himself to sleep after a comfortable meal awakes strengthened, and his appetite has been quickened by that preceding indulgence. The difficulty in recovery comes from the fact that we are such creatures of our habits it is impossible to break away from them without persistent effort. In this case the man who has eaten nothing after 6 o'clock and retires at 10 or 11 takes to bed an empty stomach, upon which the action of the gastric juices makes him uncomfortable all the night. If he proposes to try our experiment he will sit down and eat a tolerably hearty meal. He is unaccustomed to this at that hour and has a sense of discomfort with it. He may try it once or twice, or even longer, and then he gives it up, satisfied that for him it is a failure. The true course is to begin with just one or two mouthfuls the last thing before going to bed. And this should be light food, easily digested. No cake or pastry should be tolerated. One mouthful of cold roast beef, cold lamb, cold

chicken, and a little crust of bread will do to begin with, or, what is better yet, a spoonful or two of Borden's condensed milk (not the sweetened that comes in cans) in three times as much warm water. Into this cut half a pared peach and two or three little squares of bread, the whole to be one-fourth or one-sixth of what would be a light lunch. Increase this very gradually, until at the end of a month or six weeks the patient may indulge in a bowl of milk, two peaches, with a half hard roll or a crust of home-made bread. When peaches are gone take baked apples with the milk till strawberries come, and eat the latter till peaches return again. This is the secret of our health and vitality. We often work until after midnight, but eating the comfortable meal is the last thing we do every night of the year. This is not an untried experiment or one depending on the testimony of a single witness.

— *What our Ancestors Ate—Joel Benton—N. Y. Herald* —

The most interesting part of history is that which the historians often omit to notice. The wars and the laws and who made them we know. They are what the historian chiefly care for; but while these are important, scarcely less so and far more interesting are the social customs, the dress and food and the every-day life of past centuries. If in all eras the Englishman's appetite has been famous, he has not always been able to employ it upon the same material. In Anglo-Saxon times and long after, the staple food of the multitude was bread, butter, and cheese. A few of the coarser vegetables were added, and it was only on occasions that this was diversified by salted bacon and pancakes, beef or fish. The meat, when it was to be had, was usually boiled over a tripod. The kettle in which this was done, says the author of *Old Cookery Books*, was "the universal vessel for boiling purposes, and the bacon house, or larder, was the warehouse for the winter stock of provisions." In almost all the foods strong condiments like garlic and pepper were freely used. Philology shows that the Saxon food was bread, butter, and cheese, for beef, veal, mutton, pork, and bacon retain the names given by the Normans. "In the tenth century colloquy of Archbishop Alfric," says Mr. Carew Hazlitt, "the boy is made to say that he is too young to eat meat, but subsists on cabbage, eggs, fish, cheese, butter, and beans," and the drink, which was rarely ale, was usually water. The nursery rhyme tells us of King Alfred's bag pudding of barley meal, with raisins and meat. The frying pan, Mr. Hazlitt says, preceded the grill, "just as the fork lagged behind the spoon, from which it is a seeming evolution." For centuries in England there was a prejudice against the fork, which displaced the fingers, and forks at first were the privilege only of kings. When Coryat employed one after his visit to Italy, where the instrument originated in the eleventh century, he was nicknamed *Furcifer*. It took six hundred years, or until the seventeenth century, to establish it in England, and even then it did not attain general use. A country boor still eats his bacon or his herring with his fingers, just as Charles XII. of Sweden buttered his bread with his royal thumb. It is said that the origin of washing the hands before eating arose from the fact that food at first was eaten wholly—all around the table dipping into one dish—

with the hands. Now, with the finger bowl, an ablution ends as well as precedes the meal. Carving knives, like the fork, were at first a luxury, and as late as the close of the fifteenth century were confined to king's tables and those of the nobility. Butter was not much used in England before the Norman conquest, although the Englishman, unlike the Italian, had no oil for a substitute. Of the introduction of sugar there is no certain date given. Mr. Hazlitt thinks it must have been scarce and dear in 1226, "when Henry III. asked the Mayor of Winchester to procure him three pounds of Alexandria sugar, if so much could be got, and also some rose and violet colored sugar; nor had it grown more plentiful when the same prince ordered the Sheriffs of London to send him four loaves of sugar to Woodstock." Before the end of the thirteenth century, however, it gained ground and could generally be procured. It was then sold by the loaf or pound at what would be 37½ to 75 cents a pound in American currency. There were several kinds of bread used in the fifteenth century. Palm main was bread made of very white flour. In addition to this there were to be had coarser wheat bread, also barley meal bread, bran bread, pea bread, oat bread or oat cakes, hard bread and unleavened bread. Rye, lentils, and oatmeal were sometimes mixed for bread for the poor. Certain coarse fish were once eaten which have not been in modern times much esteemed. Porpoise pie, once eaten, was finally ridiculed in the time of James I., as "a dish which not even a dog would eat," although in our own times on the Hudson River it is the sturgeon, very like a porpoise, that used to be called Albany beef. Perhaps so called because the early Dutch settlers may have gone to that city's market to get it. In Shakespeare's time, says the author of *The England of Shakespeare*, good solid eating was the habit. "The farmer always had his bacon and his flitches of salt mutton on hand, in addition to salt beef and barrelled herrings from Yarmouth. In all good houses there was an imposing array of salting tubs. The art of stall feeding was almost unknown, and fresh meat, if procurable in winter, was very dear. It cost from half a penny to a penny a pound, which was equal to a penny or two pence of our money." Wheat bread was extravagantly dear, though its price, as well as that of beer, was regulated by law. There was a sort of bread called horse bread sold in packs. Cakes of oats and spice were on all good tables. Hot venison pastry is spoken of by Shakespeare. It was to this repast that Page invited Falstaff and it was rounded off by pipkins and cheese. The author from whom I gather this Shakespearian bill of fare says that "the fee farm rent of Norwich consisted of twenty-four herring pastries of the new season fish, flavored with ginger, peppers, cloves, galingals and other spices. On one occasion King James I.'s servant complained that four instead of five herrings were in each pastry and that they were not baked in good and strong paste as they ought to be." Artichokes were among the few vegetables used and they were made into pies. It is curious to find that vegetables three hundred years ago were regularly imported, cabbages and onions being sent from Holland to Hull. And such vegetables as were used were salted down extensively. Lettuce was a supper dish. Capers made a salad when boiled in oil and vinegar. Rhubarb was called patience. It was brought from China to England a little over three centuries ago. Carrots were then

known, and eschalots served to smear the plate before putting meat on it. A salad which Shakespeare may have eaten was made of turnip leaves. The roots of the turnip were also used by roasting on wood ashes. There was a superstition prevalent that vegetables produced certain extraordinary effects. Watercress was believed to restore the bloom to young ladies' cheeks, green ginger was good for the memory, and conserve of roses, was a capital posset against bedtime. A conserve of rosemary and sage, according to Vermex, should be used by students, as it "doth greatly delight the brain." Ben Jonson spoke of "the laudable use of forks," which he saw come into vogue. Queen Elizabeth had a jewelled one. Perhaps she used it for her breakfast of goose, which it is said she was eating when she heard of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. This meal of which she partook was called a dinner then, and it is thought to have occurred about eleven o'clock in the morning. Tea was not drank in England until 1610, and coffee was introduced in 1652. Chocolate preceded these drinks, but was largely displaced by them. At tables where they could be afforded beer and wine were invariably found. Both vegetables and tobacco, when they began to be used, were exploited by empirics as remedies for this and that ailment. All of our common vegetables at first were regarded more as medicines than as necessary articles of food. The idea still lingers, or is not wholly extinguished, for every patent medicine now claims to be purely a vegetable extract, while tomato pills and preparations of celery as a nervine are to be had or are remembered in our own time. Books of the sixteenth century speak of the employment of trenchers at the table. They introduced, says Mr. Hazlitt, "the fashion of placing a lady and gentleman alternately at meals, the couple thus seated eating from one trencher." Walpole relates that "so late as the middle of the last century the old Duke and Duchess of Hamilton occupied the dais at the head of the room and preserved the traditional manner by sharing the same plate." As long ago as the tenth century—and the habit continued long after—two meals a day was the rule with all classes. As the times became better, and more luxurious ways were possible, the supper was added, and even, in some cases, a sub-supper. A menu given in a cookery book of 1500 shows three courses, which seems to have been the fullest extent of a dinner then, while in most cases two courses sufficed. The author of the *Description of England* gives this account of a kitchen of this time: "The merchant or private gentleman had usually from one to three dishes on the table when there were no visitors, and from four to six when there was company." The yeoman's everyday diet he does not tell us about, "but at Christmas he had brawn pudding and souse, with mustard, beef, mutton, and pork, shred pies, goose, pig, capon, turkey, veal, cheese, apples, etc., with good drink and a blazing fire in the hall. The farmer's bill of fare varied according to the season. In Lent, red herrings and salt fish; at Easter, veal and bacon; at Martinmas, salted beef; at midsummer, fresh beef, peas and salad; at Michaelmas, fresh herrings and fat mutton; at All Saints, pork and peas and fish, and at Christmas the same dainties as our yeomen, with good cheer and pastime." There were, of course, at the tables of wealth and royalty certain superb feasts. At Henry IV.'s marriage in 1403 there were six courses. But they reversed the modern order—three courses of

solid meat with no preface of soup coming first, followed by three courses of fish and sweets. Eighteen years later, at Henry V.'s coronation, three mixed courses were served, and among the sculpturesque dishes were a pelican sitting on her nest with her young and an image of St. Catherine holding a book and disputing with the doctors. And this is the way they served a peacock four hundred years ago: The bird was first skinned, and the feathers, tail, head, and neck having been laid on a table and sprinkled with cummin, the body was roasted, glazed with raw egg yolk, and after being left to cool was sewn back again into the skin and so brought to the table as the last course. In 1466 at the enthronement of Archbishop Nevill no fewer than 104 peacocks were dressed. A writer whom I cannot identify describes some of the swell dinners, as he terms them, of the Middle Ages. At "a dinner after the funeral of Albrecht IV. of Bavaria, in 1509, at the royal palace in Munich, the show dishes represented the seven ages of the world." The first figure represented Adam and Eve in the garden, the tree of knowledge, the snake and the apple. Confections of sugar and almonds were on this to be eaten. The second was made of boiled pig's head; then followed boiled meat with capons, fowl, and smoked fish. A fourth introduced Noah's ark, "surrounded with wafers baked in sugar. Hot salmon and graylings composed the fifth course. The next dish brought on the table was garnished cabbage." The seventh dish represented Abraham's sacrifice, "including a town made out of sugar and almonds." The eighth was a highly transparent jelly, displaying within pickled fish. The ninth was fresh cooked and pickled grouse. And there were twenty-three in all, including tableaux of David slaying Goliath, the Tower of Babel and other Scriptural scenes. The fifteenth was a leg of mutton which had been preceded by a bird pie. "A facetious historian here remarks that the company was just beginning to get hungry," and yet after this came bear pie, fish, game, etc. The next to the last course represented the Duke's funeral. The last and twenty-third, "coming late in the evening, was a cake in the shape of an oven, from which, when it was cut open, flew forth living birds." The last-named feature is not the only proof that the nursery rhyme has an historical foundation:

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye:
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing.
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before a king?

In a work entitled *Eplulario*, or; *The Italian Banquet*, a recipe is found "To make pies that the birds may be alive in them and fly out when it is cut up." In the seventeenth century English cookery began to improve and took hints from the Continental nations. Travel increased and tourists brought home recipes like the following: To make a Portugal dish, To make a Virginia dish, A Persian dish, A Spanish Olio, etc. The following also were probably by travellers: "To make the Lady Abergavenny's cheese, Lord Conway's recipe for amber puddings," "To make a posset, the Earl of Arundel's way." When the fame of foreign dishes was well established, French and Italian cooks came to England and entered service. But the opposition to French cookery was heard from more than one

voice. Mr. Hazlitt says Charles Lamb in more modern times did not like it. The critics of the time said it disguised the real flavor of the meat. It might do for a hot climate, but "it is here," says the author of *Antiquitates Culinariae*, "the art of spoiling good meat." Addison says that living in the days of Queen Anne was plain and plentiful. A dinner was only two courses. "Two plain dishes," he says, "with two or three good-natured, cheerful, ingenious friends, would make me more pleased and vain than all that pomp and luxury can bestow." Dinner then, as later, was the main meal. Misson says: "The English eat a great deal at dinner. They rest a while and to it again till they have quite stuff'd their paunch. Then supper is moderate—gluttons at noon and abstinent at night. I heard that they were great flesh eaters, and I found it true." Many people in England, he says, "never ate any bread, while they chew meat by whole mouthfuls. Their vegetables fairly swim in grease." Deep potations were common everywhere. You see so late as in Dickens' novels how good cheer in eating and drinking is really an English inheritance. The English pudding came down from two or more centuries ago, and it was made, says Misson, "fifty different ways," with meats and sweets. Mr. John Ashton says in his *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne* that milk was produced from cows kept in London and was carried round by women or milkmaids, who chalked on doors their charge. Milch asses also went round. Their milk was greatly liked and was thought medicinal. Its price was 3s. 6d. per quart. Some of the ancient cook books that I possess are very curious. The two before me that are most noted are Patrick Lamb's and Mrs. Glasse's, *The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy*; which far exceeds everything of the kind yet published. This last book is famous for a certain alleged remark not to be found in it—that in which she is credited with saying that "you must first catch your hare before you cook it." Mrs. Glasse is both voluminous and amusing. In her preface she says the purpose of her book is "to improve the servants and save the ladies a great deal of trouble." She has heard of a French cook, "that used six pounds of butter to fry twelve eggs in, when everybody knows that understands cooking that half a pound is full enough, or more than need be used, but then it would not be French." She gives a recipe for stewing peas and lettuce together. But the book is not by any means a bad one. In her recipe giving "a certain cure for the bite of a mad dog" the patient is to be bled to the extent of eight or nine ounces and take a preparation of liverwort and black pepper in half a pint of warm cow's milk. The patient must then go into a cold spring or river every morning, fasting, for a month. After this he must go in three times a week for a fortnight longer. If he survived all this it is not at all likely the mad dog's poison would hurt him in the least degree. But Mr. Patrick Lamb is undoubtedly Mrs. Glasse's equal. He published in 1710 his *Royal Cooking*; or, *The Complete Court Cook*. He says on his title page that he was "near fifty years master cook to their late Majesties King Charles II., King James II., King William and Queen Mary and to her present Majesty Queen Anne." Speaking of himself in his preface he says, alluding to his long service to royalty: "As to the author of these sheets, his name and character are so well known and establish'd in all the Courts of Christendom that I need observe no more of

him than that he liv'd and dy'd a very great rarity, having maintain'd his station at Court and the favor and honor of his Prince for about fifty years together."

— *Fruits and Vegetables*—*The Popular Science News* —

Among the infinite variety of forms into which the different parts and organs of plants are developed, we find some of our choicest and most valuable fruit products. The leaves of many plants, like the lettuce, chicory, dandelion, parsley, etc., are largely consumed as salad or cooked as greens. In celery, we do not eat the leaf, but an abnormally thickened petiole, or leaf stock, and asparagus heads are the young shoots gathered before they develop into branches. It is highly necessary for the preservation of a plant that its seeds should be spread widely over the ground, and we find that the fully developed seeds of many plants are surrounded by a pericarp of substances attractive and palatable to animals. In the apple and quince, the calyx leaves and receptacle become altered and fleshy, to form the edible part of the fruit. The strawberry is not a true berry at all, for the fruit is not a ripened pistil, but an enlarged and fleshy receptacle, or extremity of the flower-stalk, thickly dotted over with the minute ripened ovaries containing the seed, and usually mistaken for the seeds themselves. The fig, also, consists of such an enlarged receptacle, but it has been, as it were, turned inside out and the seed-like ovaries are on the inside. A ripened rose-hip shows the same structure in a lesser degree. Mulberries and pine-apples consist of the ripened products of many flowers, placed on a common receptacle, which is itself a part of the edible mass. The gaultheria or checkerberry is not a berry, but the thickened calyx of the flower, which incloses a dry pod containing the seed. The true berry is a permanently closed, ripened, fleshy pistil, inclosing the seeds. Familiar examples are the grape, currant, and cranberry, as well as the orange, pumpkin, and gourd. The peach, plum, etc., are known as drupes or stone-fruits, in which the inner part of the pericarp or ripened pistil is hard and bone-like, inclosing the seed, while outside of this is the fleshy edible layer. The raspberry and blackberry are not true berries, but are composed of a number of little drupes, or drupelets, placed together upon an elongated receptacle. In the raspberry, the drupelets are readily detached from the receptacle, but in the blackberry, the whole coheres strongly together, and the receptacle is eaten with the rest of the fruit. A nut is a stone-fruit, or drupe, in which the fleshy part is absent. The true seed is inclosed within the shell, forming the edible part. There are other plants in which the ripened pistil opens at maturity, freeing the seeds within. The pea and bean are familiar examples. The undeveloped seeds of the former delight our appetite as green peas, while the unripened pistil and seeds of the bean are boiled together, and appear as string beans. The modifications of roots also furnish many valuable vegetables. Most of these, however, are not true roots, but subterranean stems, as is shown by the presence of buds, or scars where buds have previously formed and dropped off. The so-called roots of ginger and sweet flag are merely thickened portions of a subterranean stem, called the rhizoma, or root-stock. Tubers, like the potato and Jerusalem artichoke (which, by the way, is not an artichoke, and did not originate in Jerusalem), are the enlarged buds of these subterranean branches, in which a large proportion of starch has been

deposited. Examples of a similar tendency to form tubers have been observed in the stems of the potato-plant above the ground. A bulb, like the onion, is formed by the enlargement of the leaves of an underground stem, as shown by the scales or layers of which it is composed. Solid bulbs, or corms, are not true bulbs, but an enlarged underground stem. In the turnip, beet, and radish, the upper part of the root itself shares in the enlargement, so that these vegetables are of a compound nature. The object of these underground enlargements is, evidently, to lay up a store of nourishment for the plant during the succeeding season. The cauliflower furnishes an example of the use of the undeveloped flowers of a plant as an article of food, and in the true artichoke the thick, fleshy plant-scales are utilized in the same manner. We have thus seen that there is hardly any portion of a plant which may not be so modified as to become food for man. We have also seen that the strawberry, raspberry, and blackberry are not really berries, but that the squash and pumpkin are, while the potato, onion, and flag-root are not true roots. These are only a few of the wonderfully interesting lessons taught by the science of botany.

— *Eating as a Fine Art in Korea*—*F. G. Carpenter* —

The Koreans are egg eaters, and many of the Japanese like their eggs raw. Raw fish is a common article of diet in both Japan and Korea, and I attended a Japanese dinner in Tokio where slices of white, uncooked trout were brought in covered with ice and served as one of the entrées. It was not bad to taste and my Japanese friends ate it with great gusto. In Korea it is not uncommon for the fishermen to take a bottle of pepper sauce along with them and to eat a fish as they take it from the hook, sprinkling a bit of red-hot chili over it, and eating it down without cleaning anything off except the scales. The Koreans are by no means particular as to the manner in which their fish and meats are served. The entrails are sold and eaten as well as the rest of the meat, and a common dish at a big dinner is a chicken baked, feathers, entrails and all, and served whole upon the table. The Korean is the greatest eater in the world, and more than any other man in the world, he lives to eat. The average man the country over eats everything he can get his teeth on, and he will take a dozen meals a day if he have the chance. I had sixteen chair bearers in a trip which I took into the interior, and these bearers stopped at every village and at almost every house to rest and feed. They would dart off one by one into fields of turnips by the wayside, and for the next half-mile would go along eating raw turnips. The bigger a man's stomach is in Korea the more wealthy he is supposed to be, and you see pot-bellied youngsters everywhere you go. A Korean has a short sack which comes down just below the middle of his waist, and his full, baggy pantaloons are tied up under this. Some of the baby boys have outgrown the size of their jackets, and you see a belt of fat, yellow skin between the ends of the pantaloons and the beginning of the coat. Some of the wealthy ones wear bustles over their abdomens in order to increase the size of their fronts, and the king usually makes a present to those who have audience with him. He sent a lot of provisions to the American generals a few days after they arrived in Korea to reorganize the army, and there is no lack of good things in the palace. The Korean country produces good meat, and Koreans are greater meat eaters than the Chinese or the Japanese.

PARISIAN PENCILLINGS—A GREAT MAN'S WIDOW *

When it was announced that she was going to marry again, it really astonished no one.

Notwithstanding all his wonderful genius, perhaps even on account of his genius, the great man had led her a very hard life for fifteen years, a life harassed by caprices, by startling eccentricities which had sometimes made a sensation and appetizing scandal throughout Paris. On the high road of glory which he had travelled triumphantly and swiftly as those do who are destined to die young, she had followed him, humble and timid, seated in a corner of the chariot of fame, in constant expectation of some disaster.

When she complained of her wearisome lonely life, her relations, her friends, and everybody else were against her. "You must have some respect for his weaknesses," they said to her; "they are the weaknesses of a god. Do not worry him or disturb him in his work. Think that your husband is not yours alone. He belongs more to his country, to art, than to his family. And who knows whether each of these faults which you reproach him with may not have enriched us with some of his sublimest works?"

In the end, nevertheless, worn out by so much suffering, she broke out in open rebellion against him, and indignantly asserted her wrongs, so much so that, at the moment when the great man died, they were on the point of petitioning for a separation, and dragging their famous name with the details of their life through the mire of the third page of the society papers.

After the storms of this unhappy union, the anxieties of the husband's last illness, and the sudden blow of his death, which reawakened in her for a moment her former affection for him, the first few months of her widowhood had the same salutary, restful effect on the young woman that a course of baths might have had. Her enforced retirement, and the tranquil charm of a grief already relieved, gave her at thirty-two a second youth almost as seductive as the first. Besides, black was most becoming to her; and then she had the look of responsibility, almost amounting to pride, of a woman left alone in life with the honor of a great name to support. Very jealous of the dead man's glory—that accursed glory which had caused her so many tears, and which now was growing greater from day to day, like a splendid flower nourished by the black soil of the grave—she was seen enveloped in her deep sombre weeds, calling upon managers of theatres and musical publishers, busying herself in recovering her husband's operas, examining his papers, diaries, notes and memoranda, supervising the printing of his posthumous works and unfinished manuscripts, and bringing to all these details a sort of solemn care that was like the last sacred duties that are paid at the tomb.

* * * * *

It was at this stage that her second husband met her. He also was a musician, almost unknown, the composer of waltzes, of melodies, and of two little operas, the parts of which, deliciously printed, were not much more played than they were sold. With an amiable face, a large fortune which came to him from a thoroughly commercial family, he had above all a supreme respect

for genius, a mania for celebrated men. This severe widowhood ended in a wedding; but the widow did not abdicate. She remained—though married—more the widow of the great man than ever, easily discerning that it was what gave her true and lasting prestige in the eyes of her second husband.

Strange couple! It was in society that they were most amusing to watch, when together.

I sometimes saw them at the theatre. Nobody would have recognized the bashful, rather frightened young lady who had in former days accompanied the maestro, lost in the gigantic shadow which he cast around him. Now she sat straight up in front of the box, showed herself to everybody, and attracted everybody's looks by the pride of her own. One would have said that she had round her head the halo of her first husband, whose renown resounded all about her like a homage or a dirge.

Number two, sitting a little back, with a countenance impressed with the sacrifices of life, watched all her movements, ready to wait upon her.

In their own house, this oddness of behavior was even more marked. I recollect an evening party they gave a year after their marriage. The husband went round among the crowd of guests, proud, but a little overcome, at having so many people at his house. The lady, disdainful, melancholy, superior, was the great man's widow that evening to the utmost capacity of every part of the rôle that so became her.

She had a certain habit of looking at her husband over her shoulder and calling him "my poor friend," while leaving all the duties of hospitality to him, as much as to say, "That is all you are good for."

Round herself, she kept up the circle of folks who had been intimate at the house in former days, who had been present at the master's brilliant beginnings, had witnessed his struggles, his successes. With them she prattled like a little girl. They had known her when she was so young! They nearly all called her by her first name, Anais.

It was like a solemn ceremony, where the poor husband respectfully approached to hear the praises of his predecessor. They recalled the glorious first nights, those battles which were almost all victories, and then the great man's whims, his habits of work, when, to obtain inspiration, he would have his wife by his side, with all her ornaments on, her diamonds and richest jewels, in a low-necked dress.

"Do you remember it, Anais?" they would say. And Anais sighed sweetly and blushed.

From that time dated his beautiful lovepieces, Savonarola above all, the most impassioned of them all, with its grand duo pervaded by the moonlight, the perfume of the rose, the thrill of the nightingale's song. An enthusiast played it one evening, on the piano amid intense emotion.

At the last note of this enchanting piece, the lady suddenly burst into tears.

"It is too much for me," she said. "I have never been able to hear it without weeping."

The master's old friends, surrounding his unhappy widow with their sympathetic condolences, came in turn to give her a "good-night," with a trembling shake of the hand as if it had been a funeral.

*From "Wives of Men of Genius." By Alphonse Daudet, Translated by Edward Wakefield. Worthington Co.

THE TOKAIDO—A PICTURE OF LIFE IN OLD JAPAN*

The Tokaido was a broad avenue (along which two teams could easily drive abreast) stretching from Kioto to Yedo, a distance of three hundred and twenty miles. At distances of every five miles were tea-booths where refreshments were served to tired travellers. At distances of every ten miles or so were villages and large towns. Therefore it would not be inapt to describe this superb highway as a magnificent avenue, stretching over plain and mountain, and beaded along its entire length with tea-booths, villages, towns, and cities strung along at regular intervals. Between the cities and the towns the highway was a stately avenue of tall pine trees. The road-bed was well gravelled and hardened; and streams of water bubbled along the edge of the road.

The Tokaido was a fair sample of a magnificent system of highways. All the great roads in Hondo finally led to Nihon-bashi, a bridge in the heart of Yedo. The great northern turnpike commenced at the extreme northern end of the island on the Tsugaru Straits, and then went southward for five hundred miles over mountain, hill, valley, river, and plain, until it reached the muddy stream bridged by the Nihon-bashi. The great northwestern turnpike commenced at Nigata, wound through the magnificent mountain range and was finally merged in Yedo. The great inland road (Nakasendo), began at Kioto, skirted the eastern slopes of the watershed that borders the eastern shores of Lake Biwa, then, turning eastward, plunged into the magnificent mountain system of central Hondo, whence it finally emerged into the beautiful plains surrounding Yedo. And the Tokaido, also commencing at Kioto, shrank from the rugged mountains of Shinano and sought the seashore and reached Yedo by that circuitous route.

Let us soar like the falcon far above the central peak of Asamayama, and take a bird's-eye view of the realm. Far toward the north you can see the long retinue of some Daimio, pouring down the length of the island betwixt shore and mountain. Far away in the south you can see the cavalcades of Tosa and Choshu meandering along the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Toward the west the retainers of Echizen stream through the defiles and over the superb passes of Shinano. And among the by-roads that cover the realm like cobweb, you can see a multitude of pack-horses and coolies freighted with the produce of the waters and of the fields. Not a steam-whistle, not a rumbling train, not a wagon anywhere in sight! The carriers of burdens are human beings, and vicious little nags.

Yonder, where that rugged promontory so boldly ploughs the blue Pacific, and where a fishing hamlet nestles beneath the cliffs, you can see a long line of pack-horses laden with salted fish captured but a few days ago by the venturesome boats. That caravan will journey along the sandy beach, up through rice fields and forests deep into the mountains, until it shall reach an inland city, where it will unload, and will take back to the seashore hamlet a cargo of rice, charcoal, and saké. That caravan toiling so laboriously over those mountains toward the south is freighted with an inland cargo of salt and edible seaweed. That long dark line to the eastward, winding across the Yedo plains, is the mighty retinue of the Daimio of Kaga. Twenty thousand retainers swell

the train. Five thousand coolies grunt and sweat under boxes, kagos, and norimons. The head of the column has reached the mountains before the tail has straggled out of the gates of the Kaga yashiki.

Let us descend from our lofty station and stand beside the avenue at the point where it merges in the foothills. First of all comes a group of horsemen clad in ancient armor, and carrying spears and fluttering ensigns, emblazoned with the heraldic crests of their mighty lord, whose approach is thus announced, and whose right of way is thus secured. Woe betide those who turn not aside! Then—oh! for miles and miles—streams an endless train of coolies, carrying lacquered boxes containing the princely paraphernalia. Then comes a long line of straggling samurai leisurely sauntering along enjoying the shade and the scenery. Then more horsemen follow. After that comes a squad of banner-bearers, pacing along with dignified deliberation. Close upon this come a multitude of kagos, bearing the ladies and gentlemen in attendance on his grace. Then a vast throng of samurai appear. Following them comes a myriad of coolies, carrying innumerable baskets and boxes loaded with paraphernalia. After which come a vast throng of spearmen and archers, a long cavalcade of gallant knights in armor, preceding a long line of norimons, bearing his lordship's household, and swarms of elegantly dressed samurai. A gap of half a mile or so now intervenes, and then we see a stately procession of swordsmen, spearmen, bowmen, and banner-bearers escorting a superb norimon borne slowly along upon the shoulders of eight stout men. Here we have before us the lord of Kaga, reclining upon cushions and enjoying the scenery from his latticed window. And this is but the middle of the procession! For two days the straggling column of coolies and warriors steadily pours over this lofty mountain pass into the mighty ranges beyond. And upon some portion of the network of highways covering the empire you will see at all times some such host. Such pageantry has covered these roads for two hundred and fifty years.

We are travelling in a country whose history extends back for twenty-five hundred years, to a period when an unbroken wilderness covered the American continents, when England was covered with forests and marshes sparsely peopled by tattooed savages living in caves and fens, when Europe was a vast solitude within whose gloomy depths roamed tribes fiercer and more dangerous than the wild beasts that swarmed there, and when Rome was but a village of banditti. Two hundred and fifty years have barely elapsed since the Jesuits were driven forth with such terrible slaughter from the island of Kiushiu; and at every cross-road, at every bridge-head, at the entrance to every village, and in the streets of every city, we still have staring us in the face the blasphemous language of the following proclamation, which the enraged Tokugawas posted up all over the empire when they sealed the gates of the country with blood, and hurled defiance at humanity.

"So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the king of Spain himself or the Christian's god, or the great god of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."

* From "Mito Yashiki": a tale of old Japan. By A. C. Maclay.

SPECIAL VERSE TOPIC—THE MONTH OF MARCH

The Coming of March—L. B.—Unity

With a blare of martial trumpets,
 Heard in wind and whirling sleet,
 While the white foam flies like snow-flakes
 From his charger strong and fleet,
 Comes great Mars, the heavenly warrior,
 From the courts of summer sweet,
 And the cruel hosts of winter,
 Who have held the land in thrall,
 Turn their sullen faces northward
 When they hear that bugle call.

March—Helen Hunt Jackson

Beneath the sheltering walls the thin snow clings—
 Dead winter's skeleton, left bleaching, white,
 Disjointed, crumbling, on unfriendly fields.
 The inky pools surrender tardily
 At noon, to patient herds, a frosty drink
 From jagged rims of ice; a subtle red
 Of life is kindling every twig and stalk
 Of lowly meadow growths; the willows wrap
 Their stems in furry white; the pines grow gray
 A little in the biting wind; midday
 Brings tiny burrowed creatures, peeping out
 Alert for sun. Ah, March! we know thou art
 Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
 And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!

English March Landscape—Fred. Tennyson

Through the gaunt woods the winds are skulking cold,
 Down from the rifted rack the sunbeam pours
 Over the cold gray slopes and stony moors:
 The glimmering water-course, the eastern wold
 And over it the whirling sail o' the mill,
 The lonely hamlet with its mossy spire,
 The piled city smoking like a pyre,
 Brought out of shadow-gleam with light as chill.
 Larks twitter, martens glance, and curs from far
 Rage down the wind, and straight are heard no more;
 Old wives peep out, and scold, and bang the door;
 And clanging clocks grow angry in the air;
 Sorrow and care, perplexity and pain,
 Frown darker shadows on the homeless one,
 And the gray beggar buffeting alone
 Pleads in the howling storm, and pleads in vain.

Early March—Christopher P. Cranch—Poems

The warring hosts of Winter and of Spring
 Are hurtling o'er the plains.
 All night I heard their battle-clarions ring,
 And jar the window-panes.
 The arrowy sleet is rattling on the glass;
 The sky a vault of stone;
 The untimely snows besiege the sprouting grass;
 The elm-trees toss and moan.

March Days—Charles Lotin Hildreth

A spirit from the south through drifted glens
 And o'er the naked woods and wilds has flown:
 Slipped from their leashes in the mountain dens,
 With deep and hollow voice the streams rush down,
 Searching the level fields and sunken fens,
 And round soft, sodden banks and hillocks bare
 Whirling in turbid circles everywhere,
 The spongy soil sinks weltering to the foot,
 And still thin, dusky streaks of crusted snow
 In cold shades linger on the hemlock's root;
 But all the open lawns and meadows glow
 With faint warm flame of many a tender shoot;
 The hazel stems are bright with burnished green,
 And russet-hooded buds spring up between.

The plains are full of mingled mist and light;
 Cloud-shadows cross the hills with sudden showers;
 The dawn in frosty calm breaks cold and white,
 Ripening to golden bloom at noonday hours;
 Shrill winds and winter flurries blur the night,
 And in the glimpses of the rifted skies
 The young moon's slender crescent gleams and dies.

In March—Constance Fenimore Woolson

In the gray dawning across the white lake,
 Where the ice-hummocks in frozen waves break,
 'Mid the glittering spears of the far Northern Lights,
 Like a cavalry escort of steel-coated knights,
 Spanning the winter's cold gulf with an arch,
 Over it, rampant, rides in the wild March.
 Galloping, galloping, galloping in,
 Into the world with a stir and a din,
 The north wind, the east wind, and west wind together,
 Inbringing, inbringing the March's wild weather.

Hear his rough chant as he dashes along:
 "Ho, ye March children, come list to my song!
 A bold outlaw am I both to do and dare,
 And I fear not old earth nor the powers of the air;
 Winter's a dotard, and Summer's a prude,
 But Spring loves me well, although I am rude.
 Faltering, lingering, listening Spring,—
 Blushing she waits for the clang and the ring
 Of my swift horse's hoofs; then forward she presses,
 Repelling, returning, my boisterous caresses."

March Midnight—Horace George Groser.

Black night! Fierce war of clouds and shrieking wind:
 White stars with flame-flown cressets dimly seen,
 Pale glimpses where a hurrying moon has been
 And left a chaos of wild sights behind.
 From the thick darkness struggling to be free,
 The glimmering cliff-line of a rounded bay
 And, at its base, monotonous and gray,
 The sullen plunging of a breaking sea.
 Hoarse voices striving to be heard: the hiss
 Of shattered spray, and rush of streaming foam
 On pillared crags: and, round the gannet's home,
 Visions of gray wings o'er the black abyss.
 Behind the cliffs, far inland, all asleep!
 A wet wind blowing over acres bare:
 No strife, but a low whisper everywhere,
 Earth stirring dreamily in slumber deep.
 Rustle of last-year leaves in hedgerow lanes,
 Bird-twitterings of a sudden hushed, the start
 Of hare's feet in the bracken, where the hart
 Has made his couch, until the shadowy plains
 Receive the dawn-beams, and the violets wake,
 And floods and forests smile to see the morning break.

Late March—Emma Lazarus—Poems

Black boughs against a pale, clear sky,
 Slight mists of cloud-wreaths floating by;
 Soft sunlight, gray-blue smoky air,
 Wet thawing snows on hillsides bare;
 Loud streams, moist sodden earth; below
 Quick seedlings stir, rich juices flow
 Through frozen veins of rigid wood.

Spring's Awakening—James Benjamin Kenyon

A voice upon the hillsides wakes,
 A rill begins to laugh and leap,
 And Nature starts, and stirs, and breaks
 The silence of her long, white sleep.
 The soft white coverlet of snow
 That veils her lovely limbs and face
 She lightly flings aside, and so
 Arises in her vast, nude grace.

FACTS AND FIGURES—THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA*

The present year, according to the Chinese reckoning, is the year 7,910,341.—Government statistics recently published, place the population of the Russian Empire at 108,787,235, of which 81,725,185 are in Russia proper.—The pin factories of the United States manufacture about 18,000,000,000 pins every year.—According to a French physiologist, the wing of the ordinary house fly makes 330 strokes in one second; the wing of the bumble bee, 240; the honey bee, 190; of the wasp, 110; of the dragon fly, 28; of the sparrow, 13; of the wild duck, 9; of the house pigeon, 8; of the osprey, 6.—The total wealth of the United States is now \$61,459,000,000, equal to nearly \$1,000 per capita; this is an increase in ten years of \$18,000,000,000, or 42 per cent.—The deepest bore hole in the world is in Schladenbach, 5,734 feet; it took a diamond drill three years and a half to reach the bottom.—Here is a way to tell how fast you are travelling in a railway car: every time the car passes over a rail-joint there is a distinct click; count the number of these clicks in 20 seconds and you have then the number of miles the train is going per hour, as the length of the rail is uniform.

The population of Paris is now 2,961,089 inhabitants, of which one-tenth are foreigners, who flock to Paris for the purpose of earning money.—India ink is made from burned camphor; the Chinese are the only manufacturers of this ink, and they will not reveal the secret of the process.—A great flight of locusts, calculated to have covered about 2,000 square miles, lately passed across the Red Sea from the African to the Arabian shore.—The vitality of snails' eggs passes belief, even if desiccated in a furnace until reduced to a minuteness barely visible, they will always regain their original bulk when damped, and the young will be brought forth as successfully as though the eggs had never been interfered with; nor has cold any injurious effect upon them, for they may be frozen into ice for any length of time, and yet, when the ice has melted, will be found to be wholly uninjured.—During 1889 slightly over a hundred million dollars' worth of gold has been dug from the earth on the four continents; the largest quantity came from Australia, California, and South Africa.—It is well known that whales can remain a long time under water, but exact data as to the time have been lacking; Dr. Kuckenthal, of Jena, has observed a harpooned white whale continue under water forty-five minutes.

Asia contains more than half the population of the world.—There are now sixty-five cardinals, seven are over 80 years old, twenty-one between 70 and 80, twenty-two between 60 and 70, eleven between 50 and 60, and four between 42 and 48.—The smallest, simplest, and best protected post-office in the world is in the Strait of Magellan, and has been there for many years; it consists of a small keg or cask chained to the rocks of the extreme cape, in the straits opposite Terra del Fuego; each passing ship sends a boat to take the letters out and put others in, the post-office is self-acting and unprovided with a postmaster, and is, therefore, under the protection of all the navies of the world.—The frog, owing to its peculiar structure, cannot breathe with the mouth open, and if it were forcibly kept open

the animal would die of suffocation.—Measurements of a quarter of a million of soldiers have shown that males do not reach adult age until about twenty-eight, and Prof. Shaler's observations at Harvard prove that full mental power is not reached before twenty-five.—A slight conception of the extent of the British Empire may be gained from this: the fastest liner afloat would occupy a longer time in traversing the space covered either by the length or by the breadth of the Indian Empire than it does at present to cross the Atlantic; yet, after eliminating India, England's possessions in Australasia and North America alone are sufficiently large to make four and a half more Indian Empires, still leaving territory enough to cover the area of Great Britain and Ireland five times over.—The greatest elevation ever attained by a balloonist was 37,000 feet, or about seven miles; the ascent was made September 5th, 1862, at Wolverhampton, England.—The Bank of France has at the present \$250,000,000 in gold in its cellars.

The tallest chimney in the world will be erected near Friedburg, in Germany, it will be 460 feet high, and will cost \$30,000; a million and a half of bricks will be used in its construction.—Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland, says the stars known to exist number 100,000,000, but if any one added a nought or two to that total, no doubt they would still be within the truth, many gaseous bodies, hundreds of millions of miles across the surface, are gradually cooling down, and may in course of time become worlds.—The Norwegians are said to be the longest-lived people in the world, official statistics show that the average duration of life in Norway is 48.33 for the men, 51.30 for the women and 49.77 for both sexes.—The most fertile land in Europe is a district of Russia between the Carpathians and the Urals; corn has been grown on some of this land for over seventy years, without manure.

There are now 39 crematories, situated in various parts of the world: Italy has 23; America has 10; while England, Germany, France, Switzerland, Denmark, and Sweden have one apiece; in Italy there were 2 cremations, in 1876; the number rose to 15 in 1877, and in 1888 the number was 226; since 1876, 1,177 cremations have taken place in Italy, while the combined numbers in all other countries brings the total to only 1,269.—The average watch is composed of 175 different pieces, comprising upward of 2,400 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture, the balance wheel whirls 3,558½ miles in one year.—For every 1,000 inhabitants the United States trains run 9,700 miles annually, while the train mileage of Great Britain on the same basis is 7,500; Belgium, 4,500; France, 3,550; Germany, 3,250.—The three hundredth anniversary of the invention of the microscope is to be celebrated at Antwerp this year.—There are 6,000,000 inhabitants in the State of New York; of these 3,000,000 are in six of the largest cities; 289,000 live in one square mile in the city of New York, the most densely populated district in the civilized world.—Artificial glaciers as a means of storing water for irrigation have been proposed.—The gold held by the Treasury now amounts to \$313,818,000; and the national bank depositories now control \$32,000,000 of Government money.

* Compiled expressly for CURRENT LITERATURE.

SUPERNATURAL STORIES—A NIGHT AT THE "SCALA"*

It was the third day of the Carnival at Milan, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six.

Donizetti's immortal masterpiece, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, had been performed for the first time at the San Carlo, in Naples, a few months previous, and was then making its triumphal tour through Italy.

The genius of Bergamo's sweet bard had attained its culminating point. "Fra Poco" and the stupendous magnificence of the septette had electrified the entire musical world, even the star of Rossini was eclipsed by the incredible success of the younger composer.

Milan was in an uproar; the streets, squares, and arcades were illuminated *a giorno*; the cathedral in marble majesty glittered beneath the glare of innumerable lanterns, while the joyous laughter of sixty thousand pleasure-seekers made the old narrow streets ring and echo again, and the Scala, ablaze with glory, had placed before the entrance, in letters of flame, the magic word *Lucia*.

No wonder the crowd hastened thither; for eighty lire you could not have obtained a seat. It was the third representation only, and fame, beauty, or gold could not have forced an entrance. It was six o'clock; the pit and gallery, boxes and stalls of the immense theatre were crowded to suffocation. Four thousand eager people—four thousand anxious, soulful Italians—were waiting with subdued frenzy for the curtain to raise.

The nobility of Lombardy graced the boxes, the political celebrities of the city crowded the passages, all the élite of the art-loving town had flocked thither.

The heat was stifling; at half-past six the overture began. The immense throng was silenced at the first wave of the conductor's baton. Was it not to hear the last and most admirable of Donizetti's operas? Had not the Neapolitan papers been devoured with avid eyes? Was it not to hear the song over which Italy was raving? And last, but not least, was it not to applaud the beauteous prima donna, Alfieri, who had achieved such a colossal success the two previous nights?—their favorite—their idol—the divine Alfieri! who had sung for seven consecutive seasons in Milan, alike renowned for her consummate art, her beauty, and her unrivalled voice! How the audience was moved! how it trembled with expectant ecstasy!

The curtain rose at last.

The hunters' chorus was listened to with religious attention; the baritone's song and cabaletta which follow caused but a slight impression, in spite of their veritable excellence, and the shifting of the scene to the park where Lucia makes her first appearance was welcomed with a hushed murmur of delight.

A frail, white-robed female form advanced toward the footlights, her eyes were cast down, and she moved slowly near the prompter's box. There she stood still, raised her eyes and gazed full upon the audience.

A howl of disappointment arose from the house.

"Non e Alfieri!"

The cry was echoed on all sides; groans, hissing, and stamping of feet drowned the orchestra.

"Basta! basta! Alfieri! Alfieri!"

The woman, confronting that audience, not in the least disconcerted, walked leisurely around the stage.

A man peeped out from the side-scenes. It was the director—astonished and disturbed.

"Who is that woman? It is not Alfieri!"

"No one knows—No one saw her enter."

Again the conductor raised his baton; the unknown prima donna seemed to rouse herself from her pensive lethargy, and moved solemnly to the centre of the stage.

The clamor had ceased.

She raised her eyes to the level of the first tier, and stood in the full force of the light. She was wondrously beautiful, but white—white as snow; deathly, spectrally white; not a tinge of rose enhanced the marble graces of her face, which was purely, faultlessly Greek.

Her eyes, black and radiant, flashed luridly. When she dropped them their tint became sad, gray, and crepuscular. Her lips shone red as vermillion, and seemed like a gash—like a hideous gash, when contrasted with the whiteness and rigidity of her face.

Her hair, long and purplish, in undulate tresses rioted over her shoulders, pure and colorless as marble.

She had no ornaments. A tuberosé thrust in a rebellious curl adorned her brow; around her throat was a piece of broad, black velvet.

Her dress was white—all white.

She gazed weirdly upon the audience, and began, in a strange, vague, unearthly tone of voice, the ravishing aria of "*Lucia*" upon her entrance.

I was present, and I can recall perfectly the cold sensation and chilliness I felt at the first few notes.

It seemed to me as if some humid cavern had been suddenly opened, and that I had breathed the first icy wafts of air emanating therefrom.

Not a sound save her voice was heard. Her hands hung listlessly by her side. I do not remember how she finished. I heard her first strange tones change to a soft, sweet voice of fascinating, bell-like brilliancy, and I awoke from a trance by hearing the audience shriek and stamp with delight.

The applause was feverish and frantic, then suddenly ceased as if by enchantment; the strange woman had turned aside and had begun the ordinary stage business and duet with Edgardo, as Alfieri would have done.

The act ended in indescribable amazement.

"Who is she? Who is she? What a voice!" and such exclamations were heard on all sides.

The director appeared at this moment, evidently anxious to find out for himself who the beautiful pale songstress was, but could answer no inquiries.

In the mean time I hurried behind the scenes to Alfieri's dressing-room, where I had often gone to chat with her, expecting to see this marvellous creature.

The apartment was illuminated; Lucia's bridal costume for the second act was ready on the sofa; a bottle of Asti wine, which Alfieri always partook of between the acts, stood on the table; but naught proved that the room had been occupied previously by another—nothing showed the presence of the new-comer.

I waited a few minutes, took a few whiffs from my cigarette, and was about to return, when I spied upon the floor an ear-ring, of such uncommon size that I stooped to pick it up, and gazed upon it in wonder.

It was a solitaire diamond, richly set, of a slight greenish tint. I knew the value of green diamonds,

* Francis S. Saltus in *The Pittsburgh Bulletin*.

and estimated this one to be worth at least seven or eight thousand dollars, being really finer than any I had seen in the famous vaults of Dresden.

I hastened down to the director's office to remit it, thinking it belonged to the new-comer or to Alfieri. The director was absent: soon I heard the bell ring. The diamond in my hand, I hastened to my seat.

The unknown woman again entered; she was, if possible, a tinge paler than before. She wore gloves this time, and her lips were not so cruelly red. She sang, and, ye gods, what song! Her voice soared, spread, fused with other invisible voices; it rang sonorously, and murmured divinely in magnificent power and harmony—a voice all fire, a voice all soul.

I trembled—the audience quivered.

Still that strange being stood in the same position, still did her great luminous black eyes gaze continually upward; she seemed not to heed her fellow-artists; the bewilderment of Edgardo, the anxious, inquiring glance of Ashton did not move her; she would glide by them like a sylph, a vision—light, ethereal, graceful. No one heard her walk—she sang!

Again the curtain fell, again the house cried out with delirium. "Brava! brava!" yelled the rabble.

But no one appeared.

Again I went to Alfieri's box while the ballet (which in those days was performed between the acts) was going on, but it was empty; so I returned to listen to the animated discussions and conversations in the lobby.

"Alfieri is eclipsed, she is Pasta and Persiani combined! An angel! from Heaven's gates!"

"'Tis the Beatrice of Dante descended from heaven!"

A friend came from behind the scenes.

"Well, what news, Ricciardo? Have you seen her?"

"No, but Grazzini has" (Grazzini was the tenor, a handsome fellow), "and he tells me he spoke to her—forced to do so by some subtle, magnetic attraction. He told her of his wonder, his admiration, his love, I believe, and she answered him, in Milanese dialect, 'We shall meet again.'"

The bell rang, and the curtain went up slowly. The lights seemed to burn badly, and the heat was stifling, but upon the entrance of the mysterious stranger a sudden chill pervaded every one.

We did not breathe to listen, and, as I gazed upon her, charmed by her supernatural beauty, I noticed that from one of her ears hung a bright, large stone, similar to the one I held in my hand. Scarcely had I seen it when she caught my eye. She smiled—the only time. I averted my glance. The music went on.

The scene where the unhappy Lucia, after having been dragged to the altar by her heartless brother, realizes the full atrocity of his conduct, seemed to influence the sombre, sprite-like prima donna, for she roused herself at last and acted—acted with the frenzy of passion, acted with the sublimity of pathos and despair. She was intense, superb, in the mad scene. Her voice had sobs of anguish.

Up, swelled the vertiginous staccato, high above the moans of the orchestra. She raved, she wept, and the large tears rolled down her white cheeks; her hair floated wildly over her quivering shoulders, and still rang forth her magical, heart-rending notes.

I trembled; the house groaned.

The mad scene neared its end, and the musicians, as if ordered, ceased to play. They looked at her, she sang unaccompanied. It was terrible, unique, sublime.

The culminating point arrived, and the pains and pangs of Donizetti's masterpiece vibrated on her lips as they had never done on lips before. She gazed wildly, stupidly about, when she stopped, and I saw drops of blood ooze from her mouth and drip upon her dress; she fell heavily upon the stage, and the curtain went down. The house was in tears.

Half an hour later all Milan knew of the miraculous performance at the Scala. The last act of the opera was listened to without curiosity, Lucia not appearing in it. Nothing occurred except the indisposition of the tenor, Grazzini, who was taken suddenly ill, and I afterward learned, died that night.

Milan, outdoors, all fun and animation, could not comprehend the story told in the cafés and on the squares. The reports were called exaggerated, and the singer's phenomenal voice a myth.

No one could find her, and it was in vain that I waited for more than an hour in Alfieri's box.

The director told me confidentially that he was as nonplussed as the audience, and had never beheld the marvellous singer before. Then, as he left me, he superstitiously added: "She was a spirit, I believe."

Full of conflicting thoughts, I walked sadly homeward, and heard again through the quiet streets, far away from the riot and revel of the carnival, the heavenly echo of that unutterably divine voice.

I walked on, and passed across the St. Italda Cemetery to near my home. It was late. The noise of Milan's festivities reached my ear from time to time faintly, but I heeded it not.

Within a few steps of my house, separated by a high wall from the end of the graveyard, there, beneath a few cypress trees, in the full glare of the moon, I beheld an unusual sight.

The cemetery, through which I passed regularly, and which I knew in every nook and corner, presented in that particular spot a singular aspect.

I advanced, and remarked with astonishment that a tomb had been exhumed.

Sure enough, the sod on either side was all strewn and scattered here and there, footprints were plainly visible, and, to my horror I saw that the coffin was open. In it, wrapped rather loosely in a faded yellow shroud, was a human form.

I was about to call for the guard, when my eye was suddenly attracted by a faint greenish light twinkling near the top of the coffin.

I stooped over, and to my amazement, saw a diamond earring in the lobe of the corpse's ear—the mate of the one I had found.

The moonlight, checkered by the tree-boughs, did not allow me to view the face, and tremblingly I drew aside and lit a match. Approaching, I gazed on the body. It was the spectral songstress!

Utterly bewildered, with haggard eyes and quivering knees, I grasped the coffin lid and replaced it over the livid face. On it was written in large letters:

"VIRGINIA COSSELI,
QUEEN OF SOPRANI,
Died September, 1781,
Requiescat in pace."

I remember a wild thrill of horror came over me and I fell senseless. For weeks I raved in delirium. When I had sufficiently recovered I left Milan.

People were still talking of the mysterious prima donna, and the famous representation of Lucia.

TREASURE TROVE—RESURRECTING OLD FAVORITES

The Story of a Drum—Unidentified

A regiment in motion and the rattle of a drum,
 With a "rat, tat, tat!" and a "rat, tat, tum!"
 Fear is on the face of some,
 Others stepping with aplomb,
 And steady is the patter and the clatter of the drum.
 Sweeping lines in evolution, fast the wheeling columns come,
 A thousand men are stepping to the tapping of the drum;
 There are countenances glum,
 There are senses dull and numb,
 But a boy is stepping proudly—there is playing on the drum.
 The rage and roar of battle and the rattle of a drum,
 The shrapnel shot are flying with a "zip!" and a "zum!"
 Cruel shells exploding come,
 And the bullets hiss and hum,
 But a drum still echoes loudly—will it then be never mum?
 Darkness on the field of battle, where body seekers come,
 The storm of death is ended; displayed the struggle's sum;
 A pallid face, a drum,
 There is blood, and both are dumb—
 A story of a drummer and a story of a drum!

The Last Devil's Walk—Charles Dickens

From his brimstone bed at break of day
 A devil has walking gone,
 To trample and char the flowers to death,
 To infest the air with his pestilent breath,
 And to cloud the morning sun.
 And, pray, how was the devil dressed?
 Oh! he was cased in an iron vest;
 His scales were close, and his rivets true,
 With never a chink for a spear to get through.
 And over the hill, and over the dale,
 He walked, and over the plain,
 And an air-gun, elegant, polish'd, and round,
 That would kill miles off with never a sound,
 He twirled like a harmless cane.
 And over the laurels of full-blown Fame,
 And the tender shoots of the young Good Name,
 He stamped with his merciless hoof of shame,
 Leaving his print on each.
 And backward and forward he wriggled his tail,
 Through rose-trimmed garden and lily-strewn vale,
 Marking his course by a lonesome trail,
 Like a snail track over a peach.
 He spied a laborer hard at work,
 Early at his vocation.
 His prominence offered a capital shot,
 "Oho!" quoth the devil, "he sees me not,"
 So he shouldered his piece and he aimed, God wot!
 With terrible calculation!
 He saw young innocent folk at play,
 Blameless, beautiful, wise, and gay,
 The prospect liked not him;
 So a vitriol flask from his pouch he drew
 ("Twas a devilish deed!) and the liquid threw
 O'er the fair young group, whom he left a crew
 Of monsters scarred and grim.
 He peered in a house, 'twas a goodly manse,
 Of time and weather had stood the chance,
 And was still erect and fair.
 "Aha!" quoth the devil, "the pile looks well,
 But I've fireworks studied for nothing in hell,
 If I can't find out where a match or shell
 May lead to combustion there.
 The devil could creep where no other fiends can.
 He found an unguarded spot,
 Where he scraped a mine with his diligent hoof,

And—his train prepared—wall, pillar, and roof
 Blew up in the air like a shot!

The breach in the roof is mended now;
 Its whereabouts few can tell;
 But the devil had done his work that day,
 So he crawled him back for his master's pay,
 Which he loyally spent in a jovial way,
 With the lowest devils in hell.

* * * * *

There are many devils that walk this world,
 Devils great and devils small,
 Devils with tails and devils without;
 Devils who whisper, devils who shout,
 Devils who mystify, devils who teach;
 But the Calumny Devil—as hard to reach
 As the snail who, now safe on some distant beach,
 Is digesting the core of my favorite peach—
 Is the shabbiest devil of all!

The Leap of Roushan Beg—Henry W. Longfellow

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet,
 His chestnut steed with four white feet,
 Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
 Son of the road and bandit chief,
 Seeking refuge and relief,
 Up to the mountain pathway flew.
 Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
 Never yet could any steed
 Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
 More than maiden, more than wife,
 More than gold and next to life
 Roushan the Robber loved his horse.
 In the land that lies beyond
 Erzeroum and Trebizond,
 Garden-girt his fortress stood;
 Plundered khan, or caravan
 Journeying north from Koordistan,
 Gave him wealth and wine and food.
 Seven hundred and fourscore
 Men at arms his livery wore,
 Did his bidding night and day.
 Now, through regions all unknown,
 He was wandering, lost, alone,
 Seeking without guide his way.
 Suddenly the pathway ends,
 Sheer the precipice descends,
 Loud the torrent roars unseen;
 Thirty feet from side to side
 Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
 He who crosses this ravine.
 Following close in his pursuit,
 At the precipice's foot,
 Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
 Halted with his hundred men,
 Shouted upward from the glen,
 "La Illáh illa Alláh!"
 Gently Roushan Beg caressed
 Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
 Kissed him upon both his eyes;
 Sang to him in his wild way,
 As upon the topmost spray
 Sings a bird before it flies.
 "O my Kyrat, O my steed,
 Round and slender as a reed,
 Carry me this peril through!
 Satin housings shall be thine.
 Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
 O thou soul of Kurroglou!

Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright; O life of mine,
Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace

Leaped as leaps the ocean's surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,

Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice

Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head,

Careless sat he and upright;

Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look,

As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,

Seen a moment like the glare

Of a sword drawn from its sheath;

Thus the phantom horseman passed,

And the shadow that he cast

Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath

While this vision of life and death

Passed above him. "Allahu!"

Cried he. "In all Koordistan

Lives there not so brave a man

As this Robber Kurroglou!"

Rupert's March—Walter Thornbury—Poems

Carabine slung, stirrup well hung,

Flagon at saddle-bow merrily swung;

Toss up the ale, for our flag, like a sail,

Struggles and swells in the hot July gale.

Colors fling out, and then give them a shout,

We are the gallants to put them to rout.

Flash all your swords, like Tartarian hordes,

And scare the prim ladies of Puritan lords;

Our steel caps shall blaze through the long summer days,

As we, galloping, sing our mad Cavalier lays;

Then banners advance! By the Lilies of France,

We are the gallants to lead them a dance.

Ring the bells back, though the sexton look black,

Defiance to knaves who are hot on our track.

"Murder and fire!" shout louder and higher;

Remember Edgehill and the red-dabbled mire,

When our steeds we shall stall in the Parliament hall,

We'll shake the old nest till the roof-tree shall fall.

Froth it up, girl, till it splash every curl!

October's the liquor for trooper and earl;

Bubble it up, merry gold in the cup—

We never may taste of to-morrow's night's sup.

(Those red ribbons glow on thy bosom below

Like apple-tree bloom on a hillock of snow.)

No, by my word, there never shook sword

Better than this in the clutch of a lord;

The blue streaks that run are as bright in the sun

As the veins on the brow of that loveliest one;

No deep light of the sky when the twilight is nigh,

Glitters more bright than this blade to the eye.

* * * * *

Well, whatever may hap, this rusty steel cap

Will keep out full many a pestilent rap;

This buff, though it's old and not larded with gold,

Will guard me from rapier as well as from cold;

My scarf, rent and torn, though its color is worn,

Shone gay as a page's but yesterday morn.

Here is a dint from the jag of a flint,
Thrown by a Puritan just as a hint;
But this stab through the buff was a warning more rough,
When Coventry city arose in a huff;
And I met with this gash, as we rode with a crash
Into Noll's pikes on the banks of the Ash.

No jockey or groom wears so draggled a plume
As this that's just drenched in the swift-flowing Froom.
Red grew the tide ere we reached the steep side,
And steaming the hair of old Barbary's hide;
But for branch of that oak that saved me a stroke,
I had sunk there like herring in pickle to soak.

Pistolet crack flashed bright on our track,
And even the foam of the water turned black.
They were twenty to one, our poor rapier to gun,
But we charged up the bank, and we lost only one;
So I saved the old flag, though it was but a rag,
And the sword in my hand was snapped off to a jag.

The water was churned as we wheeled and we turned,
And the dry brake to scare out the vermin we burned.
We gave our halloo, and our trumpet we blew:
Of all their stout fifty we left them but two;
With a mock and a laugh, won their banner and staff,
And trod down the cornets as threshers do chaff.

Saddle my roan, his back is a throne,
Better than velvet or gold, you will own.
Look to your match, or some harm you may catch,
For treason has always some mischief to hatch;
And Oliver's out with all Haslerigg's rout,
So I am told by this shivering, white-livered scout.

We came over the downs through village and towns,
In spite of the sneers, and the curses, and frowns;
Drowning their psalms, and stilling their qualms,
With a clatter and rattle of scabbards and arms,
Down the long street with a trample of feet,
For the echo of hoofs to a Cavalier's sweet.

See, black on each roof, at the sound of our hoof,
The Puritans gather, but keep them aloof;
Their muskets are long, and they aim at a throng.
But woe to the weak when they challenge the strong!
Butt-end to the door, one hammer more,
Our pikemen rush in, and the struggle is o'er.

Storm through the gate, batter the plate,
Cram the red crucible into the grate;
Saddle-bags fill, Bob, Jenkin, and Will,
And spice the staved wine that runs out like a rill.
That maiden shall ride all to-day by my side—
Those ribbons are fitting a Cavalier's bride.

Does Baxter say right, that a bodice laced tight
Should never be seen by the sun or the light!
Like stars from a wood shine under that hood
Eyes that are sparkling, though pious and good.
Surely this waist was by Providence placed,
By a true lover's arm to be often embraced.

Down on your knees, you villains in frieze,
A draught to King Charles, or a swing from those trees;
Blow off this stiff lock, for 'tis useless to knock—
The ladies will pardon the noise and the shock.
From this bright dewy cheek, might I venture to speak,
I could kiss off the tears though she wept for a week.

Now loop me this scarf round the broken pike-staff,
'Twill do for a flag, though the Crop Heads may laugh.
Who was it blew? Give an halloo,
And hang out the pennon of crimson and blue,
A volley of shot is a welcoming hot—
It cannot be troop of the murdering Scot?

Fire the old mill on the brow of the hill,
Break down the plank that runs over the rill,
Bar the town gate; if the burghers debate,
Shoot some to death, for the villains must wait;
Rip up the lead from the roofing o'erhead,
And melt it for bullets, or we shall be sped.

SCIENTIFIC, HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL, AND GENERAL

—How Far Can we See?—From *Popular Science News*—

There is absolutely no limit to the normal vision, if the sight be unobstructed. Yet we can see the stars, which are trillions of miles away, while we cannot see a tree twenty miles distant. Why? It is true that all objects diminish in apparent size in a direct proportion to distance, but that is not the only reason. The chief reason is that our vision is obstructed by the curvature of the earth. It is often a matter of interest and importance to know how far we can see from any given height, or, conversely, how far one must be above the earth to see an object at a given distance. The exact calculation of these figures would require the use of very complex formulæ, but for practical use, two very simple rules will suffice. The distance in miles at which an object upon the surface of the earth is visible is equal to the square root of one and a half times the height of the observer in feet above the surface, and conversely, the height in feet to which an observer must be placed to see a distant object is equal to two-thirds the square of the distance in miles. For instance: The observer is in the rigging of a ship 100 feet above the water, how far distant is the horizon?—that is, how far could an object floating in the water be visible before being hidden by the convexity of the earth? One and one-half times 100 is 150, and the square root of 150 is, approximately, $12\frac{1}{2}$, therefore the horizon is $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. As the deck of smaller vessels, like pleasure yachts, is rarely more than ten feet above the water, it follows that the limit of vision from that point is less than four miles in every direction. An illustration of the second rule may be given as follows: A building is 33 miles away; how high a hill must one climb in order to be able to see it? As the square of the distance equals 1,089, and two-thirds of that number equals 726, it follows that we must climb a hill 720 feet high before we are able to see the building, even with the most powerful telescope. Usually, however, the height of the object, as well as that of the observer, must be taken into consideration, but this simply requires the duplication of the problem. For instance: The Washington monument is 552 feet high; at what height must an observer fifty miles away be in order to see the top of it? Supposing the observer to stand upon the ground, we find by the first rule that he could just see the top 29 miles away, and to overcome the remaining 21 miles, due to the convexity of the earth, he would by rule second have to climb to the height of 294 feet. If we apply similar calculations to the Eiffel tower, the highest artificial structure in the world, we obtain some interesting results. Assuming the height to be just 1,000 feet, we find that, standing at the top, we enjoy a circle of vision bounded by a horizon about 39 miles distant. From the summit of Mount Everest, the highest peak in the Himalayas (27,000 feet) one could see nearly 200 miles, provided the air was clear enough, which would rarely be the case.

—Famous Gardens of Antiquity—Garden and Forest—

At the time of Alexander the Persian, love for gardens and parks, with many other forms of luxury, had obtained a strong foothold among the Greeks, especially in their wealthy colonies, and wherever the conqueror's footsteps are followed we read of admiration for the

works of the Persians and of a desire to imitate them in the new constructions. When Harpalus was left governor of the province of Babylon he was desirous, says Plutarch, "to adorn the palace gardens and walks with Grecian plants, and succeeded in raising all but the ivy, which the earth would not bear, but constantly killed." When the city of Alexandria was laid out "in the form of a plethrum or military cloak" its vast palaces and public buildings were surrounded with squares and gardens to such an extent that, buildings and grounds together, a third of the space within the walls was absorbed. Dinocrates (or Dinochares) was the architect to whom the work was confided, and it was he who conceived the idea of carving Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander "with a city in the right hand and a reservoir of mountain streams in the left." Is such a scheme entitled to be ranked among landscape gardening designs? And if not, where shall we find it? for it can hardly be called mere engineering. At all events, it remains the most ambitious idea that was ever conceived with regard to the adornment of the surface of the earth. Lucian tells us that at Onidos there was a great pleasure ground dedicated to Venus, where even "distinguished citizens," enjoyed themselves on the verdant meadows, and where the common people came in crowds on holidays; and he mentions its cypresses, planes, and myrtles. In Sicily, where luxury went hand in hand with tyranny, gardening seems to have been practised in an especially sumptuous way. Dionysius of Syracuse had famous gardens where his feasts were held; one of the Hieros built a war galley in which the poop deck was covered with earth and beautifully painted, and some modern writers have thought that the famous quarry pits near Syracuse, where the Athenians perished in agony, were afterward planted as pleasure gardens. About 300 years before Christ, Kotys, king of Thrace, "took his pleasure by a cool stream" in a forest through which he had built "level roads." A hundred years later, near Athens itself, Herodius Atticus possessed a villa surrounded by large forests, which is spoken of by Aulus Gellius in his "Attic Nights," and when Xenophon retired from his native country to Scillus, near Olympia, he erected an exact copy on a smaller scale of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, surrounded it with a similar "grove of cultivated trees, bearing fruits eatable at the different seasons," and had spacious hunting grounds in its vicinity.

—Unrolling a Mummy—From *The London Daily Times*—

A large and distinguished company assembled in the botanical theatre of University College recently, to witness the unrolling of a mummy from Upper Egypt. This mummy has for about half a century occupied a place in the college museum, but it is not known how it came in the possession of the college authorities. It was at length decided to unroll it, and Mr. E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., of the British Museum, was requested to undertake the task. The mummy was placed on a table on the floor of the theatre and loosely covered with a cloth of fine linen of a faded purple color, which had formerly constituted its outer wrapping. Before unrolling the mummy Mr. Budge made some prefatory observations on Egyptian mummies generally. He described the principal methods of preserving the hu-

man's body by mummification as three in number. The first process required that the intestines should be extracted and embalmed in four pots dedicated to four gods. The body was then soaked in natron for seventy days. At the end of that time it was washed and then carefully bandaged in hundreds of yards of linen. By the second process the intestines were simply dissolved out by means of natron, after which the body was soaked in natron and then mummified. By the third process the body was merely salted and put into a pit. Sometimes bitumen was used with other substances to fill the cavity in the body after the intestines had been removed. At the conclusion of his observations Mr. Budge proceeded to unroll the mummy, which was closely swathed in scores of yards of thick, yellowish linen of fine texture. The bands of linen varied in width from four to five inches to about a foot. Some of them were laid lengthwise along the body; others were wrapped around it. At the beginning of the process of unrolling there was a very perceptible sickly smell of aromatics, which as the work went on gave place to a more pronounced and decidedly disagreeable odor. When a great part of the linen had been removed black stains, caused by the bitumen, became apparent, and nearer to the body the wrappings had suffered considerably from contact with this substance. Two small pieces of linen with fringes were discovered in the course of the unrolling, and these bore inscriptions more or less impaired by the bitumen. When at last the coverings had been removed the body was found to be of a very dark brown color—so dark, indeed, as to be almost black. The skin where it remained was hard and shiny, the arms and hands lay lengthwise upon the abdomen, while the heart and intestines were placed beneath the knees. The features when disclosed stood out very clearly, and were those of a rather handsome person, but the sex could not be determined. Glass eyes had been placed in the head, and there was a linen plug in the ear. Mr. Budge, at the conclusion of his task, said that the mummy seemed to belong to a period about 800 years before Christ. It was filled with bitumen, and nearly all the flesh was destroyed in consequence. Parts of the skin remained upon the breast, and the bones were still in fairly good condition. The intestines, instead of being put in pots, as they usually were in the case of persons of high birth, were placed beneath the legs. The only inscription decipherable was the name of Osiris, folded over the part of the stomach dedicated to that god, and a prayer for the heart of the deceased.

—*Brain Weight of Man and Woman—Medical Record—*

The subject of the comparative weight of the brain of man and woman comes up periodically, and almost always some incorrectness of statement or inadequacy of knowledge is to be observed. Perhaps a certain feeling of gallantry tempts speakers and writers to handle tenderly facts apparently in conflict with the view that woman is encephalo-morphologically the equal of man. The average weight of the male brain is 49 1-2 ounces, of the female, 44 ounces—a difference of over five ounces. Woman's brain has a higher specific gravity. The man has a larger brain in proportion to stature (Marshall), but woman's brain is larger in proportion to her weight. In 239 Russian brains (Buchstab) the ratio of body weight to brain weight was for the male as 38 to 1, for the female 35 to 1. In woman the brain is shorter in the sagittal diameter, being from

6½ to 6¾ inches in man, 6 to 6¾ inches in woman (Huschka). The transverse and vertical diameters are more nearly equal in the two sexes. The frontal lobe is better developed in man, the distance from the anterior extremity of this lobe to the upper end of the fissure of Rolando being in males 152.9 mm., in females 140.6 mm. (Buchstab). On the other hand, the occipital lobe is more developed proportionately in woman, the distance from the point of the occipital lobe to the parieto-occipital fissure being in males 48.7 mm., in females 51.4 mm. This is for Russian brains, which are a little smaller than German and English, a little heavier than Italian and French brains. The difference between the weight of brain in man and woman increases with civilization, and is most marked in the Caucasian races. In Parisians this difference amounts to 222 grammes, or nearly seven ounces; in European nations generally, 163 grammes; in Hindoos, 120 grammes; in Australians, 103; in negroes, 82; in Chinese, 15. The greatest sexual difference as regards brain weight is found at birth, when the female brain weighs 347 grammes, and the male 393, or about ¼ more, while the total weight of the male infant is about 1½ more than that of the female. The female brain begins to lose weight after the age of thirty, that of a man not till ten or fifteen years later. The loss in woman is very slight, however, and she keeps up a high brain weight much later (till seventy) than man, so that in old age the difference in brain weight is reduced to its minimum, or a little over three ounces. Definite statements cannot be made regarding the sexual differences in convolitional complexity, or the thickness of the gray matter, two important points in estimating the intellectual powers of the organ. Despite much loose talk regarding the unimportance of brain weight as a test of intellectual superiority, it is unquestionably an important factor. What Thurnam calls medium brains range in weight between 40 and 52½ ounces for men and 35 and 47½ ounces for women. All brains in size above this are called "megalocephalous." Now, the tables of brain weight collected by Bastian and others show that the proportion of great men who are decidedly megalocephalous is twenty-five per cent, while the proportion in average men is four per cent to five per cent. The proportion of incipient megalocephaly (*i.e.*, weight above 52½ ounces) among eminent men is nearly sixty per cent. There can be no doubt that the majority of eminent men have large brains, just as the majority of ordinary men have forty-nine-ounce brains. Certain individual cases furnish exceptions, and distinguished talent can co-exist with a small brain, but it is not the rule. When a brain falls to a weight of 37½ ounces in a man, or 32½ ounces in a woman, it is called microcephalic, and the rule is that below these limits idiocy exists. There is just five ounces less amount of brain matter, however, needed to keep a woman from idiocy than is needed for a man. Hence we may reasonably suppose that this, which is nearly the average difference in brain weight of the sexes, represents, not tissue necessary for mentality, but corresponds with the smaller muscular mass and shorter stature of woman.

—*How to Save Pennies—From New York Sunday Sun—*

Nearly ten thousand persons in this city are now in possession of pieces of brown cardboard about six inches square, covered on one side to a greater or less extent with bits of bright-colored paper stuck on like postage stamps on a letter, and representing a value of

from one to fifty cents for each stamp, and of over \$3,600 in the aggregate. These stamps were first put upon the market a little over a year ago through the Charity Organization Society, and the object of them is to encourage people, especially people of small means, to save their pennies. The institution that issues the stamps is called "The Penny Provident Fund of the Charity Organization Society of New York." There is a similar institution in Baltimore, started a little before the one in this city, but practically the idea was a new one when the society took it up here. It has grown naturally and without any special effort to push it, and the extent to which it has been successful is shown by the number of depositors at the present time and the fact that they are increasing at the rate of about a thousand a month. The scheme had its origin or its suggestion in the fact that the visitors of the society were so frequently requested by persons upon whom they called to keep for them small sums of money. These amounts were nearly always less than a dollar. Savings banks generally refuse to receive deposits of less than that sum. The cost of bookkeeping rendered any ordinary banking system of caring for such petty sums too costly to be attempted, and at last it was decided to try the plan of issuing stamps for deposits received in this way. The nine district offices of the society in this city were made places for the receipt of money and the issue of stamps. In a few months the scheme had been caught up so eagerly by those for whose benefit it was intended that it was necessary to enlarge the facilities. In one district the depositors were so numerous that the whole time of one clerk was required to attend to them. The expenses, which the society had heretofore borne itself, were becoming too heavy, and an appeal was made for assistance. Mayor Hewitt, one of the first persons to whose attention the matter was called, promptly offered to be one of fifteen to pledge \$100 a year for five years to pay the expenses of establishing the fund firmly. The following persons thereupon joined in agreeing to be responsible for the expenses of the fund up to \$2,500 a year for five years from February 1, 1889: Abraham S. Hewitt, Robert W. de Forest, George P. Rowell, George E. Dodge, Mrs. George E. Dodge, D. B. Ivison, D. Willis James, W. F. Whitehouse, Titus B. Meigs, Chas. T. Barney, Alfred Corning Clark, Mrs. George Lewis, D. O. Mills, Andrew Carnegie, C. C. Beaman, Rutherford Stuyvesant, John G. Moree, and Seth E. Thomas. A central office was established at the headquarters of the society at 21 University place. A committee of the society has general direction of the fund. Branch stations were quickly established in connection with churches and other organizations in different parts of the city, and the number of these is continually increasing, so that before long the city will be pretty thoroughly covered. The present stations are at the branch offices of the society, at 69 William street, 121 Varick street, 129 Eldridge street, 29 East Ninth street, 53 Third avenue, 1,473 Broadway, 214 East Forty-second street, and 19 East Fifty-ninth street; at the Church of the Holy Trinity, 46 East Forty-third street; St. George's Church, 207 East Sixteenth street; Working Girls' Progressive Club, 339 East Nineteenth street; Girls' Endeavor Society, 59 Morton street; Berean Baptist Church, 33 Bedford street; Neighborhood Guild, 340 Cherry street; Church of the Reconciliation, 248 East Thirty-first street; Trinity Parish, 209 Fulton street;

Holy Cross Mission, 43 Avenue C; Galilee Mission, 340 East Twenty-third street; United States Savings Bank, 214 East Fifty-ninth street; St. Bartholomew's Mission, 158 East Forty-second street; Mrs. J. Fellows Tapley, 319 East Fifty-seventh street; Mrs. G. O. Titus, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.; Mrs. Frederick Hoffman, 40 East 112th street; Thread and Needle Club, 79 Second avenue; H. G. Myers, M.D., 170 West Sixty-fifth street; Enterprise Club, 136 East Twelfth street; Prospect Heights Club, 574 Bergen street, Brooklyn, and at Grace Parish, 132 East Fourteenth street. There have also recently been established stations at Holy Trinity mission, St. Chrysostom's Chapel, Grace Parish Benevolent Society, and St. George's Girls' Friendly Society. A person wishing to make a deposit in the fund goes to any of the stations and signs his name, residence, and occupation to a little blank, in which he agrees to be bound by the rules of the fund. He receives a sheet of stiff brown paper folded in two, about the size and appearance of the cover of an ordinary savings-bank pass book. His name, deposit number, and the date are written in blanks on the front page, where are also printed the rules and conditions of the fund, briefly and to the point:

1. Money can be withdrawn only upon surrender of the card at the stamp station or office where the deposit was made, and one week's notice of intention to withdraw money may be required.
2. Deposits must be made by attaching stamps to this card, and are received in no other way. When one card is filled ask for another. When a card is filled, or the sum of all the stamps attached amounts to \$1 or more, the amount may be transferred to a pass book on delivery of the stamp card at the Central Deposit Station of the society at 21 University place.
3. No sum can be withdrawn less than the amount represented by all the stamps attached. If this card be lost or destroyed, no payment or allowance of any kind will be made thereon. Stamps will be redeemed only when attached to a stamp card.
4. This card is not transferable.
5. The fund is not a savings bank, but only an agency whereby small savings can be readily deposited. It is only responsible for the deposit of all moneys received by it in some trust company, savings bank or institution authorized by law to receive trust funds; it is not responsible for default of such depository.
6. Every deposit is made subject to the above rules.

The other side of the card is divided by ruled lines into thirty-six little squares, each about the size of a postage stamp laid sidewise. Stamps designed like postage stamps, with the amount in a large figure in the centre and the words "Penny Provident Fund" above and "cents" below, are printed in denominations of one, three, five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty cents. The would-be depositor hands in his money and receives this card, and the agent of the society sticks to the card stamps representing the amount of the deposit. The stamps are not sold loose, and are not redeemable except when attached to the card. If this were not the case they would quickly become current as cash in the corner groceries and saloons of the neighborhood, and the object of the fund would be entirely lost. The stamps are of a different color for each denomination, dull orange for one cent, blue for three cents, green for five cents, brown for ten cents, red for twenty-five cents, and purple for fifty cents. Each treasurer, as the person in charge of a station is called, has to pay for the stamps when they are taken from the office of the society, and consequently there can never be any defalcation or loss through the failure of a treasurer to turn in money deposited. When a depositor wishes to withdraw his money he goes to the station at which he deposited it, presents his book, and, if required, may

be made to give a week's notice of his intention to withdraw. As a general thing, however, he has immediately handed out to him the money representing the stamps upon his card. The card, with the stamps cancelled, is returned by the treasurer to the cashier at the central office, and the amount it represents is credited as cash. Bookkeeping is thus reduced to a minimum. The central office deposits all its money with a trust company, where the trifling income that it brings in goes to help pay the expenses of the fund. There are spaces on the cards for \$18 worth of stamps if every deposit should be of fifty cents. The fund desires, however, to limit deposits to \$10 whenever possible, and as soon as one reaches that figure tries to get the depositor to open an account at a regular savings bank and put the money there. Often this is not an easy matter. People have no hesitation in handing in their money to the agents of the fund and leaving it there, bearing no interest, but they are suspicious of savings banks. Those who insist on leaving their money in the fund turn in their cards when they are full and receive in exchange a regular pass book, upon which they are credited with the amount their cards represent. New cards are issued at the same time, and are turned in and credited on the pass book as fast as they are filled up. A general account of these deposits is kept at the central office, and the loss of the book does not involve the loss of the deposit, as is the case with the cards. The most successful station of the fund is at the new United States Savings Bank on East Fifty-ninth street, which was opened on June 12th, and where, up to Nov. 1st, 2,580 persons had deposited \$1,048,30. Many of these had filled up their cards and opened regular accounts at the bank. Of course this was the object of the bank in opening the station. Older banks, which generally have as many depositors as they can attend to already, have not yet taken a similar interest in the fund. Another very successful station is that at the society's district office at 129 Eldridge street. Up to Oct. 1st there were 3,145 depositors there, and they had put in \$459.40. Of course the fund is still a new enterprise, but the fact that during the first year the total number of depositors was 15,000 and the constant increase in the net total of depositors about a thousand a month, indicates that it will almost certainly become a very successful institution in a few years. No special effort is being made to push the fund or to increase the number of stations, but it is thought it will shortly extend in other directions, as, for instance, into the schools, where it would be of great benefit, not only in the actual extent to which it would promote savings, but in the early inculcation into the children of ideas of thrift and carefulness.

— *Deaf-Mutes' Progress*—E. A. Hodgson—*Inter-Ocean*—

The situation is such that, in order to fully realize and appreciate the progress and prospects of deaf-mutes, it is necessary to take a glance backward. In all ages and in all countries there have existed a certain proportion of deaf and dumb persons; yet only a century and a quarter has elapsed since any effort was made to educate them. It is true there were a few spasmodic attempts and isolated instances of success, but not until the close of the eighteenth century did the work assume a character that demonstrated the certainty of success, and a widespread recognition of its importance. Prior to the time when Christ spoke the word Ephphatha, we have but two authentic in-

stances in which deaf-mutes were treated with any degree of toleration, viz., a son of Croesus, King of Lydia, and Quintus Pedius, a relative of the Emperor Augustus. The thousands who lived and died before and after the advent of the Christian era were subjects of oppression and cruelty, were denied civil and religious privileges, and at a certain period, were popularly regarded as objects of divine wrath, and as such, fitted for slavery or death. Scholars and philosophers alike agreed that it was impossible to educate the deaf and dumb. In this country the education of deaf-mutes was begun, seventy-one years ago, with a class of four pupils, in Hartford, Conn. At present there are sixty-nine schools and institutions for their education in the United States, with an aggregate attendance of over 8,000. There are, besides, fully 30,000 deaf-mutes scattered throughout the Union, who are either graduates of the different institutions or are too young to attend. The graduates of deaf-mute institutions, as a general rule, engage in the trades which they have been taught while pupils; for the institutions not only aim to give both a mental and a manual education, the male pupils being instructed in such trades as cabinet-making, wood-carving, carpentry, shoemaking, tailoring, and printing, as also the occupations of gardening and farming; while the females are taught plain sewing, dressmaking, and the correct methods of performing the various domestic duties. Both males and females are instructed in the rudiments of drawing, and those who manifest any talent are educated in the higher branches of art. Those who demonstrate an ability and a desire for higher education become students of the National Deaf-mute College at Washington, which is supported by the government and is empowered by Congress to confer degrees. It would be well to explain that there are two distinct conditions implied by the term deaf-mutes. Ten per cent of so-called deaf-mutes can speak, but cannot hear, having become deaf by sickness or accident after learning to talk. In some cases congenital deaf-mutes have been taught to speak. The vast majority are deaf and dumb. Deaf-mutes generally intermarry, and it is only in very rare instances that a deaf-mute marries a hearing person. They live happy and industrious lives, and are, with few exceptions, good, law-abiding, intelligent, and independent people, who claim the rights and privileges and accept the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. Their children are invariably bright, and very rarely inherit the affliction of the parents. During the past twenty years much advancement has been made. Through the medium of newspapers which publish intelligence concerning them, rapid strides in social and business progress have characterized them as a class, and at the same time once more demonstrated the power of the press. They have literary societies in most of the cities of the United States, where the deaf-mutes mount the rostrum and hold forth in silent oratory and debate. Solutions of vital questions of the day are usually essayed, and the more intelligent, through the medium of their powerful and effective language of signs, keep the less advanced posted in the topics of the day, develop and improve their argumentative abilities, and generate ideas that otherwise were destined to lie dormant in the brain. Besides these literary societies, there are annual or biennial State conventions, which take up and discuss matters affecting the welfare of deaf-mutes. That the effect of these conventions is

salutary and far-reaching is acknowledged by those conversant with matters relating to the education and well-being of the deaf and dumb. There are to be found deaf-mutes in nearly every profession and trade. Strange as it may seem, there are deaf-mute ministers, lawyers, analytical chemists, apothecaries, sculptors, teachers, editors, bankers, clerks, book-keepers, etc. Many have risen to positions of high emolument and honor. It would be advantageous to deaf-mutes if the public possessed a correct conception of the disabilities which deafness imposes. There is a tendency to exaggerate the misfortune. A little reasoning will show there are few avocations which a deaf-mute cannot pursue with as much comparative success as one who can hear.

— *The World's Fuel Supply*—*North American Review*—

Time was when the carbon and hydrogen, which form practically the whole of our supply of fuel and the principal part of our food, were inorganic—no more capable of sustaining combustion or animal life (if we except certain microscopic forms which decompose carbonic acid) than granite or slate. For vegetable life, however, the supply of food was at its maximum. Vegetable life came, generated in some unknown way by the solar energy which poured through the atmosphere and the heat energy which penetrated the earth's crust from within. Through the unimaginable ages of the carboniferous period a gigantic flora fed on the rich atmosphere, assimilating its carbon and hydrogen, and thereby setting free its oxygen, until it could sustain its animal life, at first in the lowest, then successively in the higher forms. This gigantic flora, with its enormous potential energy of chemical separation from oxygen—an energy derived chiefly from the solar energy of that period, easily admitted and tenaciously retained by the atmosphere—is now stored up in the earth as fuel for the future generations of our race. Future, I say, for tremendous as the annual consumption of coal, petroleum, and natural gas for a generation has been, we have as yet only begun upon the great store. Hitherto Mother Earth has been able to supply her children's needs by expending only her current income. In this latter day, however, their demands have multiplied so rapidly that she has been obliged to draw upon the capital stored up during the long ages of her maidenhood. How long will that capital last at the terrible rate at which we have begun to squander it? Is her children's prodigality actually making her poorer? or has she the power to nullify the effects of their extravagance? and are her diminishing resources due only to the decreasing energy of her natural supporter and protector, the sun? However prodigal man may be in his use of earth's treasures, he can never annihilate one atom of her substance or transport it beyond her domain. In his wasteful consumption of fuel he is only restoring elements to their primeval condition as constituents chiefly of the aerial and aqueous oceans which surround our globe. It follows, then, that the more rapid the combustion the richer becomes the atmosphere in its power to sustain and force vegetable growth. If it were possible for that period so often predicted to arrive, when the 6,000,000,000,000 tons, more or less, of fossil fuels now stored up in the earth's coal bins shall have been consumed, the atmosphere will simply have returned to its primeval condition—that which preceded the carboniferous period. The only essential difference, therefore, which will mark the two remote geologic periods, the past and future, will

be due to whatever reduction will have taken place in the sun's energy. But whether that condition is destined ever to return to earth or not, one thing is certain: It will not be through human instrumentality. Ages before its arrival the percentage of carbonic acid in the atmosphere will have passed through the point possible to the continuance of human life. If not through human agency, then how is it to come? Certainly not by any of the processes now in operation. The percentage of carbonic acid in the atmosphere does not materially vary. This fact means simply that somewhere on the earth's surface vegetation is taking up the enormous surplus of carbonic acid constantly pouring forth from our millions of furnaces, and thus restoring it to the form of available fuel. The weight that is constantly sinking is thus being constantly relifted by the daily conversion of solar to vital energy. Only some stupendous convulsion of nature, like those dreamed of by John of Patmos and Lord Byron, in which "the elements shall melt with fervent heat," can undo the work of the carboniferous ages—some tremendous upheaval in which the subterranean stores of fuel shall at once be laid bare and given over to the devouring oxygen. Then would a new cycle begin, another carboniferous era, in which the storehouses would be again slowly filled for future generations of men. Again and again might the cycle return, until the diminishing energy of the sun should at last fail to uplift the fallen weight, to reorganize the inorganic.

— *Wonderful Human Mechanism*—*Popular Science Mo.*—

Science, says Sir James Paget, will supply the natural man with wonders uncounted. The author had once heard Mlle. Janotha play a presto by Mendelssohn. She played 5,595 notes in four minutes and three seconds. Every one of these notes involved certain movements of a finger, at least two, and many of them involved an additional movement laterally as well as those up and down. They also involved repeated movements of the wrists, elbows, and arms, altogether probably not less than one movement for each note. Therefore, there were three distinct movements for each note. As there were twenty-four notes per second, and each of these notes involved three distinct musical movements, that amounted to seventy-two movements in each second. Moreover, each of those notes was determined by the will to a chosen place, with a certain force at a certain time and with a certain duration. Therefore there were four distinct qualities in each of the seventy-two movements in each second. Such were the transmissions outward. And all those were conditional on consciousness of the position of each hand and each finger before it was moved, and by moving it of the sound and the force of each touch. Therefore, there were three conscious sensations for every note. There were seventy-two transmissions per second, one hundred and forty-four to and fro, and those with constant change of quality. And then, added to that, all the time the memory was remembering each note in its due time and place, and was exercised in the comparison of it with others that came before. So that it would be fair to say that there were not less than two hundred transmissions of nerve force to and from the brain, outward and inward every second, and during the whole time judgment was exercised as to whether the music was played better or worse than before, and the mind was conscious of some of the emotions which the music was intended to inspire.

LIFE, DEATH, IMMORTALITY—ETERNAL QUESTIONS

The Love of Life: Oliver Goldsmith.

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigor of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at least the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence. Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wisest in life are liable! Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardor to continue the game. Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips Imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigor of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at this time, and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its value is no more.

Dignity of Human Nature: Wm. E. Channing.

I do not dream when I speak of the divine capacities of human nature. It was a real page in which I read of patriots and martyrs,—of Fenelon and Howard, of Hampden and Washington. And tell me not that these were prodigies, miracles, immeasurably separated from their race; for their very reverence, which has treasured up and hallowed their memories,—the very sentiments of admiration and love with which their names are now heard, show that the principles of their greatness are diffused through all your breasts. The germs of sublime virtue are scattered liberally on our earth. How often have I seen in the obscurity of domestic life, a strength of love, of endurance, of pious trust, of virtuous resolution, which in a public sphere would have attracted public homage! I cannot but pity the man who recognizes nothing godlike in his own nature. I see the marks of God in the heavens and the earth; but how much more in a liberal intellect, in magnanimity, in unconquerable rectitude, in a philanthropy which forgives every wrong. Neither the sneers of a worldly scepticism, nor its groans of a gloomy theology, disturb my faith in the godlike powers of human nature. I know how it is despised,—how it has been oppressed,—how civil and religious establishments have for ages conspired to crush it. I know its history. I shut my eyes on none of its weaknesses and crimes: I understand the proofs by which despotism demonstrates that man is a wild beast, in want of a master and safe only in chains. But injured, trampled on,

and scorned as our nature is, I still turn to it with intense sympathy, and strong hope. The signatures of its origin and its end are impressed too deeply to be ever wholly effaced. I bless it for its kind affections, for its strong and tender love, I honor it for its struggles against oppressions, for its growth and progress, for its achievements in science and art, and still more for its examples of heroic and saintly virtue. These are marks of a divine origin, and I thank God that my own lot is bound up with that of the human race.

The Thought of Death: Jeremy Taylor.

Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises and solemn bugbears, and the actings by candle-light, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels and noise-makers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the minister, the kindred and the watches,—and then to die is easy, ready and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.

The Idea of Immortality: T. T. Munger.

It cannot be linked with the early superstitions that sprang out of the childhood of the race,—with fetichism and the worship of ancestors; nor is it akin to the early thought that personified and dramatized the forces of nature, and so built up the great mythologies. These were the first rude efforts of men to find a cause of things. But the idea of immortality had no such genesis. Men worshipped and propitiated long before they attained to a clear conception of a future life. A forecasting shadow of it may have hung over the early races; a voice not fully articulate may have uttered some syllable of it, and gained at last expressions in theories of metempsychosis and visions of Nirvana; but the doctrine of personal immortality belongs to a later age. It grew into the consciousness of the world with the growth of man,—slowly and late,—and marked in its advent the stage of human history when man began to recognize the dignity of his nature. It came with the full consciousness of selfhood, and is the product of man's full and ripe thought; it is not only not allied with the early superstitions, but is the reversal of them. These, in their last analysis, confessed man's subjection to nature and its powers, and shaped themselves into forms of expiation and propitiation; they implied a low and feeble sense of his nature, and turned on his condition rather than on his nature,—on a sense of the external world, and not on a perception of himself. But the assertion of immortality is a triumph over nature,—a denial of its forces. Man marches to the head and says: "I too am to be considered; I also am a power; I may be under the gods, but I claim for myself their destiny, I am allied to nature, but I am its head, and will no longer confess myself to be its slave." The fact of such an origin should not only separate it from the superstitions, but secure for it a large and generous place in the world of speculative thought.

FAMOUS CHAPTERS—QUIXOTE AND THE WINDMILLS*

As they were thus discussing, they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills, which are in that plain; and, as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire: "Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where thou mayest discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter and slay; and with their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves: for it is lawful war, and doing God good service to remove so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth." "What giants?" said Sancho Panza. "Those thou seest yonder," answered his master, "with their long arms; for some are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues." "Look, sir," answered Sancho, "those, which appear yonder are not giants, but windmills; and what seem to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millstone go." "It is very evident," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art not versed in the business of adventures: they are giants; and, if thou art afraid, get thee aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat." So saying, he clapped spurs to his steed, notwithstanding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that they certainly were windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud: "Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs; for it is a single knight who assaults you." The wind now rising a little, the great sails began to move: upon which Don Quixote called out: "Although ye should move more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it."

Then recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succour him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; when, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over the plain, in very plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance, and when he came up to his master, found him unable to stir, so violent was the blow he and Rozinante had received. "God save me!" quoth Sancho, "did I not warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? And nobody could mistake them, but one that had the like in his head." "Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual change. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly the fact, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed those giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me! But his wicked arts will finally avail but little against the goodness of my sword." "God grant it!" answered Sancho Panza; then helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon his steed, which was almost disjointed.

Conversing upon the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the pass of Laplice; because there,

Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, as it was much frequented. He was, however, concerned at the loss of his lance; and, speaking of it to his squire, he said: "I remember to have read that a certain Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed such wonders with it, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was surnamed Machuca. I now speak of this, because from the first oak we meet, I mean to tear a limb, at least as good as that, with which I purpose and resolve to perform such feats that thou shalt deem thyself most fortunate in having been thought worthy to behold them, and to be an eye-witness of things which will scarcely be credited." "God's will be done!" quoth Sancho; "I believe all just as you say, sir. But, pray set yourself more upright in your saddle; for you seem to me to ride sideling, owing, perhaps, to bruises received by your fall." "It is certainly so," said Don Quixote; "and, if I do not complain of pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, even though their entrails should issue from it." "If so, I have nothing more to say," quoth Sancho; "but God knows I should be glad to hear your worship complain when anything ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining extend also to the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him he might complain whenever and as much as he pleased, either with or without cause, having never yet read anything to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

They passed that night under shelter of some trees, and from one of them the knight tore a withered branch, to serve him as a lance, after fixing upon it the iron head of the one that had been broken. All that night Don Quixote slept not, but ruminated on his lady Dulcinea; conformably to the practice of knights-errant. Not so did Sancho spend the night; for his stomach being full, and not of succory water, he made but one sleep of it. At his uprising he applied again to his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before. Don Quixote would not yet break his fast; resolving still to subsist upon savory remembrances.

They now turned again into the road they had entered upon the day before, leading to the pass of Laplice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. "Here, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote upon seeing it, "we may plunge our arms up to the elbows in what are termed adventures. But attend to this caution, that, even shouldst thou see me in the greatest peril in the world, thou must not lay thy hand to thy sword to defend me, unless thou perceivest that my assailants are vulgar and low people; in that case thou mayest assist me: but should they be knights, it is nowise agreeable to the laws of chivalry that thou shouldst interfere, until thou art thyself dubbed a knight." "Your worship," answered Sancho, "shall be obeyed most punctually therein, and the rather as I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brawls and squabbles; but, for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make

*From "Don Quixote." By Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra.

no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human law allows every man to defend himself against whoever would wrong him." "That I grant," answered Don Quixote; "but with respect to giving me aid against knights, thou must refrain and keep within bounds thy natural impetuosity." "I say, I will do so," answered Sancho; "and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's-day."

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared on the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted upon dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling masks, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, accompanied by four men on horseback, and two muleteers. Within the coach, was a Biscaine lady on her way to join her husband at Seville, who was there waiting to embark for India. The monks were not in her company, but were only travelling the same road. Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire: "Either I am deceived, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever happened; for those black figures that appear yonder must undoubtedly be enchanters, who are carrying off, in that coach, some princess, whom they have stolen; which wrong I am bound to use my utmost endeavors to redress." "This may prove a worse business than the windmills," said Sancho; "pray, sir, take notice that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Harken to my advice, sir; have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you." "I have already told thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that thou knowest little concerning adventure; what I say is true, as thou wilt presently see." So saying, he advanced forward, and planted himself in the midst of the highway, by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out, with a loud voice: "Diabolical and monstrous race! Either instantly release the high-born princess whom ye are carrying away perforce in that coach, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds." The monks stopped their mules, and stood amazed, as much at the figure of Don Quixote, as at his expressions; to which they answered: "Signor cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but monks of the Benedictine order, travelling on our own business, and entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away in that coach, by force, or not." "No fair speeches to me; for I know ye, treacherous scoundrels!" said Don Quixote; and, without waiting for a reply, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury and resolution that if he had not slid down from his mule, he would certainly have been thrown to the ground, and wounded too, if not killed outright. The second monk clapped spurs to the side of his good mule, and began to scour along the plain, lighter than the wind itself.

In the mean time Don Quixote, as it hath been already mentioned, addressed the lady in the coach: "Your beauteous ladyship may now," said he, "dispose of your person as pleaseth you best; for the pride of your ravishers lies humbled in the dust, overthrown by my invincible arm; and, that you may be at no trouble to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso; and, in requital of the bene-

fit you have received at my hands, all that I desire is that you would return to Toboso, and in my name, present yourself before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty."

All Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire, who accompanied the coach, a Biscainer, who, finding he would not let it proceed, flew at Don Quixote, and addressed him, in bad Castilian and worse Biscaine: "Cavalier, begone! and the devil go with thee! I swear by the God that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscainer."

Don Quixote understood him very well, and with great calmness answered: "If thou wert a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave." "I, no gentleman!" said the Biscainer; "I swear by the great God thou liest, as I am a Christian; if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see how soon the cat will get into the water. Biscainer by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest! Now what hast thou to say!" "Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages," answered Don Quixote; then, throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, grasped his buckler, and set upon the Biscainer, with a resolution to take his life. The Biscainer, seeing him come on in that manner, would fain have alighted, knowing that his mule, a wretched hackney, was not to be trusted, but he had only time to draw his sword. Fortunately for him he was so near the coach as to be able to snatch from it a cushion, that served him for a shield; whereupon, they fell to, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace, but the Biscainer swore, in his jargon, that, if they would not let him finish, he would murder his mistress, or whoever attempted to prevent him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, ordered the coachman to remove a little out of the way, and sat at a distance, beholding the rigorous conflict; in the progress of which, the Biscainer gave Don Quixote so mighty a stroke on one of his shoulders, and above his buckler, that, had it not been for his armor, he had cleft him down to the girdle. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying: "O lady of my soul! Dulcinea, flower of all beauty! Succor this thy knight, who, to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this perilous extremity!" This invocation, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and rushing with fury on the Biscainer, was the work of an instant—resolving to venture all on the fortune of a single blow. The Biscainer, therefore waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion; but he was unable to turn his mule either to right or left, for, being jaded, and unaccustomed to such sport, the creature would not move a step.

Don Quixote, now advanced with uplifted sword, fully determined to cleave him asunder; and the Biscainer awaited him, with his sword also raised, and guarded by his cushion. All the by-standers were in fearful suspense as to the event of those prodigious blows with which they threatened each other; and the lady and her attendants were making a thousand vows of offerings, to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that God might deliver them from this great peril. But the misfortune is that the historian, at that very crisis, leaves the combat unfinished, pleading he could find no more written of the exploits of Don Quixote.

PARAGRAPHS OF NATURAL AND UNNATURAL HISTORY

—*The Increase of Animal Life—From Scientific American—*

Compared with the rest of animal nature, infusory animalcules are undoubtedly the most numerous; next come worms, insects, and fishes. After these are the amphibia and serpents, birds and quadrupeds, and, lastly, man. The human female produces generally but one offspring at a time, and that after a considerable interval from her birth, and but few during her whole existence. Many quadrupeds are subject to similar laws, while others are more prolific, their fecundity being little, if at all, inferior to that of certain birds, for they will produce twenty or thirty young at a time. Several birds breed frequently in a year, and will lay more than a single egg at a time. How prodigious is the difference on descending to the classes pisces, amphibia, reptilia, insecta, and annelida! Yet among them the numbers cannot be more different. According to naturalists, a scorpion will produce 65 young; a common fly will lay 144 eggs, a leech 150, and a spider 170. A hydrachna produces 600 eggs, and a frog 1,100. A female moth will produce 1,100 eggs, and a tortoise 1,000. A gall insect has laid 50,000 eggs; a shrimp, 6,000; and 10,000 have been found in the ovary of an ascaris. One naturalist found over 12,000 eggs in a lobster, and another over 21,000. An insect very similar to an ant (*Mutilla*) has produced 80,000 eggs in a single day; and Leuwenhoeck seems to compute 4,000,000 to the crab's share. Many fishes produce an incredible number of eggs. More than 36,000 have been counted in a herring; 38,000 in a smelt; 1,000,000 in a sole; 1,130,000 in a roach; 3,000,000 in a sturgeon; 342,000 in a carp; 383,000 in a tench; 546,000 in a mackerel; 992,000 in a perch, and 1,357,000 in a flounder. But of all the fishes hitherto discovered, the cod seems to be the most prolific. One naturalist computes that this fish produces more than 3,686,000 eggs, and another as many as 9,444,000. A rough calculation has shown that, were 1 per cent of the eggs of the salmon to result in full-grown fish, and were they and their progeny to continue to increase in the same ratio, they would, in about sixty years, amount in bulk to many times the size of the earth. Nor is the salmon the most prolific of species. In a yellow perch weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ ounces have been counted 9,943 eggs, and in a smelt ten inches and a half in length, 25,141. An interesting experiment was made in 1761, by Charles F. Lund. He obtained from 50 female breams 3,100,000 young; from 100 female perch, 3,215,000; from 100 female mullets, 4,000,000.

—*Animals and Pain—W. Collier—Nineteenth Century—*

Mauzouy, of Maréville, in the *Annales Médico-Psychologiques*, states that in his asylum he found more than fifty per cent of his idiot, imbecile, and melancholic patients presented different degrees of insensitiveness. The fact that in patients suffering from melancholia the sensitiveness to pain often becomes blunted is important, as melancholia is so frequently attended by great loss of mental activity and great depression of the cerebral circulation. The loss of sensitiveness will account in great measure for the horrible mutilations melancholics not unfrequently inflict upon themselves. Although the general type of the nervous system is the same in all the vertebrate animals, it is well to remem-

ber that in all the lower animals the brain is, in proportion to the rest of the body, very much smaller than in the case of man. It appears, too, that those animals whose brains are most developed and most exercised by their constant intercourse with man, as the dog and the horse, are more sensitive to pain than wilder and less domesticated animals. In dealing with animals it is necessary to consider carefully what signs may be depended upon as proofs of their suffering. Certainly their struggles and cries are not always true indications. All wild animals struggle under restraint. With many, cries indicate fear rather than pain. A hare when shot rarely cries; when closely pursued by dogs it often does. Animals when trapped rarely cry until some one approaches the trap. Frogs will cry out loudly on the appearance of anything at all resembling a snake; when injured with stones or cut by the scythe in mowing they rarely do so. We may perhaps best judge as to what extent animals suffer by observing to what degree injuries interfere with their usual habits. I have already said that dogs and horses would appear to be more sensitive to pain than less domesticated animals, and yet innumerable instances have been recorded of these animals meeting with the severest injuries, and exhibiting no indication of suffering. G. A. Rowell, of Oxford, gives many forcible examples of this. Among others, the following: "A horse, feeding by the side of the road on Headington Hill, Oxford, had its leg broken by a coach-wheel passing over it just above the fetlock-joint; the bone was dreadfully crushed, and protruded in parts through the skin. Within a few minutes the horse had hobbled to the side of the road and begun grazing, showing no other signs of pain than holding up the injured leg." Other striking examples of a similar nature are quoted in the same work as having come under the writer's own observation. Every gamekeeper knows that it is a common thing for a rat or rabbit, when caught by the leg in one of the ordinary steel traps, to gnaw off its limb and so escape, while other animals when kept short of food will readily eat their own tails. Another proof that animals are less sensitive to pain than man is their comparative freedom from shock after severe injuries. When a man meets with a severe injury of any kind, a train of symptoms follow which are collectively known by the name of shock. A striking pallor takes the place of the natural color, the skin becomes covered with a clammy moisture, the eye loses its natural lustre, and the extremities become deadly cold, and while the ear may detect the fluttering action of the heart, the pulse at the wrist is often quite imperceptible. All these symptoms point to a great disturbance of the nervous system, and I think that all medical men would agree that shock is much more easily induced and more marked among the active brain-workers in our crowded cities than among their less intellectual brethren in agricultural districts, whereas the lower animals often sustain the severest injuries without exhibiting any of the symptoms of shock. When we pass from animals to fish, we find that the belief that fish suffer very little pain is far more general and widespread. Every fisherman has his story to tell either of himself or of a friend having hooked a

fish with another hook recently embedded in its flesh. The great difficulty of killing some fish would prove at any rate that their nervous system was not oversensitive to shock, while the extreme smallness of their brains would strengthen our belief in their want of sensitiveness, for whereas the proportion of the brain of man to the rest of his body is about as one to sixty, the proportion in fishes is about one to three thousand. In man and animals the skin is certainly the most sensitive tissue of the body; we can hardly imagine that the scales which cover the bodies of fishes are equally sensitive. When we pass to the invertebrate kingdom, represented by shell-fish, snails, worms, insects, etc., we find an entire absence of brain, the nervous system being represented by two nervous cords running the whole length of the ventral surface of the body, and having a pair of small masses of nervous tissue, known as ganglia, developed at intervals. The extraordinary mutilations these creatures will successfully endure prove that their nervous system is but little influenced by shock, and renders it almost certain that it is equally insensitive to pain. When we remember that the worm when cut in half does not necessarily die, but has the power of reproducing the lower portion of its body, and that in some orders the lower half develops a new mouth, and becomes a new animal—again, when we remember that other members of the same sub-kingdom, such as lobsters and crabs, will frequently when frightened throw off a limb or two, we must conclude that their sense of pain is very small, and yet they are repeatedly spoken and written of as though they were as sensitive as man. The nervous system of insects is very similar to that of worms and snails, being represented by a ventral chain of ganglia; and in their case the evidence of insensitiveness would appear to be overwhelming. Wasps with their bodies crushed out of all shape will readily attack sugar and honey when supplied them as though nothing were the matter; cockchafers, in a similar way, will go on feeding when their abdomens have been partially eviscerated by the peck of a bird; while a beetle with a pin through its body has been known to perambulate the collector's case in which it had been placed, and devour all the other specimens in the neighborhood. Again, as we watch a moth hovering round an open light, and see its wings and body from time to time singed by the heat, it must strike us that were it more sensitive to pain its life would be preserved. In spite of all that I have said we shall, I think, still be horrified at the unnecessary pain when we read of the fearful wounds inflicted on whales in our northern seas by harpoons shot from cannons carrying dynamite bombs which only explode after burying themselves in the bodies of the unfortunate creatures. We are told that their dying struggles will often, in spite of these enormous wounds, last for hours. Yet one fact would lead us to hope that the pain is much less than we should at first sight conceive possible. It is that, as far as man is concerned, any severe injury would seem to paralyze the nerve endings to such an extent as to prevent them transmitting the stimulus which they had received to the brain. Thus it often happens that the severest wounds are only attended by a feeling of numbness in the parts, until several hours after the injury, when the nerves have recovered their function. Mr. Rowell relates the following: "During the siege of Sebastopol, an officer was with a party of his men in the

trenches, when a shell fell and burst among them; he was lighting a pipe at the moment the shell exploded; and, making some exclamation relative to its having knocked the pipe out of his hand, his attention was directed to a sergeant near him, who was killed by the explosion—when, seeing that the eyes of his men were turned upon himself, he found that the shell had taken off one arm between the wrist and elbow, and three fingers from the other hand; but, till his attention was thus drawn to it, he did not know he was wounded, and felt no pain from it." Excitement, too, is an important factor in mitigating pain; the battle-field constantly affords examples of intense excitement, blunting sensation. It was excitement which, in the middle ages, enabled religious enthusiasts to inflict apparently the severest tortures on their own bodies, without exhibiting any evidence of acute suffering. And we can have little doubt that the excitement produced in an animal when fighting for life and liberty often aids in numbing the pain of the ghastly wounds inflicted by the weapons of man. This might appear to tell against the suggestion made earlier, that the more active and wide-awake the brain is the more sensitive is it to pain, for it is quite clear that during periods of intense excitement the brain is in a state of great activity. The probable explanation is that this activity is limited to one portion of the brain, and that the functions of the other portions are thrown partially into abeyance. Lastly, let us not forget that animals are generally free from that anticipation of pain which with man is often worse than the pain itself. I would conclude by urging that we have good grounds for believing that, although the lower animals are sensitive to pain, they are far less sensitive than man, and that the lower we descend in the scale of animal life, the less sensitive it becomes. Further, that while in their wild state countless myriads of them meet with violent deaths at the hands of their more powerful foes, such death is attended by a minimum amount of pain. I would add, too, that such a belief should not make us less careful in our dealings with the lower animals, but should strengthen our belief in the mercy of the Creator, and should increase our pleasure in studying their habits and movements.

—*Sand-Hill Cranes—Col. Sam. Knight—Globe-Democrat*—

"One of the most delightful hunting sports that was indulged in to a large extent, twenty-five and thirty years ago on the wide, level prairies of Illinois, has been forever suppressed by the encroachments of civilization. I allude to sand-hill crane hunting. There was more delicate skill required in this sport than in any other kind of hunting, perhaps, for the sand-hill crane is one of those birds that is noted for its extreme shyness, and for acuteness of sight and hearing; and, therefore, the hunter had to employ the most skilful artifices to obtain any success whatever in the sport. The crane is a wading bird, conspicuous in its make-up for legs and neck exceedingly slim and long. It has a long, sharp-pointed bill, long wings, short tail, and short, strong claws. They are very large birds, some measuring from tip of bill to the end of the claws 65 inches; extent of wings 92, and bill 6. They are generally of a pure white color, but some have a bluish-gray tint. The sand-hill cranes frequent marshes, muddy flats, and open plains, migrating to warm climates in winter. They fly usually at night in large flocks, following a leader in two diverging lines, at a great elevation, and at times uttering loud cries. Their food consists

principally of small snakes, fish, mice, insects, seeds, roots, and grain. The old sand-hill cranes used to come in immense flocks in the middle of October and remain until the middle of April, in Illinois, and their familiar cries were heard along the large sloughs and low, swampy depressions in the vast prairie regions of the State. They fed upon the worms and fish and ground mice in these marshes. Some very peculiar habits were exhibited by these sand-hills, and it seemed that they were divided into colonies, each of which had a leader, whose cry was the supreme law. In the airy mornings of the early autumn days large numbers of the cranes would congregate round a slough and all join in a regular quadrille, forming in couples in due form, and going through all the intricate mazes of this particular style of terpsichorean pleasure as faultlessly as the beaux and belles in a West End dance. True, some of the young cranes were awkward, but the old ones presented all the long-limbed grace of a Mary Anderson in her dance of *Perdita*. But while the flock indulged in dancing, the leader stood alone and still, some distance away, with head erect, as if a sentinel, to give the cry of alarm on any approach of danger. And it was only the most expert hunters that ever surprised the cranes, for their leader was never unwary, but as watchful with sensitive ear and keen eye as any soldier on picket duty. But the ingenious mind of the hunter finally hit upon a moderately successful plan. Horses were trained to steal softly with light steps over the long waving prairie grass up to the spot where the cranes were either holding a dancing carnival or were assiduously engaged in searching for food. By this means the horses carried their riders within shooting distance of the cranes, and before the birds could poise themselves in preparation for flight the horses would suddenly spring in their midst, and the hunters were thus given excellent opportunity for fine shots. Hunters had learned that it took a moment for the birds to poise before flying. But it was an impossibility for a hunter to walk within shooting distance of a flock without the leader giving a cry of alarm. Hunters have crawled for a quarter of a mile through the long prairie grass, over the wet marsh, mud, and black loam of Illinois, and when almost within shooting distance and on the very tiptoe of expectancy, the leader of the cranes would give the alarm, and away the flock would fly to some adjoining slough. The poor hunter was left to dry his clothes, scrape the mud off, and use language not at all conducive to a devotional frame of mind. Finally horses were trained to walk quietly up to where the cranes were congregated and rush suddenly upon them. It was a well-known fact that a hunter could ride horseback almost up to the slough where the cranes were and they would not detect him, or, at least, take him and the animal to be one and the same being.

— *Taming a Lioness—From the New York Sunday Sun* —

There was an uncommonly good row over in a barn in Hoboken recently. It contains an elephant, a hyena, a magnificent big lion, a superb Bengal tiger, three pumas, a tapir, a zebra, three antelopes, fourteen dogs, a llama, five cats, an ibex, three carriage horses, a pair of sea lions with a baby sea lion, a pair of eight-footed horses, a large number of rats, a great many mice, several thousand canary birds, and a colony of roaches. The barn is the storeroom of Mr. Herman Reiche, the animal importer. Two weeks ago he received an order for a tamed lioness, but he hadn't any.

He did, however, have a fine three-year-old wild lioness over in his Hoboken storeroom. She had never seemed very vicious, and he thought that she would tame quite easily, and thereby become much more valuable, and enable him to fill his order. Reasoning thus, Mr. Reiche took one of his men, Edward Thiele, with him and started over to Hoboken. He went into the room in his barn where Queen, the lioness, was, and proceeded to give her her first lesson. This consisted in lassoing her, fastening a rope around her legs, tying them tight together, putting a heavy collar around her neck, fastening a chain to it, and dragging her out of her cage. Queen submitted without a protest, and pretended to enjoy it. Mr. Reiche stroked her head and smoothed down her back and petted her in the gentlest manner possible for about half an hour, keeping away from her mouth. Then Mr. Reiche returned her to her cage and untied her legs. He left the leather collar around her neck. A day or so after this Queen received her second lesson. She was again gentle, and Mr. Reiche thought that his task of thoroughly taming her would be a very easy one. Thereafter every afternoon or morning Mr. Reiche and Thiele went over to Hoboken and dragged the lioness out on the floor as a lesson in docility. He kept it up until he came to the conclusion that Queen was about as tame as it was possible for a lioness to be, and yesterday he said to Thiele, "Now, we will not tie her legs together at all. We will simply put two chains to her collar. You take one chain and I'll take the other. And we will hold her between us. If she becomes ugly, which she won't, you know, we will be able to keep her from doing any harm to either of us." With the assistance of George, the colored coachman, they fastened the chains—each about five feet in length—to Queen's collar while she was in the cage, opened the door, and she walked out between them. They had confidence, but as a matter of precaution had armed themselves. Thiele had one of the iron scrapers which are used to clean out the cages, and Mr. Reiche had a short iron bar, something like a jimmie in shape and size. At first the lioness didn't seem to notice that this training lesson was in any way different from the others which she had undergone for the past fortnight, and she behaved herself. Then it dawned upon her that her legs were all right. With this knowledge came a strong desire to use them. This desire she gratified promptly, and there was an active scene in the barn. The lioness dashed away nobly with her two tutors hanging on to the ends of her chains, afraid to let go. George, the colored coachman, was in the race, too. He kept ahead of the lioness and ran as he had never run before in his life. The room was small and all the doors and windows were fastened. Nobody had time to unfasten them. When the other animals heard the row they lifted up their voices and added to it, each after his kind. The lion and tiger and pumas howled and roared, the hyena laughed, the elephant trumpeted, the dogs barked, the horses tried to kick their stalls to pieces, and the cats caterwauled and spat. Every living thing in that barn made a noise except the canary birds; they were silent. When the novelty of violent exercise wore off Queen became anxious for something more exciting—something with blood in it. Accordingly she stopped short suddenly and made a jump for Mr. Reiche. "Hold her, Eddie! Hold her!" yelled Reiche to his man; and Thiele hung back on the chain and pulled. But

the young lioness was very strong. Thiele soon tired of the strain. Reiche did not let go his chain—that would have been unfair—but he paid out slack liberally. Besides that, he caught the little iron bar, which he held more firmly in his hand, and hammered Queen about the head and shoulders with it. Thiele also reached forward and hit her with his scraper. The attack in the rear distracted her attention, and it became Thiele's turn to yell. Then Reiche had to hang on desperately to his chain. He found it impossible to hold the angry lioness back, pull as hard as he might. The situation was becoming very serious indeed. All three men were frightened, and the two principals who held the chain were painfully awake to the situation, and rained one-handed iron blows with wild enthusiasm. Queen darted from one to the other and would have torn the men to pieces if their sense of danger had not given them unusual strength. At last, as Thiele's strength was giving out, the animal made a desperate attack on Mr. Reiche and dragged the other man after her. The moment was serious. The lioness must be overcome at once or she would soon be mistress of the situation and a terrible tragedy would be enacted. Taking careful aim Mr. Reiche hit her just back of the head with his iron bar. She opened her mouth wide; gave one long howl and sank to the floor, where she lay for awhile, scratching the boards with her sharp claws. Gradually she stopped scratching and grew quite still. "Ah," said Mr. Reiche, with a sigh of relief, "her spirit is broken at last. She will do as we want her to in the future." He was mistaken. It was her neck that was broken, not her spirit; and she will now only be useful to the extent of her skin. That Mr. Reiche will have dressed as a memento of his skill as a lion tamer.

— *Zoological Gardens—From the New York Times* —

There is no subject in which human interest is more indestructible than the life of wild animals. The reading public never tires of the works of new sportsmen and naturalists. A writer who, like Gilbert White, joins a talent for observation of wild animal life to an exquisite gift of literary expression, is sure of permanent fame. The more highly civilized does man become the stronger is his interest in free and savage life. The frontiersman is rather the natural enemy of wild life; his instinct is to exterminate it. In the collections of Europe, especially in Germany and the lower countries, the attempt is made to render the buildings and gardens not only wholesome for the animals, but beautiful to the spectators. In many collections the buildings are far from fragrant, but the visitor in Antwerp in examining the compartments which contain the snakes, walks through an avenue of tropical flowers, such as the snakes in their native homes might be found among. The place is perfectly clean and sweet, and the impression made on the spectators most poetical. The gardens of London and Paris have not such beautiful accessories, but in these, as elsewhere in Europe, great improvements have been made in the housing and care of the animals. Behind the cages there are open-air compartments to which the animals may retire. In these there are trees and caves, or the ground is sanded to resemble the desert. Here the lion and the tiger roll, or in stretching themselves sharpen their claws against the trunk of a tree. The pumas play together like kittens or lie out on the branch of a tree so as to be almost invisible to the careless spectator. A writer in the *American Naturalist* has complained of the un-

reasoning imitation which has characterized the care of wild animals. He does not see why bears should be kept in pits. They were first so kept in the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, although the savant who originated the idea died without having informed the world of the ground of it. Ever since, bears have been kept in pits. Bears, he tells us, should be persuaded to hibernate, they do not do so, because they do not recognize their conventional quarters as proper places of retirement. The same writer asserts that nearly all captive animals are half blind and have stiff backs, and that their unwholesome life is the reason of their not breeding. He gives some interesting facts on the feeding of animals in the London gardens. The hippopotamus requires some two hundred pounds of food a day, while the elephant, a larger animal, needs only one hundred and fifty pounds. Lions and tigers get about eight or nine pounds of meat, usually horse flesh. Nevertheless, when in their open-air spaces, although quite oblivious of people, they eye wistfully the deer and other animals, their proper food, they see at a distance. We are not informed that the animals now have anything besides water to drink. In Paris formerly spirits were given the elephants to excite them to special exertions. If this sort of support were given the animals the flying fox would be a proper subject for such experiment, and might serve the public as a horrible example. It is asserted on high authority in the *Guide to the Calcutta Zoological Gardens* that in India "the flying foxes often pass the night drinking the toddy from the earthen pots into which the tapped juice of the date tree runs, the result being that they either return home in the early morning in a state of riotous intoxication or they are found lying at the foot of the trees sleeping off the effects of the midnight debauch." The London public is not allowed to witness the feeding of the snakes. As is well known, many of these snakes will not live if deprived of their natural food. Accordingly, live rats, mice, birds, and frogs are fed them. We believe that on the Continent no objection is made to the admission of the public at this time. Upon the subject of the well-being of the captive animals, there is another view. It is even a question whether, with the improved methods of treatment, animals cannot be made happier in confinement than in a natural state. There is reason to believe that their natural state may not be a very happy one. An English sportsman, who long practised shooting from a *machan*, which is a platform built in a tree, and who thus had, while the beaters were miles away driving up the game, ample opportunity to study from this position the habits of animal life about him, has left some curious testimony on this point. All animated nature appeared to him to be in a continual state of fear and watchfulness. The passing butterfly was caught by a bird, and the bird by a snake. The deer listened for every sound of danger. Even the tiger or the bear, as it came along, always looked suspiciously at every bush or shadow. There seemed to be a general reign of terror. These views, it will be observed, are very unlike the recently expressed ideas of Mr. Wallace. Frank Buckland had also something to say on this point. He thought that animals were happier in the gardens than they would have been in their native homes, and that they lived longer. It was his belief that the Vasa parrot presented to the London Zoo in 1830, and which is still alive, is probably the oldest bird of its species in existence.

IN DIALECT-SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

Birds at School—Eli Shepherd—Times-Democrat

Soon as the weather gits kinder cool,
 Den Mister Black Bird starts ter school;
 He fly so high in de g'ogorphi,
 He larn how all de countries lie.
 Jay Bird study in de summer season,
 He got sense an' he got reason,
 He larns his cunnin' ways right well,
 He kin read an' he kin spell.
 Ole Mister Crow's de country preacher,
 Sunday preach an' Monday teacher;
 Foot er de class sets Mister Kildee,
 Singin' out A! B! C! D! A! B!
 Mister Owl done miss his spellin'
 He's kept in, I hear folks tellin';
 Kept in all day, long of books, sah,
 Comes out nights wid blinkin' looks, sah.
 Robin's head er de class in readin',
 All do well, but he's a leadin';
 Bes' in 'rithmetic's de joree,
 Hear him count one, two, three, fo', three.
 Ev'ry bird's in de singin' class, oh!
 Dee larnin' swif' an' dee larnin' fas', oh!
 Chack-a-lack-a-chack-a-lack-lack-lee!
 Cha-cha-chee-chee-cha-cha-chee!

He Wanted to Know—S. W. Foss—Yankee Blade

He wanted to know how God made the worl'
 Out er nothin' at all;
 W'y he didn' make it square, like a block or a brick,
 Stid er roun', like a ball;
 How it managed to stay held up in the air,
 An' w'y it didn't fall;
 All sich kin' er things, above an' below,
 He wanted to know.
 He wanted to know who Cain had for a wife,
 An' if the two fit;
 Who hit Billy Paterson over the head,
 If he ever got hit;
 An' where Moses wuz w'en the candle went out,
 An' if others were lit;
 If he couldn' find these out, w'y his cake wuz all dough,
 An' he wanted to know.
 An' he wanted to know 'bout original sin,
 An' about Adam's fall;
 If the snake hopped aroun' on the end of his tail
 Before doomed to crawl,
 An' w'at would hev happened if Adam hedn' et
 The ol' apple at all;
 These ere kin' er things seemed ter fill him 'ith woe,
 An' he wanted to know.
 An' he wanted to know w'y some folks wuz good
 An' some folks wuz mean;
 W'y some folks wuz meddlin' an' some folks wuz fat
 An' some folks wuz lean,
 An' some folks wuz very learned an' wise
 An' some folks dern green;
 All these kin' er things they troubled him so
 That he wanted to know.
 An' so he fired conundrums aroun',
 For he wanted to know;
 An' his nice crop er taters did rot in the groun',
 An' his cabbage wouldn't grow;
 For it took so much time to ask questions like these,
 He'd no time to hoe;
 He wanted to know if these things were so,
 Course he wanted to know.
 An' his cattle they died an' his horses grew sick,
 'Cause they didn't hev no hay;
 An' his creditors pressed him to pay up his bills,

But he'd no time to pay,
 For he had to go roun' askin' questions, you know,
 By night an' by day,
 He'd no time to work, for they troubled him so,
 An' he wanted to know.
 An' now in the poor-house he travels aroun'
 In jest the same way,
 An' asks the same questions right over ag'in,
 By night an' by day;
 But he hain't foun' no fellow can answer 'em yit,
 An' he's ol' an' he's gray;
 But these same ol' conundrums they trouble him so
 That he still wants to know.

Pinkie Winkie—J. E. Watt—Scottish American

Pinkie Winkie, my wee man,
 Pree life's sweets while yet ye can;
 Toss and tumble, rout an' rin,
 Heedless o' baith dust an' din.
 Yours it is to sport an' play—
 A lambkin in the lap o' May—
 Until the sun your face s'all tan,
 Pinkie Winkie, my wee man.
 Hoo often in the morning hours
 Ye kiss the dewdraps frae the flowers,
 An' join wi' heart brimfu' o' glee
 The gambols o' the bird an' bee,
 Nae sorrow then your broo becluds—
 Your hands are fu' o' daisy buds,
 While wanton winds your wee pow fan,
 Pinkie Winkie, my wee man.
 But tent ye weel the gate ye gang,
 Or ye will come to grief ere lang;
 In things that seem baith guid an' fair
 There aften lurks a deadly snare.
 An' when ye pu' the tempting whins
 The bluid frae your wee fingers rins;
 For side to side wi' bliss is ban,
 Pinkie Winkie, my wee man.
 Hoo months an' years an' ages fly!
 Your bairnie days will soon slip by,
 An' ye'll be shankit aff to schule,
 For wisdom comes na but by dule.
 The chance-grown sapling that we see,
 May e'en become a stunted tree.
 Sae we will train ye as we can,
 Pinkie Winkie, my wee man.

"Hoss"—Sarah P. McLean Greene—Harper's Weekly

"No, my boys they don't amount to no great,
 From Hubert to Ross;
 Take to teachin' and preachin' and such fool nonsense,
 But my gal, Em thar, that I lost,
 She was all hoss, sir;
 Nervous and steppy from head to foot;
 Hoss, cl'ar hoss.
 "Her mother died when she was a two-weeks babe.
 That thar was a loss
 To the gal. But she never cared for no sech as gals do.
 Nor mincin', nor prinkin',
 Nor flirtin', nor fibbin';
 But only hoss; good honest hoss;
 Straight fast hoss.
 "Boys curled up on the sofys readin'. My Em
 Never give a toss
 For sech nonsense. Could throw on harness or saddle
 Quicker 'n any man on the place.
 'Ud drive anything anywheres;
 Trusted 'em. Sorter shy of folks, Em was.
 Hoss, cl'ar hoss.

"Says the women-folks, 'You must put her to school,' says they.
 'Let her l'arn who's boss,
 Or she won't be good for nothin'.' So I took my gal
 To a school twelve miles to the north
 And I sold her pet hoss
 Thirty miles to the south
 Sold her hoss.
 "Next mornin' I went out to the stable, and thar—
 Sure's my name's Ross—
 There stood my gal, all bedraggled, twelve miles from the north;
 And thar, thirty miles from the south,
 With his halter rope broke,
 And his nose on her neck,
 Stood her hoss!
 "Nothin' she couldn't tame; eyes gray as a hawk,
 Hair like floss.
 Whipped my bull 'Storm' round the yard tell he bawled,
 For hornin' a ewe lamb. Whipped him tell he bawled;

Purty Molly Branaghan—Poems of Compliment and Courtship

Ah thin, mam dear, did ye niver hear of purty Molly Branaghan?
 Troth, dear, I've losht her, and I'll never be a man agin:
 Not a shpot on me hide will another summer tan agin;
 Sence Molly she has lift me all alone for to die!
 The place where me heart was ye might aisy rowl a turnip in,
 It's the size of all Dublin, and from Dublin to the Devil's glin,
 If she chose to take another, sure she might have sint mine back agin,
 And not to lave me here all alone for to die.
 Mam, dear, I remimber when the milkin' time was pasht and gone,
 We wint into the meadows, where she swore I was the only man
 That iver she could love. Yet oh, the base, the cruel wan!—
 Afther all that to lave me here alone for to die!
 Mam, dear, I remimber, as we came home the rain began;
 I rowled her in me freeze coat, though the devil a weshtkit I had on;
 And me shirt was raither fine-drawn; yet oh, the base and cruel wan!
 Afther all that she's lift me here alone for to die.
 I wint and towld me tale to Father Phil M'Donnell, mam;
 And thin I wint and axed advishe of Counshellor O'Connell, mam.
 He towld me promise-breeches had been iver since the woruld began
 Now, I have only wan pair, mam, and they are corduroy!
 Arrah, what could he mane, mam? or what would ye advise me to?
 Must me corduroys to Molly go? In troth I'm bothered what to do.
 I can't afford to lose both me heart and me breeches too;—
 Yet what need I care, when I've only for to die.
 Oh, the lift side of me carcass it's as wake as wather-gruil, mam,—
 The devil a bit upon me bones since Molly's proves so cruil, mam,—
 I wish I had a carabine, I'd go and fight a juil, mam;
 Sure, it's bether for to kill meself than stay here for to die.
 I'm as hot and detarmined as a live salamanther, mam.
 Won't ye come to me wake, when I go me long meanther, mam?
 Oh, I'll fale meself as valiant as the famous Alexanther, mam,
 When I hear yez cryin' round me, "Arrah, why did ye die?"

Long Tom—Lucius H. Foote—S. F. Chronicle

Passing to-day on the crowded street,
 A character quaint I chanced to meet,
 Dressed in an obsolete, primitive way—
 Erewhile the mode, but just now not *au fait*—
 By a bundle of blankets freighted down,
 Ill at ease in the ways of the town,
 Vacantly looking at this and that
 Under the rim of his limpsy hat;
 Bent of body and shaky of limb,
 Grizzled of locks, and gaunt and grim,
 A wistful look in his filmy eye,
 Purposeless, hopeless, sauntering by.
 This singular somebody, I opine,
 Is an antique fossil of forty-nine;
 Albeit a taciturn man he seems,
 His babble will flow like the mountain streams,
 If you simply suggest a social smile,
 He'll take whiskey straight, remarking meanwhile,
 That he finds since he had the rheumatiz,
 That it don't do to take water in his.
 Then follow, perforce, the trail of his talk,
 It leads over somewhere to some North Fork,

Standin' thar calm, whip in hand,
 Hoss, right through,
 Fearless hoss!
 "That winter—waal, a famby near us took scarlet-fever;
 Couldn't get no nurse.
 'I'll go,' says my gal—all the neighbors hangin' back—
 'I'll go.' She saved the little brats, and she took it—
 And she died, my gal Em.
 Hoss, ye see, jest the same.
 Cl'ar through, hoss.
 "Handsomest pale look ye ever see.
 Somehow my gal's face said to me,
 'Dad, what's the loss?'
 Jest the same old way—thin nostril, for'ard look, lips curled.
 No, my boys ain't much; but I had a gal once,—
 My gal Em that I lost,
 She was hoss, without flaw,—
 Peerless hoss!"

Thence up the river to So-and-so's Bar,
 And he will tell you, that thar was whar,
 Just under the grass-roots, one day he found
 Pockets of nuggets and dust by the pound.
 Events are the milestones which mark time's lapse,
 Whereby he recounts his haps and mishaps.
 'Twas the summer that Texas Bill was drowned,
 Or the gulch whar the ten-pound lump was found,
 Or the day when Page & Bacon busted,
 Or the time when Meiggs got up and dusted.
 He's only waiting to make his pile,
 And then he'll go back to the States, you bet,
 And see the old gal and the chicks, and yet,
 He hasn't heard for many a year
 From Sal and the babies, 'tis somewhat queer,
 But then he reckons the times is tight,
 And Sal never was much on the write.
 Poor driveller! 'tis years since Sal was laid
 In dreamless sleep 'neath the willow's shade,
 And your babies must men and women be,
 Drifting about on the open sea.
 Better go down in the stormy strife,
 Than strand on the reefs of a useless life.

ESOTERIC ECHOES—THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE*

The work recently brought out under the above title, by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, purports to be simply a translation "for the daily use of lanooos (disciples), of chosen fragments from the Book of Golden Precepts, which is itself part of a series of volumes of instruction put into the hands of mystic students in the East. From that same series were taken the "stanzas" of the Book of Dzian which constituted the basis of The Secret Doctrine. In her preface she says, concerning the source of the present work:

"The original Precepts are engraved on thin oblong squares, copies very often on discs. These discs, or plates, are generally preserved on the altars of the temples attached to centres where the so-called contemplative or Mahâyâna (Yogachârya) schools are established. They are written variously, sometimes in Tibetan, but mostly in ideographs. The sacerdotal language (Senzar), besides an alphabet of its own, may be rendered in several modes of writing in cipher characters, which partake more of the nature of ideographs than of syllables. Another method (*lug*, in Tibetan), is to use the numerals and colors, each of which corresponds to a letter of the Tibetan alphabet (thirty simple, and seventy-four compound letters), thus forming a complete cryptographic alphabet. When the ideographs are used there is a definite mode of reading the text; as in this case the symbols and signs used in astrology, namely, the twelve zodiacal animals and the seven primary colors, each a triplet in shade, *i.e.*, the light, the primary, and the dark—stand for the thirty-three letters of the simple alphabet, for words and sentences. For in this method, the twelve "animals" five times repeated and coupled with the five elements and the seven colors, furnish a whole alphabet composed of sixty sacred letters and twelve signs. A sign placed at the beginning of the text determines whether the reader has to spell it according to the Indian mode, when every word is simply a Sanskrit adaptation, or according to the Chinese principle of reading the ideographs. The easiest way, however, is that which allows the reader to use no special, or any language he likes, as the signs and symbols were, like the Arabian numerals or figures, common and international property among initiated mystics and their followers."

Aside from whatever value the Voice of the Silence may have for initiates and students of the occult, the skill with which its fanciful Oriental imagery and delicate poetic beauty have been preserved, commend it to all persons of literary taste.

If the Individuality known in its present incarnation as Madame H. P. Blavatsky is not aided in its labors by profound Intelligences—whether in or out of the body, does not at present matter—and its Personality is indeed the "charlatan" that some pious, young, and un-baked minds have styled her, her books being simply the outcome of her own brain, then she must be the most remarkable woman known to the world to-day. The following excerpts from the Voice of Silence are taken almost at random, and though they must necessarily, from lack of context, fail to give any clear idea of the mystic course of instruction, at least enable an appreciation of the literary quality of the work.

"Before the soul can see, Harmony must be attained, and fleshly eyes be rendered blind to all illusion.

"Before the soul can hear, the image (man) has to become as deaf to roarings as to whispers, to cries of bellowing elephants as to the silvery buzzing of the golden fire-fly.

"Before the soul can comprehend and may remember, she must unto the Silent Speaker be united, just as the form to which the clay is modelled is first united with the potter's mind.

"For then the soul will hear, and will remember.

"And then to the inner ear will speak—

"The Voice of the Silence."

* * * * *

"Three Halls, O weary pilgrim, lead to the end of toils. Three Halls, O Conqueror of Mara, will bring thee through three states into the fourth and thence into the seven worlds, the worlds of Rest Eternal.

"The name of the first Hall is Ignorance—Avidya.

"It is the Hall in which thou saw'st the light, in which thou livest and shalt die.

"The name of Hall the second is the Hall of Learning. In it thy Soul will find the blossoms of life, but under every flower a serpent coiled.

"The name of the third Hall is Wisdom, beyond which stretch the shoreless waters of Akshara, the indestructible Fount of Omniscience."

* * * * *

"Behold the Hosts of Souls. Watch how they hover o'er the stormy sea of human life, and how exhausted, bleeding, broken-winged, they drop one after another on the swelling waves. Tossed by the fierce wind, chased by the gale, they drift into the eddies and disappear within the first great vortex."

* * * * *

"Before that path is entered, thou must destroy thy lunar body, cleanse thy mind-body and make clean thy heart.

"Eternal life's pure waters, clear and crystal, with the monsoon tempest's muddy torrents cannot mingle.

"Heaven's dew-drop glittering in the morn's first sunbeam within the bosom of the lotus, when dropped on earth becomes a piece of clay; behold, the pearl is now a speck of mire.

"Strive with thy thoughts unclean before they overpower thee. Use them as they will thee, for if thou sparest them and they take root and grow, know well these thoughts will overpower and kill thee. Beware, Disciple, suffer not, e'en though it be their shadow, to approach. For it will grow, increase in size and power, and then this thing of darkness will absorb thy being before thou hast well realized the monster's presence."

* * * * *

"The Self of matter and the Self of spirit can never meet. One of the twain must disappear; there is no place for both.

"Ere thy Soul's mind can understand, the bud of personality must be crushed out, the worm of sense destroyed past resurrection."

* * * * *

"Kill out desire; but if thou killest it take heed lest from the dead it should again arise.

"Kill love of life, but if thou slayest *tanha*, let this not be for thirst of life eternal, but to replace the fleeting by the everlasting.

"Desire nothing. Chafe not at Karma, nor at Nature's changeless laws—but struggle only with the personal, the transitory, the evanescent and the perishable."

* * * * *

"There is but one road to the Path; at its very end alone the Voice of the Silence can be heard. The ladder by which the candidate ascends is formed of rungs of suffering and pain; these can be silenced only

*Prepared for CURRENT LITERATURE by James H. Connelly.

by the voice of virtue. Woe, then, to thee, Disciple, if there is one single vice thou hast not left behind. For then the ladder will give way and overthrow thee; its foot rests in the deep mire of thy sins and failings, and ere thou canst attempt to cross this wide abyss of matter thou hast to lave thy feet in Waters of Renunciation. Beware lest thou shouldst set a foot still soiled upon the ladder's lowest rung. Woe unto him who dares pollute one rung with miry feet. The foul and viscous mud will dry, become tenacious, then glue his feet unto the spot, and like a bird caught in the wily fowler's lime, he will be stayed from further progress. His vices will take shape and drag him down. His sins will raise their voices like as the jackal's laugh and sob after the sun goes down; his thoughts become an army, and bear him off a captive slave.

"Kill thy desires, Lanoo, make thy vices impotent, ere the first step is taken on the solemn journey.

"Strangle thy sins, and make them dumb forever, before thou dost lift one foot to mount the ladder.

"Silence thy thoughts, fix thy whole attention on the Master whom thou dost not see, but whom thou feelest.

"Merge into one sense thy senses, if thou wouldst be secure against the foe. 'Tis by that sense alone which lies concealed within the hollow of thy brain that the steep path which leadeth to thy Master may be disclosed before thy Soul's dim eyes.

"Long and weary is the way before thee, O Disciple.

"One single thought about the past that thou hast left behind, will drag thee down and thou wilt have to start the climb anew.

"Kill in thyself all memory of past experiences. Look not behind or thou art lost."

* * * * *

"Yea, ignorance is like unto a closed and airless vessel; the soul a bird shut up within. It warbles not, nor can it stir a feather; but the songster mute and torpid sits, and of exhaustion dies.

"But even ignorance is better than head-learning with no soul-wisdom to illuminate and guide it."

* * * * *

"Shun praise, O Devotee. Praise leads to self-delusion. Thy body is not self, thy *self* is in itself without a body, and either praise or blame affects it not.

"Self-gratulation, O Disciple, is like a lofty tower, up which a haughty fool has climbed. Thereon he sits in prideful solitude unperceived by any but himself."

* * * * *

"The wheel of the good Law moves swiftly on. It grinds by night and day. The worthless husks it drives from out the golden grain, the refuse from the flour. The hand of Karma guides the wheel; the revolutions mark the beatings of the Karmic heart.

"True knowledge is the flour, false learning is the husk. If thou wouldst eat the bread of Wisdom, thy flour thou hast to knead with Amrita's clear waters. But if thou kneadest husks with Maya's dew, thou canst create but food for the black doves of death, the birds of birth, decay, and sorrow."

* * * * *

"Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition. Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin.

"Shalt thou abstain from action. Not so shall gain thy soul her freedom. To reach Nirvāna one must reach Self-Knowledge, and Self-Knowledge is of loving deeds the child.

"Have patience, Candidate, as one who fears no failure, courts no success. Fix thy Soul's gaze upon the star whose ray thou art, the flaming star that shines within the lightless depths of ever-being, the boundless fields of the Unknown.

"Have perseverance, as one who doth for evermore endure. Thy shadows live and vanish, that which in thee shall live forever; that which in thee *knows*, for it is knowledge, is not of fleeing life; it is the man that was, that is, and will be, for whom the hour shall never strike.

"If thou wouldst reap sweet peace and rest, Disciple, sow with the seeds of merit the fields of future harvests. Accept the woes of birth.

"Step out from sunlight into shade, to make more room for others. The tears that water the parched soil of pain and sorrow, bring forth the blossoms and the fruits of Karmic retribution."

* * * * *

"Learn that no efforts, not the smallest—can vanish from the world of causes. E'en wasted smoke remains not traceless. A harsh word uttered in past lives, is not destroyed, but ever comes again. The pepper plant will not give birth to roses, nor the sweet jessamine's silver star to thorn or thistle turn."

* * * * *

The third section of the work—"The Seven Portals"—is of such closely interblended precept and allegory, linked and chained together, that excerpts necessarily must be less satisfactory and comprehensible than are those culled from the preceding sections, and at the same time must fail to give an idea of the force and beauty that the whole bears to the mind of a student of the occult. Some idea of its style may, however, be gained from this paragraph of warning to the disciple.

"The more thou dost advance, the more thy feet pitfalls will meet. The path that leadeth on, is lighted by one fire—the light of daring, burning in the heart. The more one dares the more he shall obtain. The more he fears, the more that light shall pale—and that alone can guide. For as the lingering sunbeam, that on the top of some tall mountain shines, is followed by black night when out it fades, so is heart-light. When out it goes, a dark and threatening shade will fall from thine own heart upon the path, and root thy feet in terror to the spot."

And this thought:

"Ere thou canst near that goal, before thine hand is lifted to upraise the fourth gate's latch, thou must have mastered all the mental changes in thy Self, and slain the army of the thought sensations that, subtle and insidious, creep unasked within the Soul's bright shrine.

"If thou wouldst not be slain by them, then must thou harmless make thy own creations, the children of thy thoughts, unseen, unpalpable, that swarm round human kind, the progeny and heirs to man and his terrestrial spoils. Thou hast to study the voidness of the seeming full, the fulness of the seeming void. O fearless Aspirant, look deep within the well of thine own heart, and answer. Knowest thou of Self the powers, O thou perceiver of external shadows.

"If thou dost not—then art thou lost."

Enough has been quoted to demonstrate to the occultist that the work is practical, as well as make apparent to all that it is an unique and in many respects charming addition to our knowledge of Oriental literature, if even no higher significance be attached to it.

CURIOSITIES OF VERSE—QUAINT AND SINGULAR

Skin Side Inside—The Western Journalist

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
 With the skin he made him mittens,
 Made them with the fur side inside;
 Made them with the skin side outside;
 He, to get the warm side inside,
 Put the inside skin side outside,
 He, to get the cold side outside,
 Put the warm side, fur side inside;
 That's why he put the fur side inside,
 Why he put the skin side outside,
 Why he turned them inside outside.

A Model Loveletter—Unidentified

The lines may be read either from left to right, or from above downward. They may also be read in various other ways.

Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
So fair,	so sweet,	so short,
First bent,	then drew,	then hit,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	my heart.
Mine eye,	mine ear,	my heart,
To like,	to learn,	to love,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
Doth lead,	doth teach,	doth move.
Mine eye,	mine ear,	your wit,
With life,	with hope,	with art,
Your face,	your tongue,	doth rule,
Doth feed,	doth feast,	my heart.
Your face,	your tongue,	my heart,
With beams,	with sound,	with skill,
Doth bind,	doth charm,	your wit,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	doth fill.
O face!	O tongue!	O wit!
With frowns,	with check,	with smart,
Wrong not,	vex not,	wound not,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	my heart.
This eye,	this ear,	this heart,
Shall joy,	shall bend,	shall swear,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
To serve,	to trust,	to fear.

A Nonsense Song—The Jumbles

They went to sea in a sieve, they did;
 In a sieve they went to sea;
 In spite of all their friends could say,
 On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
 In a sieve they went to sea.
 And when the sieve turned round and round,
 And every one cried: "You'll all be drowned!"
 They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big,
 But we don't care a button; we don't care a fig;
 In a sieve we'll go to sea!"
 Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumbles live;
 Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.
 They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
 In a sieve they sailed so fast,
 With only a beautiful pea-green veil,
 Tied with a ribbon by way of a sail,
 To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
 And every one said who saw them go,
 "Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know;
 For the sky is dark and the voyage is long;
 And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong,
 In a sieve to sail so fast."
 The water it soon came in, it did;
 The water it soon came in:
 So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet,
 In a pinky paper all folded neat,
 And they fastened it down with a pin;
 And they passed the night in a crockery jar,

And each of them said: "How wise we are!
 Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
 Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
 While round in a sieve we spin."

And all night long they sailed away;
 And, when the sun went down,
 They whistled and warbled a moony song
 To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
 In the shade of the mountain brown.
 "Oh, Timballoo! How happy we are
 When we live in a sieve and a crockery jar!
 All night long in the moonlight pale
 We sail away with a pea-green sail,
 In the shade of the mountain brown."

They sailed to the western sea, they did—
 To a land all covered with trees;
 And they bought an owl and a useful cart,
 And a pound of ice and a cranberry tart,
 And a hive of silvery bees:
 And they bought a pig and some green jackdaws,
 And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
 And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
 And no end of Stilton cheese.
 And in twenty years they all came back—
 In twenty years or more;
 And every one said: "How tall they've grown!
 For they've been to the lakes and the Terrible zone,
 And the hills of the Chankly bore."
 And they drank their health and gave them a feast,
 Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
 And every one said: "If we only live,
 We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
 To the hills of the Chankly Bore."

A Nocturnal Sketch—Thomas Hood—Poems

Each line of the poem ends with three consecutive rhymed words.

Even has come; and from the dark park, hark
 The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
 And six is sounding from the chime—prime time
 To go and see the Drury Lane Dane slain,
 Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,
 Or Macbeth raving at that shade—made blade,
 Denying to his frantic clutch much such;
 Or else to see Durcrow, with wide tide, stride
 Four horses as no other man can span;
 Or in the small Olympic pit, sit split,
 Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.
 Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things
 Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung:
 The gas up blazes with its bright white light,
 And paralytic watchmen howl, growl,
 About the streets, and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
 Who, trusting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.
 Now thieves do enter for your cash, smash, crash,
 Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
 But, frightened by policeman B 3, flee,
 And while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"
 Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
 And sleepers grumble, Drat that cat!
 Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
 Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill will.
 Now bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
 In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
 Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;
 But nurse-maid, in a night-mare rest, chest-pressed,
 Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Grocemes,
 And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns
 And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
 White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
 That upward goes, shows Rose knows those beaux' woes.

THE MESMERIC RECITAL OF A MEXICAN CRIME*

I would consult my nurse and adviser, Justina. She was sitting on her doorstep, smoking a cigarette; she rolls them so prettily in her thin brown fingers.

"A cigarette, Chica?"

"They make me sick, dear," I said, graciously.

"Chica wants something," she grinned.

"Yes, you know what I asked you. I want you to find out that mystery about my parents and Aunt Margaret. You can put Yara into a trance, I know. You could mesmerize him ever so easy."

"He is a very bad man. He would kill me."

"How would he know it? Say, dear," and I laid my cheek against her shoulder, "tell me about me when I was a baby?" She loved to tell that, so she began.

"I was very miserable woman, Chica. My husband, my children, my little baby, all killed by Apaches. We lived on the border of Mexico and Texas, in a little house, and one day I went away out to pick some flowers for my shrine, for my bambino's birthday, she just one year old; when I come back there is only some ashes, still smoking and hot. The Apaches have passed by. I walk three days; I don't know anything; I see only blood, blood everywhere, and hear the cries of my children. I don't know where I am; how long I have walked; I have not eaten nor slept, but sometime I hear horse's hoof behind me. I think it is the Indians; I pray God they will kill me, but first I will run my long, sharp knife into the heart of one. I turn swift, and there are two people on horseback. There is a big man on a bay horse, and there is blood on the man's coat, and his face is the face of the dead; he looks straight before him as if, far off, he could see his vengeance. One hand hold his rein, the other pressed against his breast, hold something I do not see then. On the other horse is a woman; she is dusty, and her gown is torn and dragged; she has wild look too and see nothing; she is young, but her hair white as snow.

"It is a Mexican woman," said the man. Margaret, those ashes we passed must have been her home."

"The woman did not seem to hear; she looks that queer way, straight before her, and then the baby cries, such a wee, feeble, little cry, but I hear, I hear! something stirs in me; a great longing. I ran to that big horse, and stretched out my arms. Ah, Chica, how I cry! 'My baby, my baby, give it to me, mine is burnt! Qh, gracious God, no, this is mine, my baby.' I drag it from his arms, and hold it to my breast. I feel it live from my life; it opens its blue eyes like the sky; it is such a white baby, and mine was so brown with its bright eyes; God has sent me this one, though, and I take it. He lifts me up on the big horse behind him, and we ride on to San Antonio. I keep you five years my Chica, and when they take you away I follow you."

"And you never asked any more about me?"

"I never asked, Chica, I wanted only my baby."

She was in the right mood now to do anything for me, so we went into the house. Yara sat by the table, and after speaking to me, he asked her to play monte. She sat down at the table with him and I watched them—their brown, evil faces, and small bright eyes; straight, black hair; he so gaunt and lean; she so wrinkled and old; they age so young, those women.

*From "My Sister's Husband," Patience Stapleton: Lovell Co.

Justina joked about putting him in a trance. She had evidently mentioned it before to him; finally he agreed, saying she could not. Shading the flickering candle with a book from his face, she began making passes across his forehead with her fingers, wringing them lightly each time, as if she had dipped them in water.

"He will talk soon," says Justina, softly. I looked at the man; his eyes staring straight before him, and his breath heavy and regular, like a sleeper's.

"Tell me who was Xarras?" asked Justina, repeating to him my whispered question.

"Xarras was our captain," said Yara, proudly. "He was brave, but not prudent; he loved women; through him our band was scattered."

"Tell me how?" asked Justina.

"Xarras was mad for a woman in Texas. When she married another, he was never the same afterward. One day he came to us in great joy. She had written him that her husband and other men were going into Mexico; she wrote the route they would take. There would be only two old women, the rest young wives and two girls. We knew the leader, a dashing young fellow who had hunted us when we robbed his father's ranch on the border; for his family owned great properties in Mexico. 'They will have arms and plenty of men,' said one of the band. 'One can buy Mexicans,' said Xarras, 'we must watch for an opportunity to raid the camp. All I want is one woman; the plunder you can have.' 'Why the trouble? The lady must be willing to come, since she herself wrote you,' said an objector. 'It is this,' he answered, 'she fears her husband; he loves her madly; he trusts her; if she is stolen, he will believe her innocent.' Then the band divided, and—curse fate—I went with Xarras.

"We followed their train of wagons for days, often meeting them, two or three of us, on pretence of asking the way, or getting tobacco. Xarras never went near, though he directed us. Dios! what a time it took, but one day our spy came to us; the men were hunting. They were camped on the borders of a little stream. It was near sunset when we rode down, seven of us and the captain. We were painted as Indians. We killed one man; the Mexicans ran away; Caramba! how the women screamed; the captain's lady loudest. Dios! she was a beauty!"

"Where are they now?" asked Justina, eagerly.

"I am weary," answered the man, "I cannot tell you all; they are dead. The captain's lady too. I have heard those emigrants swore to hunt us down. I and my captain only are left. He is a great lord in Mexico."

"How they know you were not Indians? One of us tell?" asked Justina; she had no faith in her people.

"They dared not; it was a woman; too late the captain's lady remembered we had not all the women. One girl had gone for a walk, that afternoon, and was missed in the excitement. She, hidden in the trees, saw us, curse her, and she knew us all. She identified all but the captain. She never will find him."

"Why didn't the captain help you, among the Apaches?" I cried, and the man gasped, moved uneasily, half-waked, then fell forward on the table.

"You broke the spell," cried Justina, "I told you not to speak. See, he is really sleeping now."

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 The Doctrine of State Rights : Jeff. Davis : *No. Amer. Rev.
 The Future of English Monarchy : Frank H. Hill : *Cont.
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- The Road to Australian Federation : C. K. Duffy : *Cont. Rev.
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- A Protest Against Dogma : A. K. Fiske : Forum.
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 A Whitechapel Street : E. Dixon : *Eng. Ill. Mag.
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 From Tokio to Nikko : John La Farge : Century Magazine.
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 Manila and its Surroundings : S. Kneeland : Harper's.
 Our English Cousins : Marshall P. Wilder : Lippincott's.
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 Russian Characteristics : 5 : E. B. Lanin : *Fortnightly Rev.
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 The Portuguese in East Africa : D. J. Rankin : Fortnightly.
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NEWSPAPER VERSE—SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Next—J. B. Alden—Boston Transcript

A row of human forms,
With faces upturned, white,
Arrayed in shrouds, and motionless,
I saw one fateful night.
The group who sat around
And talked on slight pretext,
Could not conceal their questioning—
Whose turn will happen next?
Was battlefield in view
Where shot and shell had ceased?
Dissecting-room or hospital,
Where souls had been released?
Were tenants of the morgue
Uplifting mute appeal
That charity's swift burial
Might sanction loss of zeal?
Oh, no; 'twas none of these
Impatient gaze enslaved—
The forms were in the barber shop
And slowly being shaved!

Celia's Home-Coming—A. M. F. Robinson—London World

Maidens, knit your skirts, and go
Down the stormy garden ways;
Pluck the last sweet pinks that blow,
Gather roses, gather bays.
Since our Celia comes to-day,
That has been so long away.
Crowd her chamber with your sweets:
Not a flower but grows for her!
Make her bed with linen sheets
That have lain in lavender;
Light a fire before she come
Lest she find us chill at home.
Ah, what joy when Celia stands
By the leaping blaze at last,
Stooping down to warm her hands
All benumbed with the wild blast,
While we hide her cloak away
To assure us she shall stay.
Cider bring, and cowslip wine,
Fruit and flavors from the East,
Pears, and pippins, too, and fine
Saffron loaves to make a feast;
China dishes, silver cups,
For the board where Celia sups.
Then, when all the feasting 's done,
She shall draw us round the blaze,
Laugh and tell us every one
Of her fair, triumphant days;
Celia out of doors a star,
By the hearth a holier Lar!

Heinz von Stein—Charles G. Leland—Boston Pilot

Out rode from his wild, dark castle
The terrible Heinz von Stein;
He came to the door of a tavern,
And gazed on the swinging sign.
He sat himself down at a table,
And growled for a bottle of wine;
Up came, with a flask and a corkscrew,
A maiden of beauty divine.
Then, seized with a deep love longing,
He muttered, "O damsel mine,
Suppose you just give a few kisses
To the valorous Ritter von Stein!"

But she answered, "The kissing business
Is entirely out of my line;
And I certainly will not begin it
On a countenance ugly as thine."
Oh, then the bold knight was angry,
And cursed both coarse and fine;
And asked, "How much is the swindle
For your sour and nasty wine?"
And fiercely he rode to the castle,
And set himself down to dine.
And this is the dreadful legend
Of the terrible Heinz von Stein.

The King's Love—Francis S. Saltus—Town Topics

My stately modern towns are strangely cold;
Their hybrid architecture, dull and tame,
Lacks pearls and paros and symmetric gold
To set thy beauty in a worthy frame.
I dream for thee of svelte Greek colonnades,
And glorious Parthenons where statues gleam
Amid the flowerful urns and frail arcades,
And like a musing host of marble seem.
I dream of haughty granite cities, where,
Guarded by Sphinxes in eternal calm,
Some tapering obelisk assaults the air
Above parterres of lotus and of palm.
Fit for thy home, I see near Amoy skies
Great kaolin kiosks and strange pagodas glow,
Bedragoned flags, idols with diamond eyes,
And quaint junks gliding down the Hoang-ho.
Or yet Ind's monstrous temples of Vischnû,
Where gods with elephantine faces stand;
Where thou, as in a hasheesh dream, couldst view
The inhuman rites, the stirring saraband.
I build for thee beneath Granada's stars,
Poems of stone, with Mihrâbs in their heart;
Supreme Alhambras, mammoth Alcazars,
One arabesque of Saracenic art.
But, ah! these earthly splendors everywhere
Pass in my dreams, imperfect, undefined;
For I would have thy peerless beauty share
The unbuilt Romes and Karnacs of my mind.

A Swimmer's Dream—A. C. Swinburne—N. Y. Sun

Dawn is dim on the dark soft water,
Soft and passionate, dark and sweet.
Love's own self was the deep sea's daughter,
Fair and flawless from face to feet,
Hailed of all when the world was golden,
Loved of lovers whose names beholden
Thrill men's eyes as with light of olden
Days more glad than their flight was fleet.
So they sang; but for men that love her,
Souls that hear not her word in vain,
Earth beside her and heaven above her
Seem but shadows that wax and wane.
Softer than sleep's are the sea's caresses,
Kinder than love's that betrays and blesses,
Bather than spring's when her flowerful tresses
Shake forth sunlight and shine with rain.
All the strength of the waves that perish
Swells beneath me and laughs and sighs,
Sighs for love of the life they cherish,
Laughs to know that it lives and dies,
Dies for joy of its life, and lives
Thrilled with joy that its brief death gives,
Death whose laugh or whose breath forgives,
Change that bids it subside and rise.

Hard and heavy, remote but nearing,
 Sunless hangs the severe sky's weight,
 Cloud on cloud, though the wind be veering,
 Heaped on high to the sun-dawn's gate.
 Dawn and even and noon are one,
 Veiled with vapor and void of sun;
 Naught in sight or in fancied hearing
 Now less mighty than time or fate.

The gray sky gleams and the gray seas glimmer,
 Pale and sweet as a dream's delight,
 As a dream's where darkness and light seem dimmer,
 Touched by dawn or subdued by night.
 The dark wind, stern and sublime and sad,
 Swings the rollers to westward, clad
 With lustrous shadow that lures the swimmer,
 Lures and lulls him with dreams of light.

Light, and sleep, and delight and wonder,
 Change, and rest, and a charm of cloud,
 Fill the world of the skies whereunder
 Heaves and quivers and pants aloud
 All the world of the waters, hoary
 Now, but clothed with its own live glory,
 That mates the lightning and mocks the thunder
 With light more living and word more proud.

Far off westward, whither sets the sounding strife,
 Strife more sweet than peace, or shoreless waves whose glee
 Scorns the shore and loves the wind that leaves them free,
 Strange as sleep and pale as death and fair as life,
 Shifts the moonlight-colored sunshine on the sea.

Toward the sunset's goal the sunless waters crowd,
 Fast as autumn days toward winter: yet it seems
 Here that autumn wanes not, here that woods and streams
 Lose not heart and change not likeness, chilled and bowed,
 Warped and wrinkled: here the days are fair as dreams.

O russet-robed November,
 What ails thee so to smile?
 Chill August, pale September,
 Endured a woeful while,
 And fell as falls an ember
 From forth a flameless pile;
 But golden-girt November
 Bids all she looks on smile.

The lustrous foliage waning
 As wanes the morning moon,
 Here falling, here refraining,
 Outbraves the pride of June
 With statelier semblance, feigning
 No fear lest death be soon;
 As though the woods thus waning
 Should wax to meet the moon.

As though, when fields lie stricken
 By gray December's breath,
 These lordier growths that sicken
 And die for fear of death
 Should feel the sense requicken
 That hears what springtide saith
 And thrills for love, spring-stricken
 And pierced with April's breath.

The keen, white-winged north-easter
 That stings and spurs thy sea,
 Doth yet but feed and feast her
 With glowing sense of glee
 Calm chained her, storm released her,
 And storm's glad voice was he;
 South-wester or north-easter,
 Thy winds rejoice the sea.

A dream, a dream is it all: the season,
 The sky, the water, the wind, the shore?
 A day-born dream of divine unreason,
 A marvel moulded of sleep: no more?

From the cloud-like wave, that my limbs while cleaving
 Feel as in slumber beneath them heaving,
 Soothes the sense as to slumber, leaving
 Sense of naught that was known of yore.

A purer passion, a lordlier leisure,
 A peace more happy than lives on land,
 Fulfills with pulse of diviner pleasure
 The dreaming head and the steering hand.
 I lean my cheek to the cold gray pillow,
 The deep soft swell of the full broad billow,
 And close mine eyes for delight past measure,
 And wish the wheel of the world would stand.

The wild-winged hour that we fain would capture
 Falls as from heaven that its light feet clomb,
 So brief, so soft, and full the rapture
 Was felt that soothed me with sense of home.
 To sleep, to swim, and to dream, forever,
 Such joy the vision of man saw never;
 For here too soon will a dark day sever
 The sea-bird's wing from the sea-wave's foam.

A dream, and more than a dream, and dimmer
 At once and brighter than dreams that flee,
 The moment's joy of the seaward swimmer
 Abides, remembered as truth may be.
 Not all the joy and not all the glory
 Must fade as leaves when the woods wax hoary;
 For there the downs and the woodlands glimmer,
 And here to south of them swells the sea.

In Paris—Eugene Field—Chicago News

The Café Molineau is where
 A dainty little minx
 Serves God and man as best she can
 By serving meats and drinks,
 Oh, such an air the creature has,
 And such a pretty face,
 I took delight that autumn night
 In hanging round the place.

I know but very little French
 (I have not long been here),
 But, when she spoke, her meaning broke
 Full sweetly on my ear.
 Then, too, she seemed to understand
 Whatever I'd to say,
 Though most I knew was "oony poo,"
 "Bong zhoor, and "see voo play."

The female wit is always quick,
 And of all womankind
 'Tis here in France that you, perchance,
 The keenest wits shall find;
 And here you'll find that subtle gift—
 That rare, distinctive touch—
 (Combined with grace of form and face)
 That glads men overmuch.

"Our girls at home," I mused aloud,
 "Lack either that or this—
 They don't combine the arts divine,
 As does the Gallic miss.
 Far be it from me to malign
 Our belles across the sea,
 And yet I'll swear none can compare
 With this ideal She!"

And then I praised her dainty foot
 In very awful French,
 And parleywood in guileful mood
 Until the saucy wench
 Tossed back her haughty auburn head
 And froze me with disdain—
 "There are no flies on me," said she,
 "For I come from Bangor, Maine."

BRIEF COMMENT—DOINGS OF THE LITERARY WORLD

Stanley's new book is coming out in May.—William Henry Bishop gives this description of Galdos, the Spanish novelist: "He came into the room with hard-at-work air and a cigarette between thumb and finger; he is a dark, slender man, of good height, rather loose-jointed, forty-four years old, and with a young look; Galdos, it is said, has had himself elected to the Chamber of Deputies in order to have a chance to study legislative manners at first hand for literary material.—Tupper's writings are declared to have brought him, for several years past, a revenue equal to that received by Tennyson, Longfellow, and Browning combined.—Erckmann and Chatrian, the venerable French co-laborers have become reconciled, and have an important literary enterprise in preparation.—The German poet, Richard Voss, is suffering from brain disease in consequence of overwork, and has been taken to the asylum at Graz; his recovery is considered doubtful.—The Grand Duchess Sergius, of Russia, a distinguished authoress, is now writing the lives of the Empresses of Russia.—Miss Grace Denio Litchfield, the writer of various short stories, has a literary sister, Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, the author of a novel just published by the D. Lothrop Co., under the title *The Catholic Man*.—Sir Walter Scott's suppressed diary brings out the fact that Lockhart added all the money that he received for his *Life of Sir Walter* to the fund for the payment of his father-in-law's debts.

The Minerva Publishing Co., New York, have issued the first number of *Minerva*, a monthly devoted to literature and the book trade.—It has been voted by the town council of Venice that a tablet in memory of Browning be set up in the Palazzo Rezzonico.—John G. Whittier's latest poem is said to have been more widely copied than any other he ever wrote.—Baron Tauchnitz, the head of the great Continental publishing firm, is a hale veteran of 73; next year the firm will celebrate its jubilee, for it was in 1841 that the Baron began his series of cheap editions of British authors.—The London Athenæum says of Howells' new story, *A Hazard of New Fortunes*: "he is always trying to tell a story, but cannot get the knack of it; he is fitfully dramatic, and never touches the highest success of the novelist as an artist; but, short of that, on the whole, his achievements have rightly won for him the high place which he occupies."—Robert Browning left several of the most valuable books in his library to Balliol College, Oxford, of which he was an honorary member.—Miss Braddon, the authoress, is angular of build, sandy of hair and ruddy of complexion; she writes steadily four days a week, and devotes the other two to riding, and her collection of newspaper clippings on out-of-the-way subjects.

T. S. Perry, a grandson of Commodore Perry, is in Europe, busy on his *History of Greek Literature*.—William Morris, the Socialist poet, is 56 years old, of medium height, with broad shoulders, crowned by a fine head; his eyes are large, dark, and penetrating; he is a man of undoubted honesty of purpose, and with a strong personality; beside being a poet, he is also a scientist, an essayist, an antiquary, a lecturer, a merchant, a manufacturer, a workman, the editor of *The Common-*

weal, and, in fact, one of the busiest men in London: he reserves Saturday and Sunday for writing poetry.—George Kennan's Siberian papers have been translated into the Russian by a society in France for the benefit of the Nihilist fund; it is expected the book will have a large sale among the Russians and Poles of this country.—Mrs. Samuel L. Clemmens, Mark Twain's wife, has written a book under a fictitious name.—The first thirteen books of Goethe's *Autobiography* are included in a volume of the Knickerbocker Nugget series, under the title of *The Boyhood and Youth of Goethe*.—Miss M. E. Seawell, who received the \$500 prize for a *Youth's Companion's* story, is the author of *The Berkeleys* and *Hale-Weston*, and is one of the rising school of Southern lady novelists; it is said that only the fact that her story was based on history prevented her obtaining the first prize, which went to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.—Theodore Roosevelt, author of *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, is called by Mr. Hatton, "the Little Lord Fauntleroy of Reform."

Edna Lyall, author of *Donovan*, is the daughter of an English lawyer, the late Robert Bayley; she is an invalid, living with her married sister in Sussex, England, where she leads the most quiet of lives.—Prof. Robert Koch is preparing an elaborate treatise on the life, works, and death of the bacillus.—In Rydal Church was recently placed a stained-glass window as a memorial of Dr. Thomas Arnold and his wife; under this window was placed a brass to the memory of Matthew Arnold and some of his brothers and sisters, by surviving children and grandchildren.—Miss Mathilde Blind is a woman with good features and a wealth of hair; she is the stepdaughter, not the daughter, of Karl Blind; she began to write verse at twelve and is best known by her biography of George Eliot.—A book by John Fiske, dealing in a simple way with the government of towns, cities, States, and the nation, is on the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Miss Landor, who recently died at the old-fashioned seat of Tachbrook, Warwickshire, England, was a niece of the poet Walter Savage Landor: her house was filled with curious old Byzantine and pre-Raphaelite pictures which Landor bought in Italy before the invasion of that country by Napoleon I.—Mrs. Campbell-Praed, the English novelist, is travelling through Algeria, seeking relief from her lung trouble.—Carlos Martyn, who recently published an appreciative magazine article on Wendell Phillips, has written an extended sketch, which he calls *Wendell Phillips, the Agitator*.

Jules Verne, it is said, is not Jules Verne's real name, but the French form of his Polish patronymic, Olchewitz.—Dr. Amelia Edwards, the learned English authority on Egypt, is 47 years old, with an intellectual rather than a handsome face; her hair is gray, and is worn combed back without a crimp, which gives her face a somewhat severe expression; she is tall, graceful, and slender for an Englishwoman; on the lecture platform she dresses in black silk, speaks clearly, her voice is sweet, and each word is heard throughout the largest halls.—Dion Boucicault, now seventy years of age, has written, translated, or adapted 400 plays; London Assurance, his first and best play

was written when he was only eighteen years old; Colleen Bawn, the most popular of his later plays, was written in nine days, but the plot was taken from Gerald Griffin's novel, *The Collegians*.—Carlyle had no very exalted opinion of the intellectual capacity of Prof. Tyndall, and on one occasion, when Tyndall had been delivering a carefully prepared address, amidst enthusiastic applause, Carlyle, on his opinion being requested, replied, with a disdainful snort, "A philosophy for dogs."—Funk & Wagnalls have in press a cyclopedia of temperance and prohibition, which will make an octavo volume of about 600 double-column pages.

Of J. R. Randall it is said, that, while teaching at a Southern college, in 1861, the war broke out: one sleepless night he arose feverish and excited, sat down and wrote *My Maryland*, and sent it to the New Orleans Delta; it became the most popular of all the war songs of the South, and for this spirited lyric, which gave him fame, he never received any money.—The late Dr. Reichenbach, keeper of the Botanical Gardens at Hamburg, and writer on plants and plant-lore, left his library and collections of plants to the Vienna Court Museum; the library contains about 10,000 works in 15,000 volumes, and the herbarium about 700,000 sheets.—Sir John Swinburne tells with much gusto how, as soon as he is introduced to any one, the first question is, "Are you any relation to the poet, Algernon Swinburne;" to which he invariably makes reply, "Bless your soul, I am the head of the Swinburne family, and he is related to me, you know."—Several important manuscripts showing Kant's struggle with the royal censor at Berlin in 1792 have recently been discovered in the University Library of Rostock.—The Slavs have now a Zola of their own in the person of Count Stanislaus Rzewuski, whose latest romance, *Alfredine*, of which a French translation has just been published, is a work presenting a series of tableaux of cosmopolitan life, curious and realistic.—Nicholas P. Gilmore, editor of the *Literary World*, has been awarded the \$300 prize offered by The American Humane Education Society to American editors for the best essay on the effect of humane education on the prevention of crime.

Of Lelia J. Robinson's book, *Law of Husband and Wife*, the New York Tribune says: "If all judicial opinions and legal treatises were written with the conscientiousness, perspicuity, and accuracy that characterize this modest work upon one of the most difficult branches of the law, there would be very much less litigation and less need of counsel's aid in obtaining adjudications as to the meaning of previous adjudications."—Dr. Bucknill, the eminent writer on Psychology in Shakespeare, and on insanity, lives at Bournemouth, Eng., the home of Robert Louis Stevenson.—Arlo Bates feels that, "in a somewhat provincial and clumsy fashion, they have still managed to retain in Boston more of the old-time respect for literature *per se* than obtains elsewhere."—George R. Sims, author of 'Ostler Joe, is writing a volume of short stories to be called *Dramas of Life*.—Mary Greenwood Lodge, of Boston, a public-spirited woman interested in all social and educated movements, and the author of a charming little book, *A Week Away From Time*, died recently.—When Douglas Jerrold was ill, some one sent him a copy of Browning's poems; he read one of them, but could not comprehend it, then he asked his wife to read it: she did so, and said it was incomprehensible: "Thank Heaven,"

said Jerrold, "I am not mad."—At present 588 periodicals appear in Berlin; thirty-six of them belong to the political daily press, 491 are the organs of special, social, educational, and industrial interests, and fourteen are devoted exclusively to military matters.

Ah Sing, the most famous Chinaman out of the Flowery Kingdom, and the original of the Chinese opium joint keeper in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, Dickens's uncompleted novel, died recently in London, in abject poverty.—Bellamy's *Looking Backward* has fallen flat in England; the *Pall Mall Gazette* says the sale of the book in England can be expressed in three figures.—Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York Tribune and minister to France, made his first success in journalism as a war correspondent, under the signature of Agate; after the war he wrote an elaborate *History of Ohio in the War*, which attracted the attention of Chief Justice Chase, and he invited Mr. Reid to accompany him on his Southern trip in 1866, an account of which he wrote. The Chief Justice introduced him to Horace Greeley, who made him his secretary and managing editor of the Tribune, and in 1872, at Greeley's death, he became editor-in-chief.—The Rev. Thomas Ashe, chiefly known for *The Sorrows of Hyperstyle*, and for a scholarly edition of the poetical works of Coleridge, of which he was the editor, died recently.—John Addington Symonds, who is still an invalid, has finished his *Life of Boccaccio*.—The journalist-author, Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg, also known as the husband of Minnie Hauk, has lately published a two-volume work on Mexico, entitled *Reisen von Sonora bis Hucatan*.

All of Charles Kingsley's writings are now on the list of Macmillan & Co., his *All Saints' Day*, *Letters*, and *Memoirs* being the final additions.—Robert Browning never wrote a sonnet; and yet it is claimed that no one can be a great poet until he has mastered this form of verse.—Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, who is the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*, and indirectly of "a long line of heroes with no constitutions," is writing her 101st book.—It is said that Richard D. Blackmore, the author of *Lorna Doone*, is the most uncomplaining of gardeners and goes on losing annually over that hobby a great portion of his literary gains.—Valdes, author of *Pepita Ximenez*, is described as having "gray moustache and hair, cut close, and the firm, brown, aristocratic-looking skin; he is dignified, polished, comfortably built, and a handsome man for his age, which may be 60, and very well dressed."—Rev. Charles Spurgeon recently published the thirty-fifth volume of his sermons; he has thus far printed twenty-one thousand of his pulpit discussions, and the index of subjects alone fills thirty-two large octavo pages.—Percy Greg, the author of some rabidly partisan books in praise of the Southern Confederacy, died recently in England.

George Augustus Sala, the journalist, was married recently to Miss Bessie Stannard, sister-in-law to Mrs. Stannard, the authoress known as John Strange Winter.—The Spanish Royal Academy is to publish the complete works of Lope de Vega, the dramatist; the rate of publication will be three or four volumes a year.—The marvellous precocity of Dante Gabriel Rossetti is forcibly brought out in the newly published biography by W. M. Rossetti; the *Blessed Damozel* was written at nineteen for a newspaper called *The Hodge-podge*, made up in the family, and was not intended for publication; Staff and Scrip and Sister Jennie were written

at twenty-four and Sister Helen at twenty-five; Sister Jennie was sent to Mr. Ruskin with the desire that he should secure its publication; but Ruskin refused to commend it to Thackeray, who was then editor of *Cornhill*, for the reason that "guinea" did not properly rhyme with "Jennie."—A recent number of *Merry England* contains two poems said to be by Pope and hitherto unpublished.—A portrait of Augustine Birrell, M.P., author of *Obiter Dicta*, is being painted by Mr. Yates, a young American painter who was educated in Paris and has exhibited for some years past in the Salon.

John Addington Symonds, the English critic, poet, and essayist says: "It has been my constant habit for many years to do a considerable amount of hard study while travelling; it would be difficult to say how many heavy German and Italian books on history, biography, and criticism, how many volumes of Greek poets, and what a library of French and English authors have been slowly perused by me in railway stations, trains, steamers, wayside inns and Alpine chalets."—The *New York Sun* calls Alphonse Daudet's *Kings in Exile*, "the wittiest, bitterest, and saddest novel he ever wrote."—George W. Smalley, the well-known London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, is making a visit to this country with his eldest daughter.—Paul Du Chaillu is thinking of writing a biography of Gustavus Adolphus.—George Macdonald says that when he and Tennyson were one night discussing the latter's poem, *The Northern Farmer*, the question of its correctness in Lincolnshire dialect arose; the Laureate then remarked that his cook, who came from Lincolnshire, told him that she could not understand the poem and that the dialect was not Lincolnshire at all.—Professor Francis Bowen, who retires from the chair of natural religion, moral philosophy and civil polity at Harvard College, has held that position for forty years.—Ouida begins work at 5 o'clock in the morning, but she does not go to her desk, as Anthony Trollope was wont to do, and turn out a fixed number of pages whether he was in the humor or not: Ouida awaits the moment of inspiration.

S. S. McClure, the newspaper syndicate manager, announces prizes amounting to \$2,250 for stories, poems, etc., suitable for use in his youth's department, edited by Mrs. Burnett.—It is said that Nicolay and Hay received \$50,000 from the Century Company for their *Life of Lincoln*, and that after deducting the expense of collecting materials, they find they have realized \$1.50 a day for their work.—A superb new edition of the works of Jasmin, the famous Gascon poet, is in course of publication by Havard at Paris.—Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, a teetotaler and vegetarian, is seventy-seven years old; notwithstanding his advanced age he supervises a correspondence of thirty thousand letters a year at the Phonetic Institute, Bath, besides the editing, proof-reading, and preparation of the number of books which he continually publishes, and the management of the *Phonetic Journal*.—Bryennos, archbishop of Nicodemia, has found in a Turkish library at Damascus a manuscript of the New Testament dating back to the fourth century.—Of Swinburne, Edmund Clarence Stedman says: "He took the critical outposts by storm and with a single effort gained a laurel crown which no possible envy, nor any lesser action of his own, thenceforth, could dispossess him."—One of the oldest and greatest scientific men of England is Sir Richard Owen, naturalist and

geologist, who is eighty-six years old, and lives in a cottage at Richmond Park given him by the Queen; he is still hard at work, and interested in all questions of science; he believes man began to exist on the earth in the tertiary period, not less than 18,000 years ago.

Mr. Petrie, the famous archæologist, is of a good height and rather slender build, his hair and coloring generally is so dark that he is easily mistaken for a foreigner, which impression is aided by his singularly Eastern cast of features; but he is English and of Scotch descent; the mode of life he prefers is life in a tent with the sand for carpet.—Everybody of eminence to whom Mr. Stead applied for a good word for his *Review of Reviews*, in Mr. Stead's own fervent language, "bade me godspeed;" the only exception was Tennyson.—The *Book Mart*, of Pittsburg says: "A bibliognoste is one learned in title pages and colophons, and in editions; when and where printed, the presses where printed, and all the minutiae of a book; a bibliographe is a describer of books and other literary arrangements; a bibliomane is an indiscriminate accumulator, who blunders faster than he buys; a bibliophile, the lover of books, is the only one in the class who appears to read them for his own pleasure; a bibliotaphe buries his books by burying them under lock and keys, or framing them in glass cases."—Zola's latest story, *The Dream*, is to be turned into comic opera by a French librettist and composer, and he has also given to another author the right of making a similar use of another story of his, *The Fault of the Abbé Mouret*.

Robert Louis Stevenson's step-son, his collaborator in writing *The Wrong Box*, is assisting him in the writing of his *South Sea yarns*.—M. Andral, to whom M. de Bacourt left the unpublished Talleyrand memoirs, died recently, and it has not yet been learned what disposition he has made of these precious manuscripts; they would not, he once declared, have made up less than from twelve to fifteen volumes; some years ago, a Leipsic publishing firm proposed to issue an edition, secretly, of the half of the manuscripts, without disclosing the person who had given them up, and not to remonstrate if they were declared to be forgeries; M. Andral naturally refused this peculiar offer.—"I write from the heart to the heart, and that's why I like me," said James Whitcomb Riley recently.—E. Nesbit (Mrs. Hubert Bland), author of *Absolution*, has made a hit in London by her readings from her poems; her special success was *The Ballad of Splendid Silence*.—Dr. Buchwald, the authority on Martin Luther, has just discovered Luther's marginal notes on Peter Lombard's and John Tauler's sermons in the municipal library at Zwickau.—Coningsby Disraeli, nephew of the late Lord Beaconsfield, shares his rooms at Oxford with a member of the Gladstone family.—Robert Burdette is a little man, physically, with small eyes under overhanging brows; he talks in a short, sharp, quick, curt way, and when he feels in the mood is as humorous in his speech as in his writings.—The leading poet of Holland, Ten Kate, died the same time as Browning, aged 70 years.

The *New York Sun* says: "A capital newspaper is the *Daily Commercial*, just established at Memphis, Tenn., with Mr. J. M. Keating as its chief editor; he is a brilliant man, of high character, who knows his business."—Joseph Whitaker, of London, whose famous *Almanac* has become indispensable, possesses a singularly fine library, comprising upward of 20,000 volumes,

many of them of rare antiquity and interest.—A Complete English-Persian Dictionary has just appeared in London; it contains Persian equivalents for every English word to be found in the combined vocabularies of Webster and of Worcester: Persian is the French of India, "the language of elegant literature and of court life."—Edward Freeman is a short-built, ruddy-faced man of six-and-sixty, and looks more like a sturdy, well-to-do farmer than like a scholarly historian; he has been writing history uninterruptedly for forty years, has lectured on architecture, written his impressions of America, and accepted the title of LL.D. from three different universities; he has a patriarchal white head which he caresses immoderately.—According to Sir Edwin Arnold, Edgar A. Poe and Joaquin Miller are the two American poets who are sure to live forever.

The Boston Herald says that the poet Longfellow drew a line with red ink through a clause in his will and interlined above this erasure a different wish as to the disposition of the property named in it; this had the object of revoking his entire gift to the person indicated in the clause, and, as this new wish was not signed after being written, that person took nothing whatever under the will.—Anna Fuller, a new American author of considerable promise, makes her literary debut with a short story in a recent number of Harper's Bazar; she is a young New Englander who lives in Colorado; the story is entitled Aunt Betsy's Photograph.—Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning were among the early advocates of equal rights for women in England.—Bellamy's Looking Backward has just appeared in German on the Continent under the title Alles Verstaatlicht (Everything Nationalized).—Alexandre Dumas is florid-faced and bald-headed and six-and-sixty, and has a fringe of curly gray hair and a horror of tobacco; he is hopelessly orderly, and is to be seen every Sunday in his shirt-sleeves, feather duster in hand, indulging his hobby for cleaning up his sanctum or moving the furniture.

The portrait of Stanley in a late issue of the Illustrated London News is from a picture by Mr. Felix Moscheles, painted on the great traveller's return from his first journey across the Dark Continent, sunburnt and travel-worn; some discussion arose as to whether the artist's rendering was right, when the picture was exhibited in New York: "Quite right," said an eminent critic when asked for his opinion, "he has just hit it, it is a mixture of African bronze and American brass."—George Bullen, of the British Museum, is about to retire after fifty years of active and assiduous service in the Library of that institution, and his colleagues and friends are setting on foot a testimonial to be presented to him.—The Rev. Kinsley Twining, editor of the New York Independent, is a large-framed, ruddy, blue-eyed and white-haired, with a turn for humorous anecdote, and real love for his club.—The New Magdalen of Wilkie Collins is now appearing in Portuguese in the *Diario del Noticius*, a leading journal of the country.—Rev. Edward Abbott, who has been elected missionary bishop to Japan, is said to be the original Rollo of the Rollo Books, written by his father, Jacob Abbott.—There are 686 periodical publications in Russia; 78 of them are political and news dailies, 109 are scientific, 86 religious, 15 artistic, 33 agricultural, 82 statistical and bibliographical, 15 pedagogic, 13 for children, and the rest miscellaneous.—The Rev. Julian Tenison-Woods, whose labors as a Roman Catholic missionary,

and writings on scientific subjects have made him widely known, died recently at Sydney, Australia.—A selection of ballads, lyrics, etc., from the works of Longfellow will be issued soon as a volume in the Golden Treasury Series.—Professor Eliot Coues, of Washington, formerly the postulant and now the opponent of Mme. Blavatsky in Theosophy, is about to go to India to pursue his occult studies.—A woman's magazine in the Bengal language has been issued monthly, several years, by Mrs. Ghoeal, a wealthy Hindoo lady.—An English woman who had written a History of Wales and dedicated it to the Prince of Wales has sent him a presentation copy which is bound in solid gold extracted from the recently developed mines in that country.—Edouard Drumont, whose *France Juive* caused such a heated discussion some three years ago, is about to publish a new book entitled *The Last Battle*, in which he endeavors to write the social history of France at the close of the present century.—Notwithstanding its many rivals, the circulation of the Nineteenth Century was last year larger than it has ever been before.—It has come out that the late Mrs. Craik was the woman who gave her pension from the literary fund for the benefit of the late Dr. Westland Marston, and whose identity was never revealed before her death.

Robert Christy, of Washington, an able lawyer, formerly of Ohio, has published a book on Proverbs and Phrases of All Ages, the outcome of twenty years of study and research.—Prof. David Swing, the famous Chicago preacher and writer, says that the fate of the first sermon he tried to preach would have discouraged most men from continuing in the ministry.—Formerly Ouida lived at Scandicci, in a villa not far from the charming little town of Signa, which inspired one of her earliest and best Italian stories; of late she has moved into Florence and now occupies a vast first floor in a typical palazzo in Via dei Serrugli.—De Blowitz, the famous French journalist, is of stout build, bald-headed, has large whiskers, and sings his own praises in a sonorous foreign accent; his fantastical dress gives him the appearance of a buccaneer, and consists of an astrakhan turban, a loose, brown-flannel boating shirt with a flowing white satin tie, scarlet and blue striped Turkish trousers tucked into crimson top boots, and he always has his crest embroidered on the lapel of his coat.—Fanny Keats, who died recently, was the sister of John Keats, and the wife of Señor Valentin Llanos, a Spanish gentleman of considerable accomplishment, who distinguished himself both in the diplomatic service of his country, and in literature as the author of *Don Esteban*, and *Sandoval the Freemason*.—Joseph Jefferson has received \$12,000 for his autobiography.—William E. Gladstone has been offered \$25,000 a year by an American publisher for the exclusive use of his literary output.—In the absence of Archibald Grove, on his honeymoon, the *New Review* is edited by his friend Edmund Gosse.—Charles W. Moulton, of Buffalo, announces *Shadows and Ideals*, a volume of poems by the late Francis S. Saltus, as revised by the author.—The Marquis of Lorne has made his first essay as a novelist in *A Canadian Love Story*.

NOTE.—Book List will be found on second page following.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS—WIT OF THE CHILDREN

Washington Capital:

"Come in here wid yez this minnit before yez spile yer Fauntillerry clothes," shouted the fond mother to her freckle-faced boy.

"Yis, dearest."

"'Ave yez been havin' a good toime widout yer mother, darlin'?"

"Yis, dearest."

"And phwhat av yez been doin'?"

"Shtonin' Miss McGuiley's pig, dearest, and callin' rats to the po-leece. But I wor always t'inkin' ov yez, and lovin' yez with all me heart."

St. Paul Globe:

A little four-year-old girl the other day shocked her Sunday-school teacher, in responding to a reproof, with, "Well, I'm not stuck on being an angel any way."

Chicago Tribune:

Chicago five-year-old boy (only child)—"Mamma, I wish you'd get me a little sister. I'm so lonesome." Same boy (at a subsequent period, sitting upright in his bed at 11:30 P.M., and shaking his fist at his sweet little sister in next room)—"If I'd known what a howler you was goin' to be you can just betcher life I never wou'd have ordered you!"

Munsey's Weekly:

Ethel (who has come up unexpectedly)—"Don't you want to ride on my tricycle, Mr. Leslie?"

"Thank you, Ethel, I'm too busy now."

"Oh, come ahead. I'll hold Sylvia's hand for you."

Jewish Messenger:

Two little girls were out in a row-boat on a river in Maine, when, through the fault of one, the other was precipitated into the water. She was saved with some difficulty by a gentleman who saw the accident. The other was chided on her return to the shore.

"How could you be so careless with your little cousin? What would you have done if Mr. Briggs hadn't saved her?"

"Oh," responded the little six-year-old, demurely, "we'd have got her when the tide went out."

Christian Register:

A little girl of tender years, who had been attending one of the public kindergartens, fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up from the ground in terror, exclaiming: "O darling, how did you fall?" "Vertically," replied the child, without a second's hesitation.

San Bernardino Index:

A little girl of Los Angeles, whose family was about to move to Arizona, and who had heard that country spoken of as a forlorn and particularly God-forsaken place, was saying her prayers at her mother's knee the night before their intended departure. She said all that had ever been taught her, and then, with peculiar emphasis, she said: "And now good-by, God, for tomorrow we are going to Arizona."

Lewiston Journal:

A little Portland boy had committed some misdemeanor for which he was about to receive punishment at the hands of his mother. The boy begged to be first allowed to go to his room. Permission was granted and the child went up-stairs to his own room

and closed the door behind him. The mother followed and listened outside, after telling him he must hurry down again to receive punishment. The boy went to the side of the bed, knelt down, and this was his prayer:

"Dear Lord, if you love little boys and want to help one out, now is your time." The prayer was answered.

N. Y. Evening Sun:

An uptown physician has two young hopefuls, Master Tommy and Miss Jennie, the elder by a year or two. A few days since Master Tom came in whimpering with the complaint, "Papa, Jennie's got my roller skates on, and I want 'em and she won't give 'em to me."

"Did you ask her for them kindly, my son?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, suppose you go back and try again. Ask her just the nicest way you know and see if you can't get them."

The youngster trotted out and the father following, heard him ask in wheedling tones:

"Jennie, for God's sake, let me take them skates!"

From Time:

Little Dot: "Grandma, can God see me when I am naughty?" Grandma: "Yes, dear." Little Dot: "Can he see me everywhere?" Grandma: "Yes, God can see you at all times." Little Dot: "Can he see me down in papa's wine-cellar?" Grandma: "Yes." "Come off, grandma, papa ain't got any wine cellar."

Youth's Companion:

Margery was playing with the kitten and all at once received a severe scratch. She looked at the ugly red line, then she stretched out her hand toward the kitten and said sternly: "Titty, dive me dat pin."

London Society:

Young hopeful—"Papa, you said if I'd read the obituaries of great men in the paper every day for a year you'd give me a gold watch. Well, I did, and the year is up." Fond Father—"Very well, Bob; but I said you must read intelligently and draw a lesson from the lives of those who have won fame and fortune. Now what have you most particularly observed in your reading?" Young hopeful—"I noticed that nearly all the great men fitted themselves for one thing and then got rich or famous at something else."

Harper's Bazar:

"Ma," said a frightened little boy in Harlem, "do you see that goat butting my shadow on the fence?" "Yes, Rockie, but that doesn't hurt you any." "No, not now; but if he likes to butt my shadow as hard as that, what d'you think he'll do when he sees me?"

From The Voice:

Old gentleman (to small boy): "I wish you a happy New Year, my son, and hope you will improve in wisdom, knowledge, and virtue." Small boy (politely and innocently): "Thank you, sir; the same to you."

Texas Siftings:

Little Rudolph falls desperately in love with Ida, who is in the girls' department of the same school, so he squeezes the following billet-doux into her hand at recess: "DEAR IDA: I love you so much. Won't you marry me?" Ida's reply was as follows: "MY DEAR RUDOLPH:—I love you, too, but I can't marry you, as there are already too many children in our family."